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SONGS OF THE NORTH

VOL. II.

Thou canst love another Jo.
While my heart is breaking.

Swan Electric Engraving Co

7861
N867a

VOL II.

SONGS OF THE NORTH,

GATHERED TOGETHER FROM

THE HIGHLANDS AND LOWLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

THE ROYAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC TORONTO
MUSICAL Library

Edited by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Music Arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

5177
10.3.54

J. B. CRAMER & CO. LTD. 139, NEW BOND STREET, W.
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO. LIMITED.

NEW YORK: EDWARD SCHUBERTH & CO.

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M
1746
B785G
V.2

Dedicated

by

Gracious Permission

to

HER MAJESTY

The Queen.

VOL II.

SONGS OF THE NORTH.

(PREFACE.)

IT is exactly ten years since the First Volume of "Songs of the North" made its appearance. The continuously kind reception accorded to that book, now in the twelfth edition, seemed to justify the undertaking of a further selection, on the same lines as before, from the almost inexhaustible sources of Caledonian minstrelsy.

That there are still beautiful old tunes not hitherto available to the modern singer, and beautiful old ballads as yet unmated to suitable music, it is thought that the present venture will demonstrate. Every effort has been made in the adaptations to retain the essential characteristics of traditional verse and melody.

Oral tradition and private manuscripts are responsible for some of the numbers, while students will recognise that others have been obtained from old collections of poetry or music; in such cases various versions have been collated, and what was thought to be the best edition has been evolved in the process. Some of the airs that have been set to words are to be found in Captain Fraser of Knockie's Highland collection, first published in 1816, which still holds its own as a most reliable depository of ancient music. In this connection it has been a pleasing coincidence that some of the work upon Highland songs was carried out at Ardachie, the birthplace of the talented compiler to whom his successors owe no small recognition.

Where Gaelic words occur in the songs an English equivalent, when possible, has been given.

With regard to the spelling of poems in Lowland Scots no definite rule can be adopted, both owing to the local and gratuitous variations sanctioned by custom, and to the exigencies of rhyme and rhythm, since most writers in that language have availed themselves of the extra wealth of expression at their command by using, as occasion served, either this or that form of Scoticism or the ordinary English word. With certain exceptions the spelling of the Southron has here been preferred, as it was considered that those more familiar with the vernacular might themselves supply in singing the necessary Northern flavour.

It is sad to call the roll of those old friends who both by their original work and literary aid added so much to the success of the first volume, and to be reminded that the silence of death has fallen on such lyrists as Principal Shairp and Professor Blackie; but we still have with us the cheery voice of "Nether Lochaber," who has contributed several charming poems; while there are fresh names on the title page, such as Jan. L. Lawson and J. Stewart, to testify to the undiminished vitality of the Lyric Muse of Scotland.

Of diligent helpers in the task of supplying and suggesting materials for this selection there is a goodly list to whom gratitude is due; amongst others (in addition to "Nether Lochaber") Mr. Bruce J. Home, an encyclopœdic enthusiast, Mr. D. H. Edwards, Brechin, Mr. R. C. White, Alva, and Miss Florence Christie. Miss Lilian Creyke's literary co-operation has been of great value. The Rev. Hugh Maclachlan, Ardchattan, Argyllshire, has not only given us the benefit of considerable research, but has steered us through the troublous waters of Gaelic spelling.

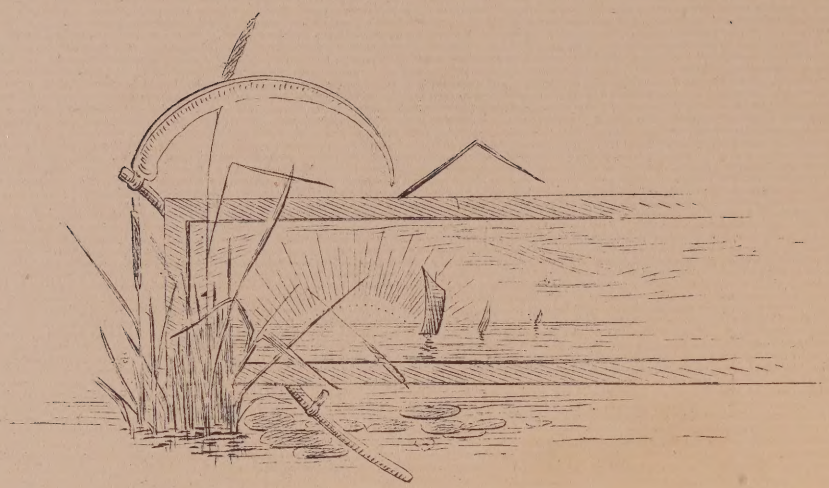
We have been fortunate enough to secure a frontispiece, illustrative of Burns' song "Thou hast left me ever, Jamie," from Mr. J. H. Lorimer, whose illustration of "Loch Lomond" in the first edition of Vol. I is so well known.

The first lady in the land has again been graciously pleased to accept the dedication; and finally, in bringing to a close their pleasant labours, those responsible for the Second Volume of "Songs of the North" can only hope that it will find as many friends as its predecessor on both sides of the Tweed.

H. B.

IN the arrangement of the airs, the composition of the symphonies and accompaniments of this, the Second Volume of "Songs of the North," I have adhered to the method I adopted in the First Volume, which has met with such universal acceptance; firstly, a careful collation of all the variants of a given old air, with a view to find the best possible version as to its purity of origin and its adaptability for singing; secondly, the employment, as far as possible, of diatonic harmony and simplicity of treatment in bringing out the true character of the airs and the words both old and new. The time of each song I have suggested to the singer by the metronome marks. The character and appropriate expression I have freely described in English.

M. L.



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The "Songs of the North" (Vol. II.) are published in separate form by Messrs. J. B. CRAMER & Co. Ltd. 139, New Bond Street, London, and may be had of all music sellers.

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What for No?

I.

WHAT FOR NO?

Words after the Gaelic by the
REV. A. STEWART, L L D, "NETHER LOCHABER."

Old Highland Air
adapted and arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Smooth and sweet. ♩= 84.

PIANO.

mf *ten:*

The first verse either as chorus or solo.

p

Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie? Bon - nie las - sie will ye go?

p

Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie? Bon - nie las - sie will ye go?

p

Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie? Bon - nie las - sie will ye go?

p *Rather stacc:*

Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie? Bon - nie las - sie will ye go?

cres: *f* *rit:*

Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie, Up to Cla - chaig in Glen - coe?

cres: *f* *rit:*

Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie, Up to Cla - chaig in Glen - coe?

cres: *f* *rit:*

Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie, Up to Cla - chaig in Glen - coe?

cres: *f* *rit:*

Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie, Up to Cla - chaig in Glen - coe?

cres: *f* *rit:*

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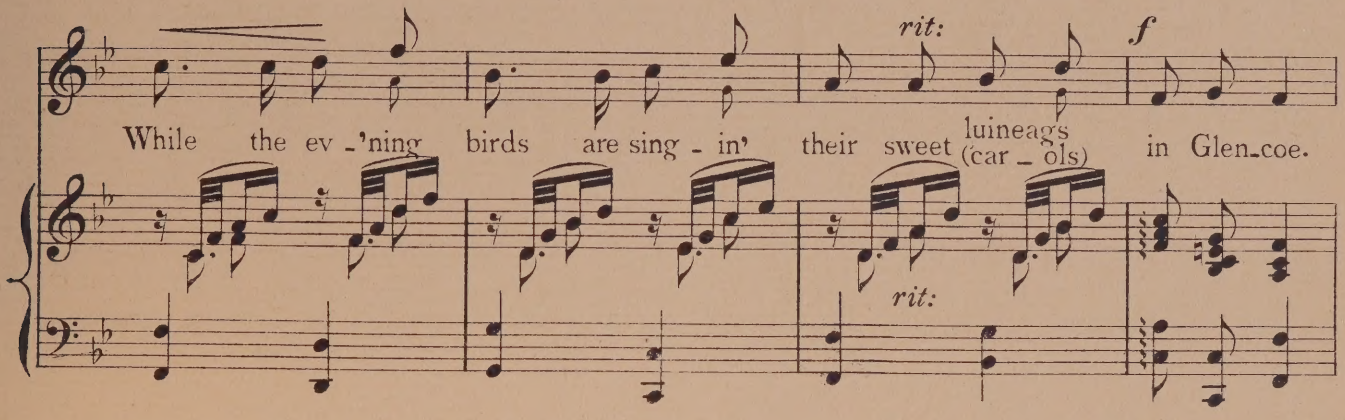
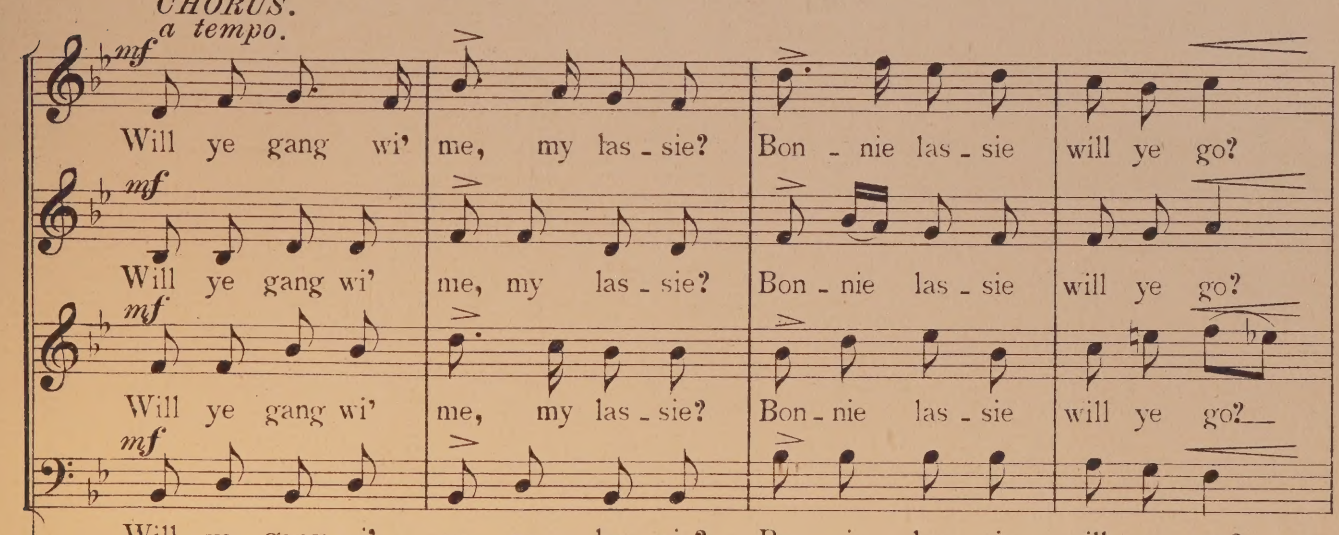
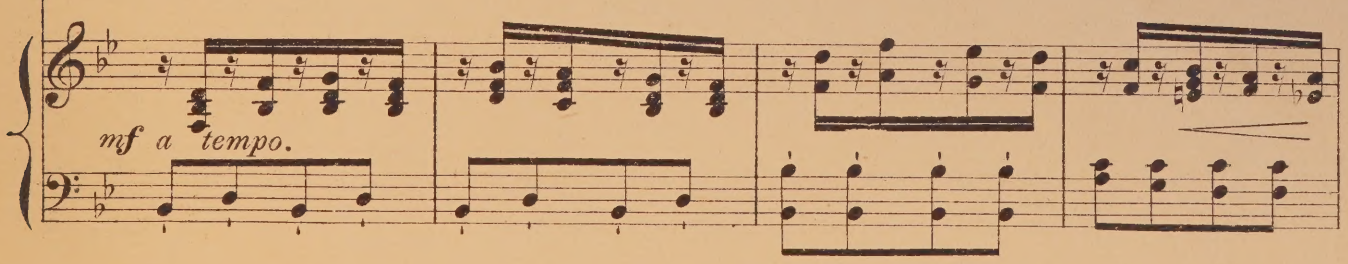
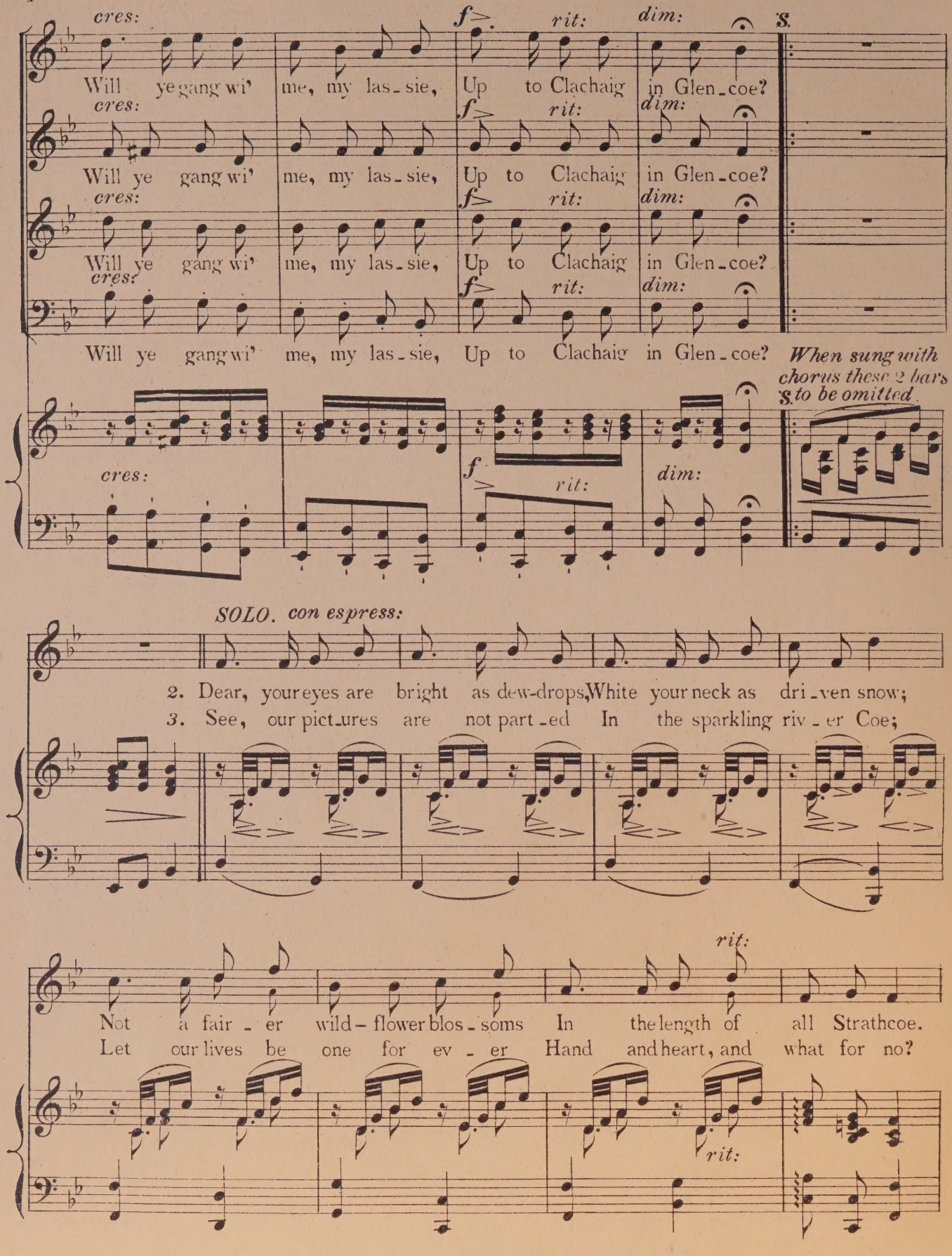
SOLO.
Earnest and Tender.

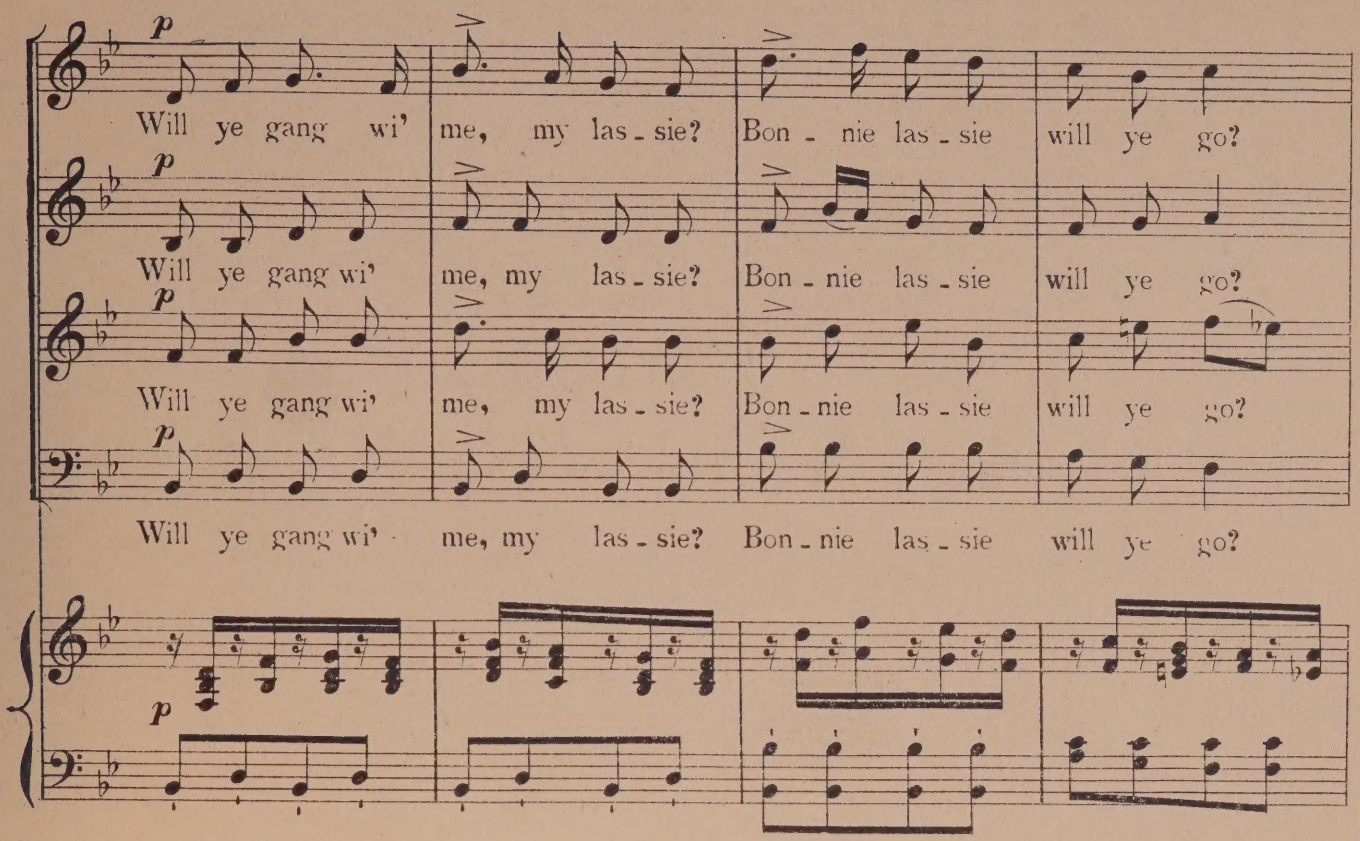


CHORUS.
a tempo.

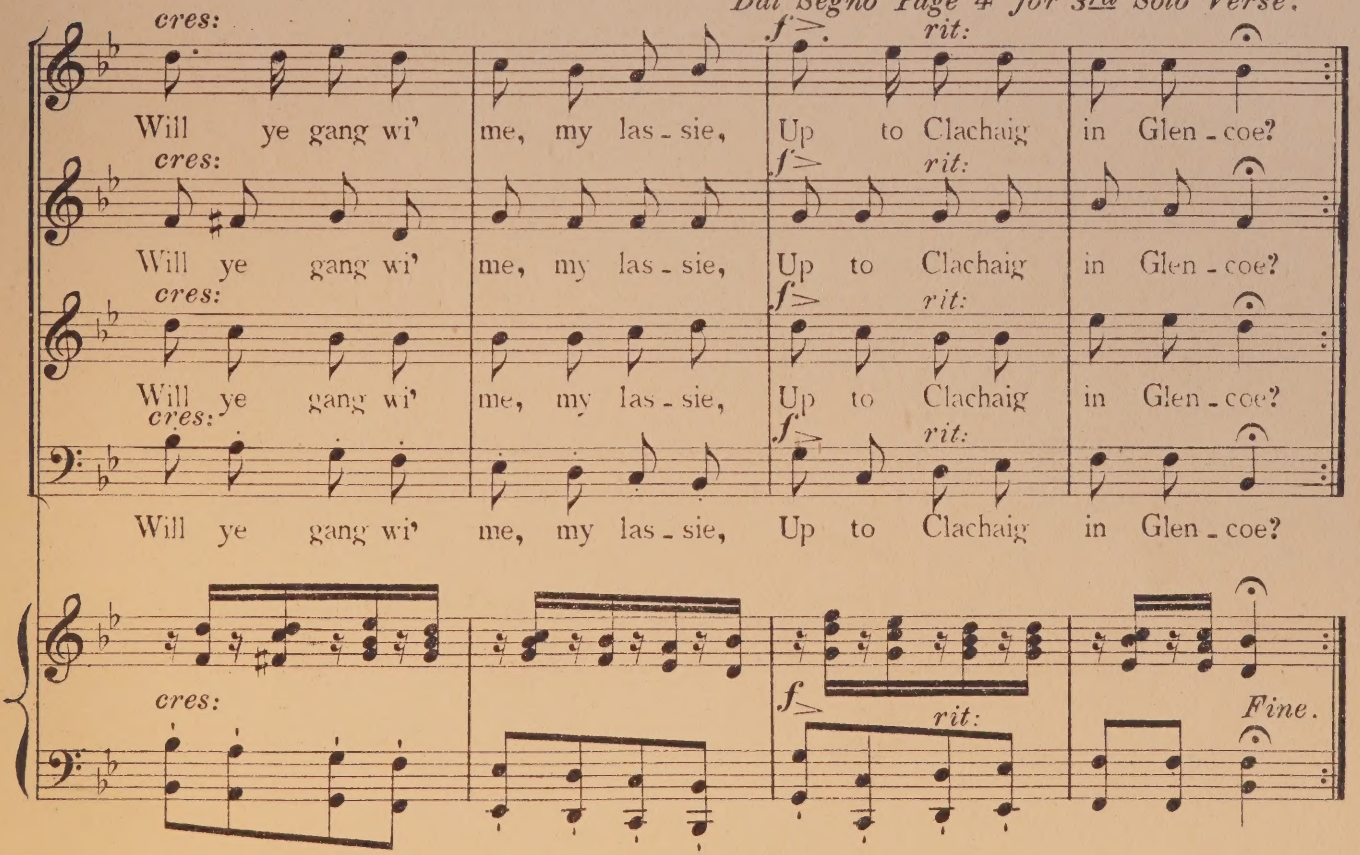

mf
Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie? Bon - nie las - sie will ye go?
mf
Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie? Bon - nie las - sie will ye go?
mf
Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie? Bon - nie las - sie will ye go?
mf
Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie? Bon - nie las - sie will ye go?




cres:
f>
rit:
dim:
S.
Will ye gang wi' me, my las-sie, Up to Clachaig in Glen-coe?
When sung with chorus these 2 bars S. to be omitted.
SOLO. con espress:
2. Dear, your eyes are bright as dew-drops, White your neck as dri-ven snow;
3. See, our pict-ures are not part-ed In the sparkling riv-er Coe;
Not a fair-er wild-flower blos-soms In the length of all Strathcoe.
Let our lives be one for ev-er Hand and heart, and what for no?


p
Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie? Bon - nie las - sie will ye go?
Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie? Bon - nie las - sie will ye go?
Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie? Bon - nie las - sie will ye go?
Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie? Bon - nie las - sie will ye go?

Dal Segno Page 4 for 3rd Solo Verse.


cres:
f
rit:
Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie, Up to Clachaig in Glen - coe?
Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie, Up to Clachaig in Glen - coe?
Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie, Up to Clachaig in Glen - coe?
Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie, Up to Clachaig in Glen - coe?
Fine.

WHAT FOR NO?

WILL ye gang wi' me, my lassie,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go?
Will ye gang wi' me, my lassie,
Up to Clachaig in Glencoe?

Hand in hand we'll go thro' Carnoch,
Making love, and what for no?
While the evening birds are singing
Their sweet luineags in Glencoe.

Will ye gang wi' me, &c.

Dear, your eyes are bright as dewdrops,
White your neck as driven snow,
Not a fairer wild-flower blossoms
In the length of all Strathcoe.

Will ye gang wi' me, &c.

See, our pictures are not parted
In the sparkling river Coe;
Let our lives be one for ever,
Hand and heart, and what for no?

Will ye gang wi' me, &c.

After the Gaelic by the
REV. A. STEWART, LL.D.
"Nether Lochaber."

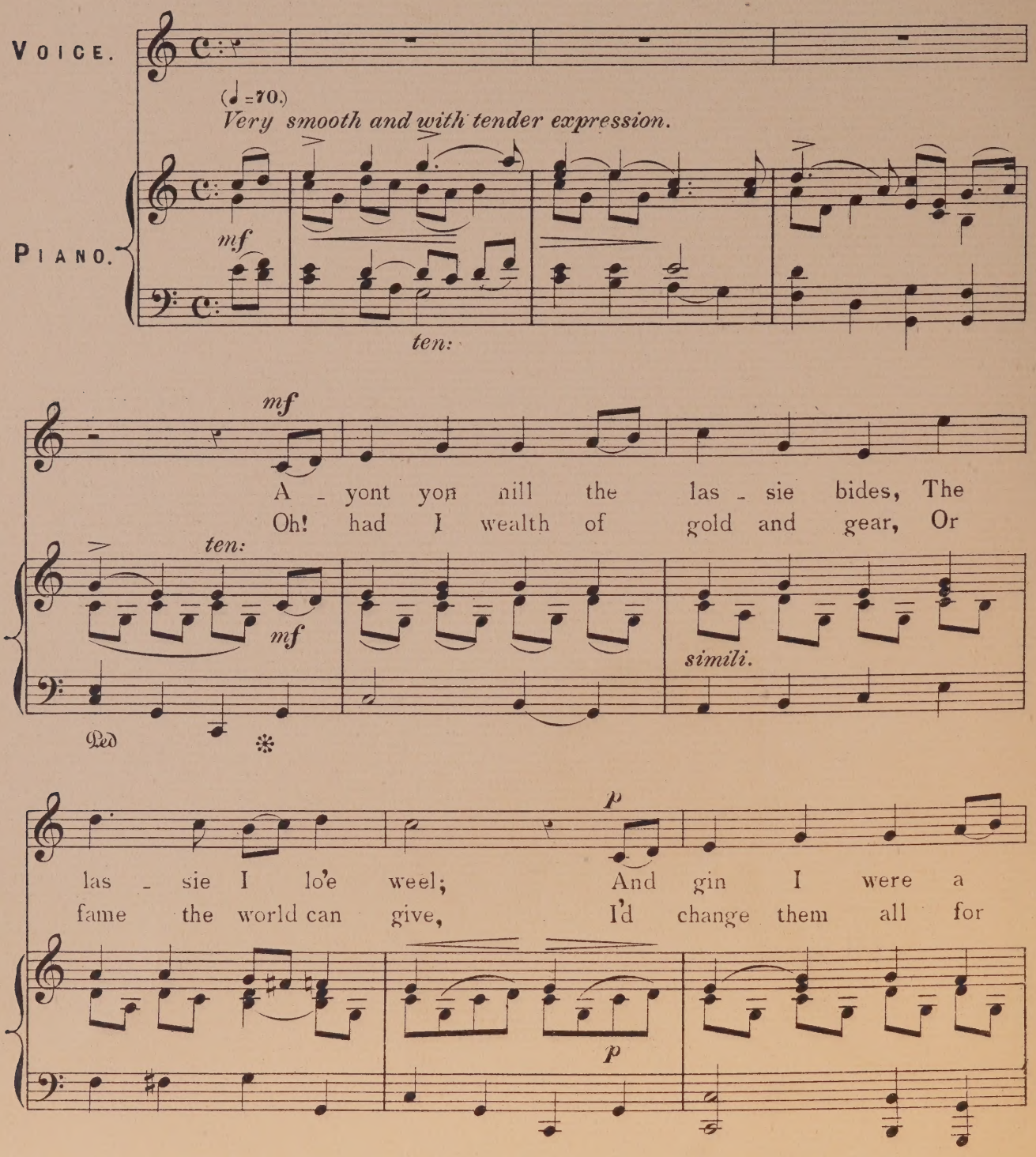
Ayont yon Hill.

II.

AYONT YON HILL.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Adapted and arranged from old Northern Air by
MALCOLM LAWSON.



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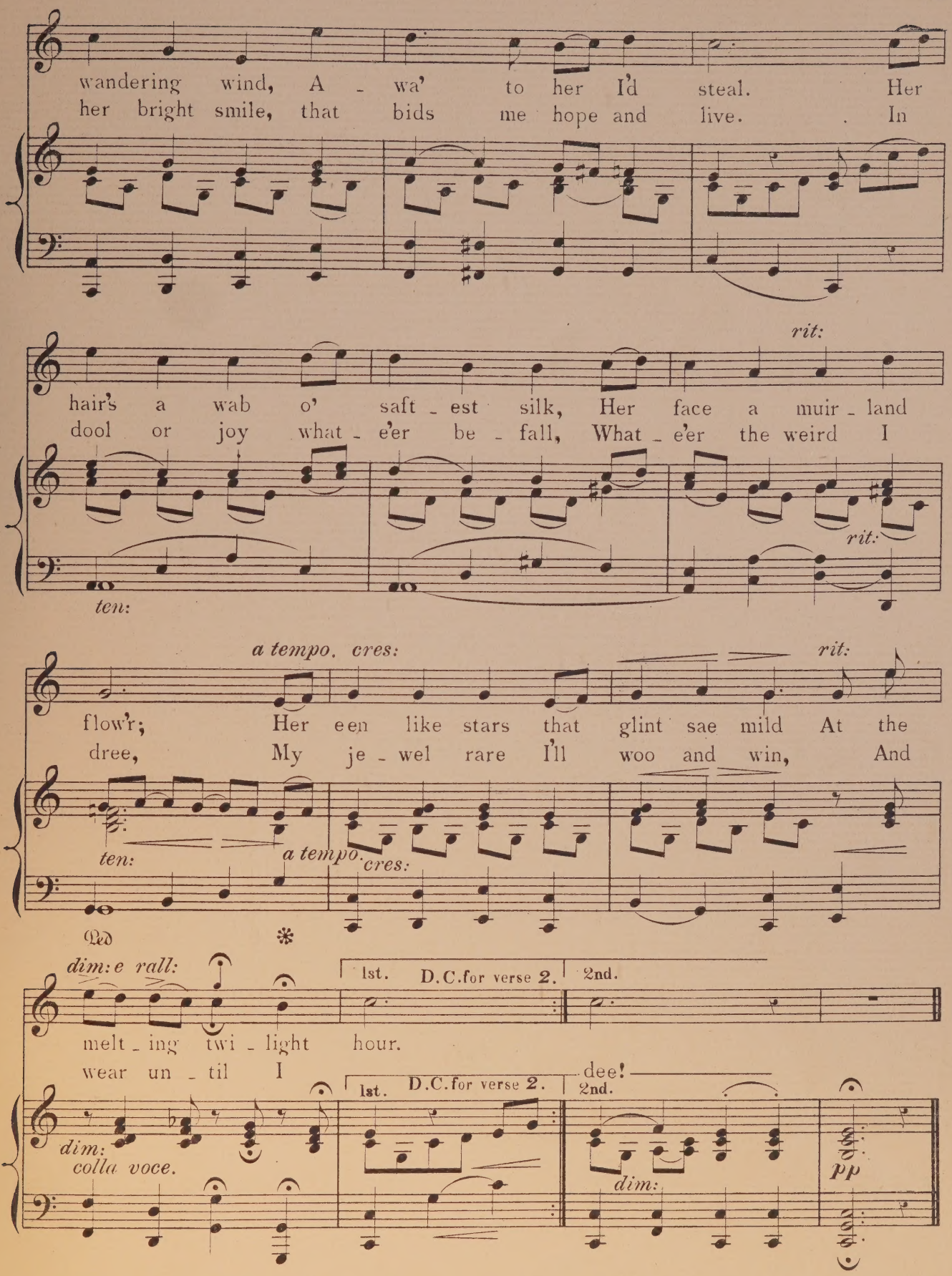
wandering wind, A - wa' to her I'd steal. Her
her bright smile, that bids me hope and live. In
rit:
hair's a wab o' saft - est silk, Her face a muir - land
dool or joy what - e'er be - fall, What - e'er the weird I
rit:
ten:
a tempo. cres:
rit:
flow'r; Her een like stars that glint sae mild At the
dree, My je - wel rare I'll woo and win, And
ten:
a tempo. cres:
dim: e rall:
1st. D.C.for verse 2. 2nd.
melt - ing twi - light hour.
wear un - til I
dee!
1st. D.C.for verse 2. 2nd.
dim:
colla voce.
dim:
pp

AYONT YON HILL.

AYONT yon hill the lassie bides,
The lassie I lo'e weel,
And gin I were a wandering wind,
Awa' to her I'd steal.

Her hair's a wab o' saftest silk,
Her face a muirland flower,
Her e'en like stars that glint sae mild
At the melting twilight hour.

Oh! had I wealth of gold and gear,
Or fame the world can give,
I'd change them all for her bright smile
That bids me hope and live.

In dool or joy whate'er befall,
Whate'er the weird I dree,
My jewel rare I'll woo and win,
And wear until I dee.

HAROLD BOULTON.

May Colvin.

III.

MAY COLVIN.

Old Ballad
adapted for singing.

Old Scottish Air arranged by
Malcolm Lawson.

Rather slow. (♩ = 68.)
With naive and appropriate expression.

VOICE.

PIANO.

"May Loup Then

Sonorous and sustained.

dim:

f

Col - vin was her fa - ther's heir, And woo'd by one and a', Till
off your steed" quo' fause Sir John: "Your bri - dal bed ye see; Seven
fause Sir John he turned his face, May Col - vin bent her knee, But she

p

fause Sir John her heart beguiled, To mount and ride a -
brides as fair lie drown - ed there, And the eighth I'll make of
twined her arms a - bout his waist, And threw him in - to the

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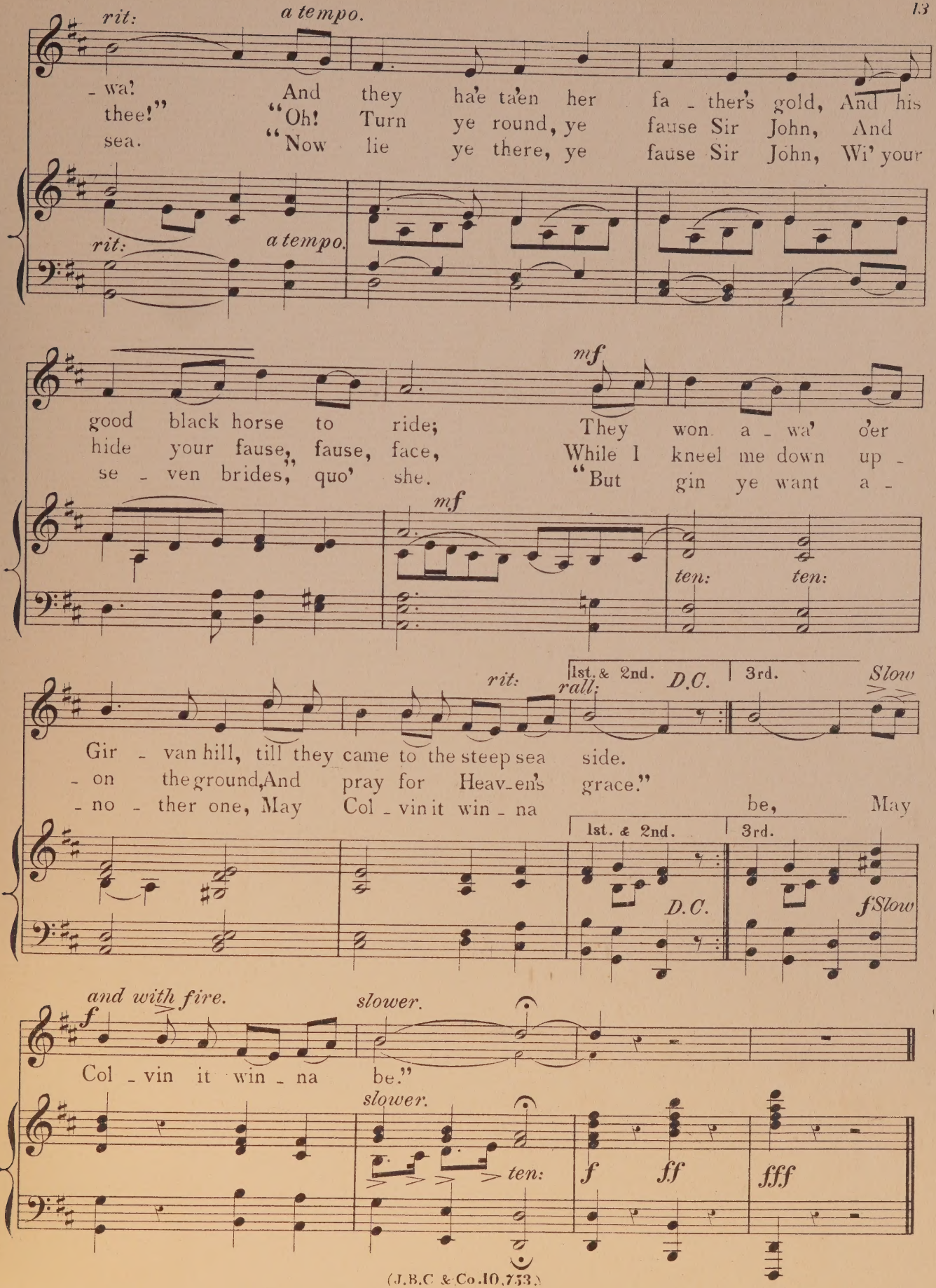
rit:
a tempo.
- wa!
thee!"
sea.
And they hae ta'en her fa - ther's gold, And his
"Oh! Turn ye round, ye fause Sir John, And
"Now lie ye there, ye fause Sir John, Wi' your
rit:
a tempo.
mf
good black horse to ride;
hide your fause, fause, face,
se - ven brides," quo' she.
They won a - wa' o'er
While I kneel me down up -
"But gin ye want a -
mf
ten:
ten:
rit:
rall:
1st. & 2nd.
D.C.
3rd.
Slow
Gir - van hill, till they came to the steep sea side.
- on the ground, And pray for Heav'n's grace."
- no - ther one, May Col - vin it win - na be, May
1st. & 2nd.
3rd.
D.C.
fSlow
and with fire.
f
slower.
Col - vin it win - na be."
slower.
ten:
f
ff
fff

MAY COLVIN.

MAY Colvin was her father's heir,
And woo'd by one and a',
Till fause Sir John her heart beguiled,
To mount and ride awa'.
And they hae ta'en her father's gold,
And his good black horse to ride;
They won awa' o'er Girvan hill.
Till they came to the steep sea-side.

"Loup off your steed" quo' fause Sir John,
"Your bridal bed ye see,"
"Seven brides as fair lie drowned there,"
"And the eighth I'll make of thee!"
"Oh! turn ye round, ye fause Sir John,"
"And hide your fause, fause face,"
"While I kneel me down upon the ground,"
"And pray for Heaven's grace."

Then fause Sir John he turned his face,
May Colvin bent her knee,
But she twined her arms about his waist,
And threw him into the sea.
"Now lie ye there, ye fause Sir John,"
"Wi' your seven brides," quo' she,
"But gin ye want another one,"
"May Colvin it winna be."

Old Ballad adapted for Singing.

The Languor of Love.

(THA MI TINN LEIS A GHAOL.)

IV.

THE LANGOUR OF LOVE.

(Tha mi tinn leis a'ghaol.)

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

The air adapted from old Gaelic air
by MALCOLM LAWSON.

Rather slow and with dreamy fervour.

PIANO.

f *p* *f*

The symphony a little slower than the song.

p *Più moto*

O - ver the sound wails the wind, Curling the crests of

dim: *Più moto.*

cres:

an - gry bil - lows, Croons to me a love - lorn song, 'Mid the rowans

cres: *very smooth.*

ad lib:

and the wil - lows; Shril - ling high, and moaning low, Sobs the lilt of

Più animato.

ten:

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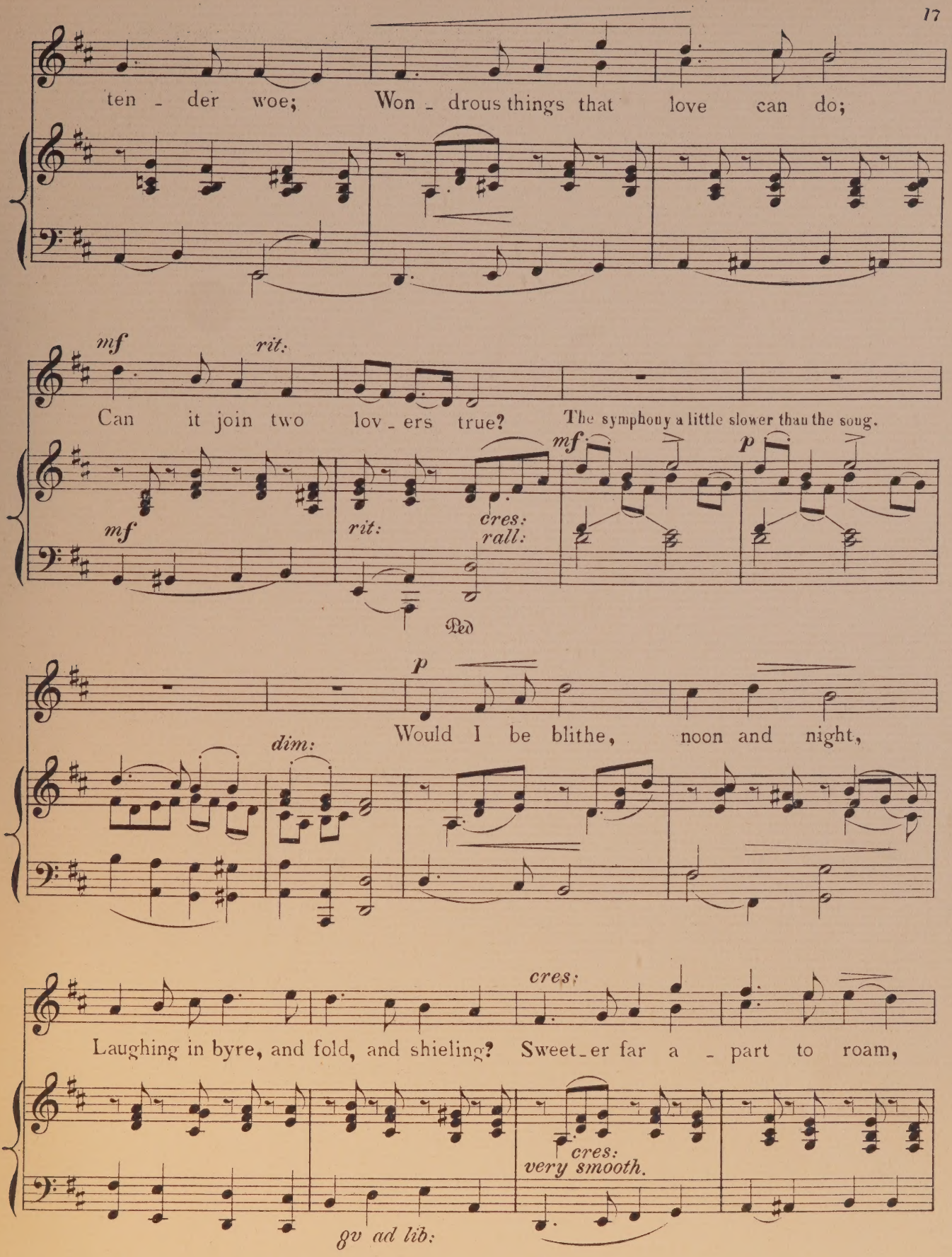
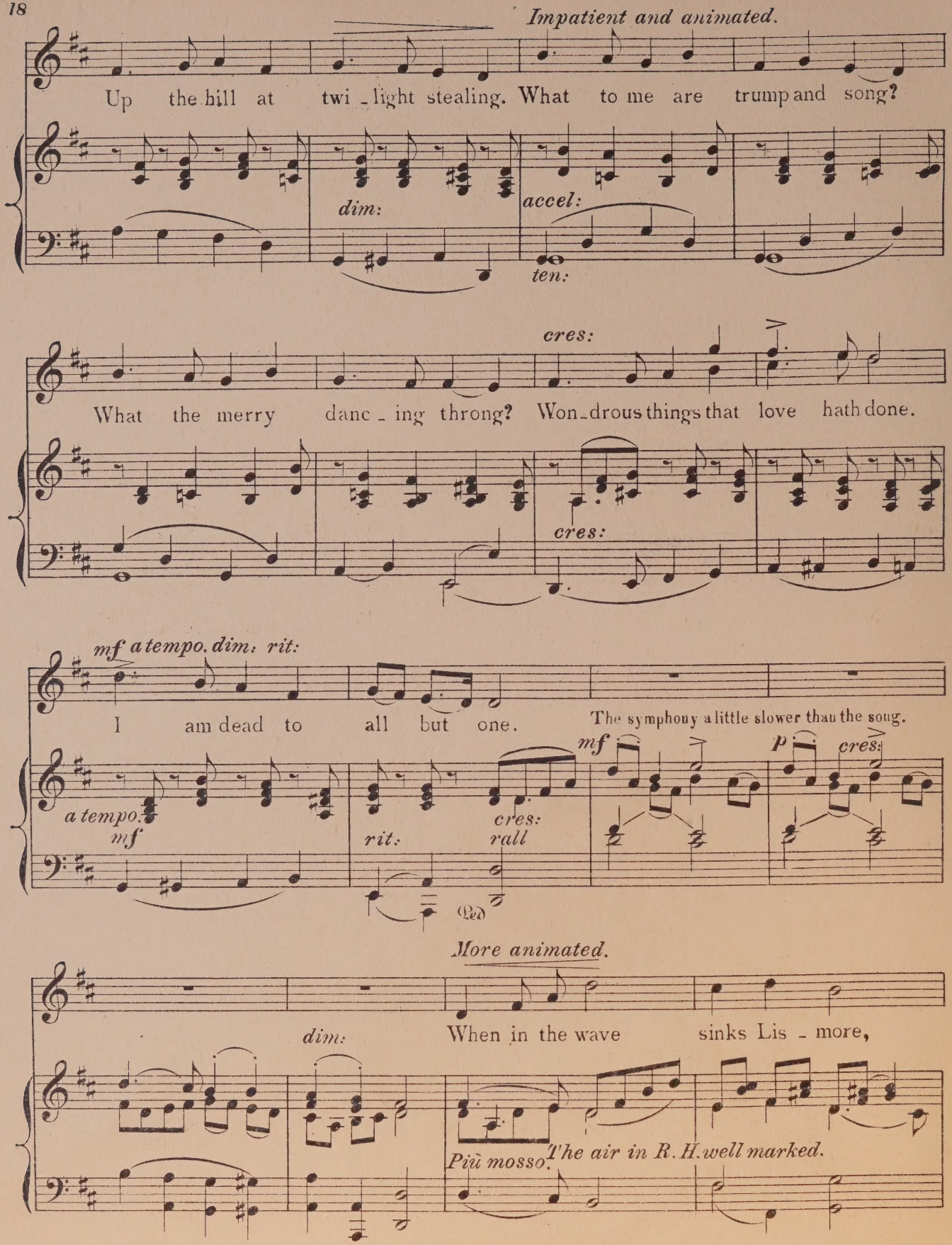
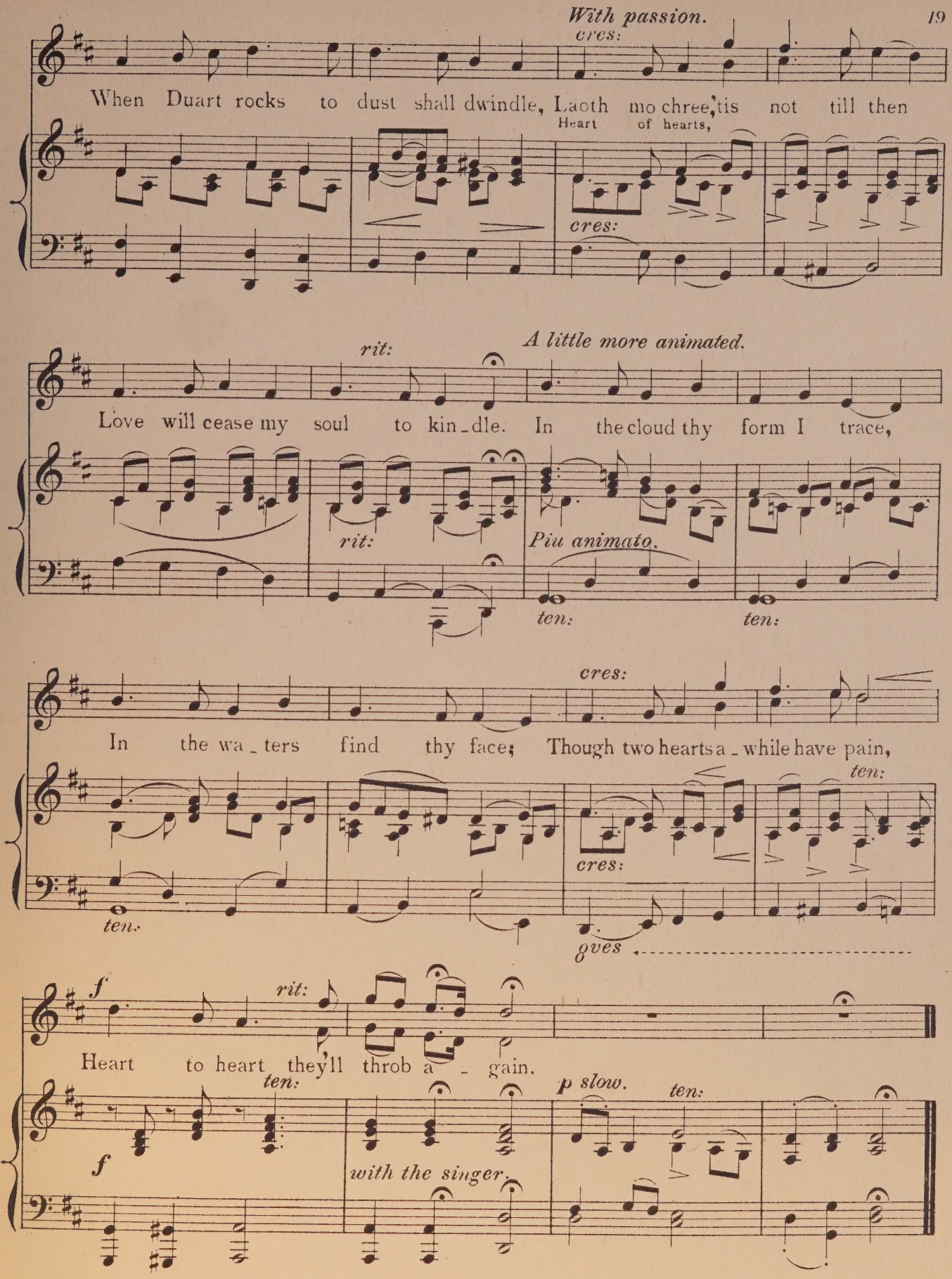

ten - der woe; Won - drous things that love can do;
mf
rit:
Can it join two lov - ers true?
The symphony a little slower than the song.
mf
mf
rit:
cres:
rall:
Ped
p
Would I be blithe, noon and night,
dim:
cres:
Laughing in byre, and fold, and shieling? Sweet - er far a - part to roam,
cres:
very smooth.
8v ad lib:


Impatient and animated.
Up the hill at twi - light stealing. What to me are trump and song?
dim:
accel:
ten:
What the merry danc - ing throng? Won - drous things that love hath done.
cres:
cres:
mf a tempo. dim: rit:
I am dead to all but one.
The symphony a little slower than the song.
a tempo.
mf
rit:
cres:
rall
mf
p
cres:
More animated.
dim:
When in the wave sinks Lis - more,
Più mosso.
The air in R. H. well marked.


With passion.
cres:
When Duart rocks to dust shall dwindle, Laoth mo chree, tis not till then
Heart of hearts,
cres:
rit:
A little more animated.
Love will cease my soul to kin-dle. In the cloud thy form I trace,
rit:
Piu animato.
ten:
ten:
cres:
In the wa-ters find thy face; Though two hearts a-while have pain,
ten:
cres:
ten.
gves
f
rit:
Heart to heart they'll throb a-gain.
ten:
p slow.
ten:
f
with the singer.

THE LANGOUR OF LOVE.

(THÁ MI TINN LEIS A' GHAOL.)

OVER the sound wails the wind,
Curling the crests of angry billows,
Croons to me a love-lorn song
'Mid the rowans and the willows.
Shrilling high, and moaning low,
Sobs the lilt of tender woe;
Wondrous things that love can do;
Can it join two lovers true?

Would I be blithe, noon and night,
Laughing in byre, and fold, and shieling?
Sweeter far apart to roam,
Up the hill at twilight stealing.
What to me are trump and song,
What the merry dancing throng?
Wondrous things that love hath done,
I am dead to all but one.

When in the wave sinks Lismore,
When Duart rocks to dust shall dwindle,
Laogh mo chree, 'tis not till then
Love will cease my soul to kindle.
In the cloud thy form I trace,
In the waters find thy face;
Though two hearts awhile have pain,
Heart to heart they'll throb again.

HAROLD BOULTON.

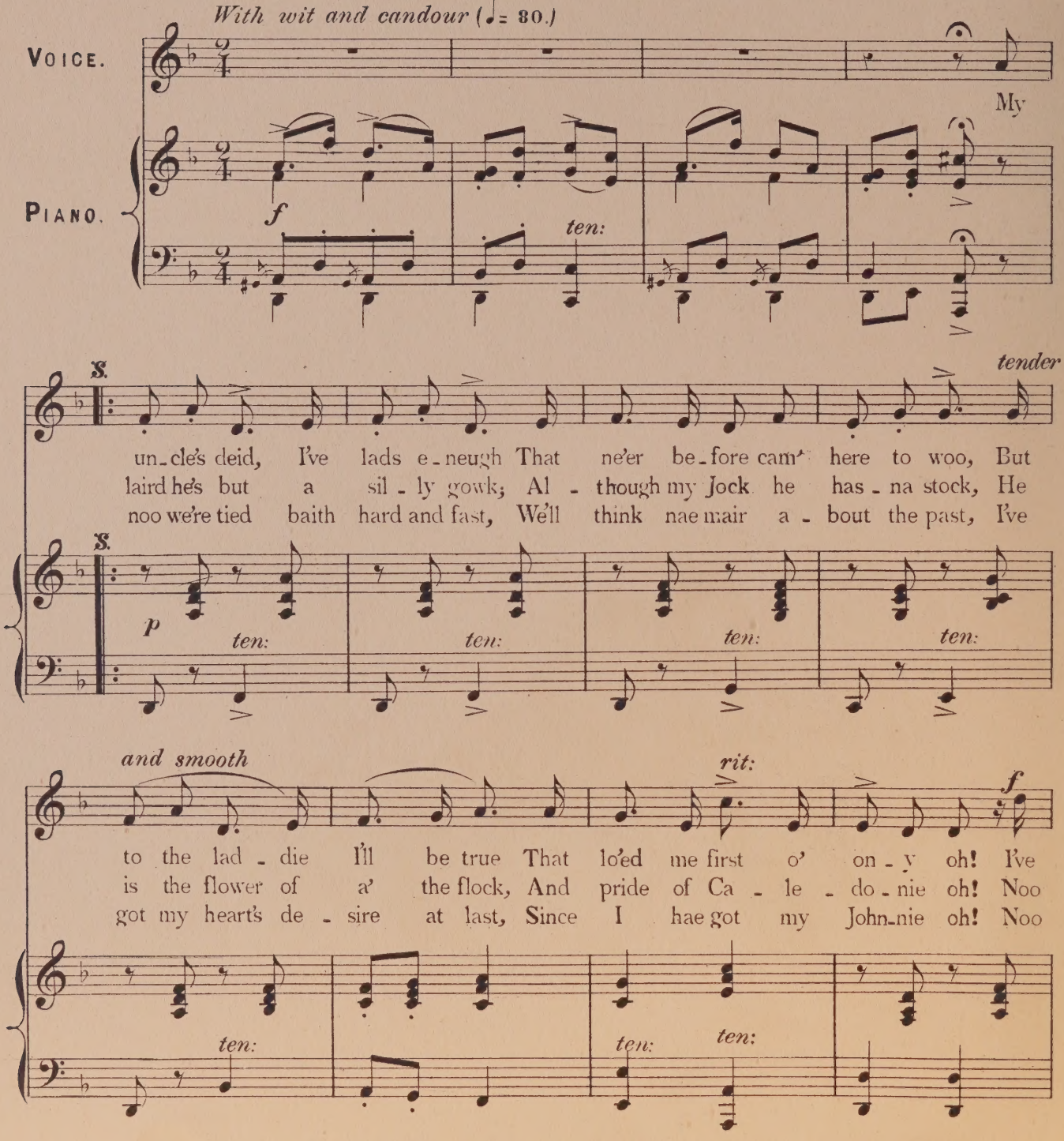
My Uncle's Deid.

V.

MY UNCLE'S DEID.

Words traditional.

Arranged from an old Lanarkshire Air by
Malcolm Lawson.


With wit and candour (♩= 80.)
Voice.
Piano.
My
f
ten:
tender
S.
un-cle's deid, I've lads e-neugh That ne'er be-fore cam' here to woo, But
laird he's but a sil-ly gowk; Al-though my Jock he has-na stock, He
noo we're tied baith hard and fast, We'll think nae mair a-bout the past, I've
p
ten:
and smooth
rit:
f
to the lad-die I'll be true That lo'ed me first o' on-y oh! I've
is the flower of a' the flock, And pride of Ca-le-do-nie oh! Noo
got my heart's de-sire at last, Since I hae got my John-nie oh! Noo

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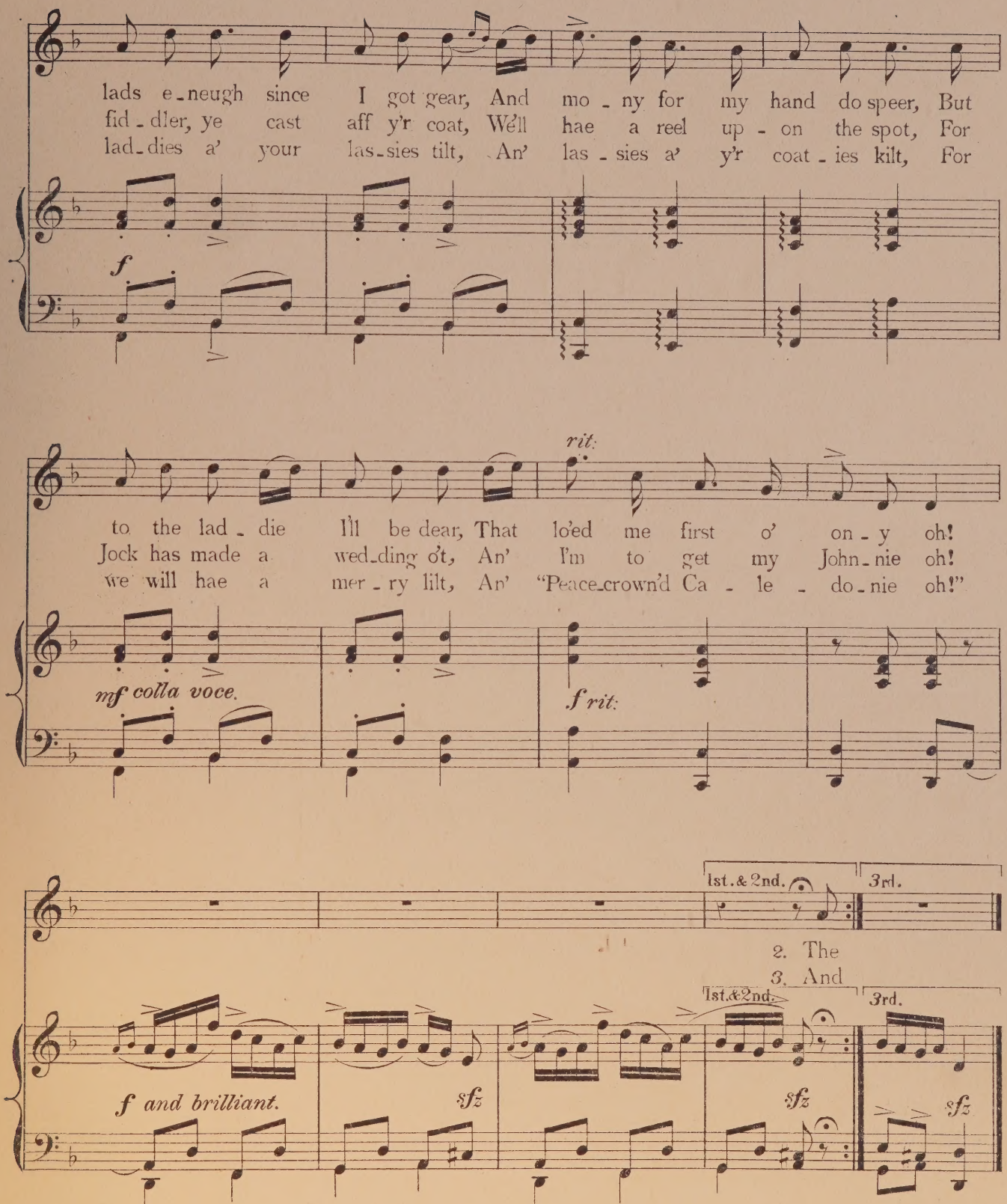

lads e-neugh since I got gear, And mo-ny for my hand do speer, But
fid-dler, ye cast aff y'r coat, We'll hae a reel up-on the spot, For
lad-dies a' your las-sies tilt, An' las-sies a' y'r coat-ies kilt, For
f
rit.
to the lad-die I'll be dear, That lo'ed me first o' on-y oh!
Jock has made a wed-ding o't, An' I'm to get my John-nie oh!
we will hae a mer-ry lilt, An' "Peace-crown'd Ca-le-do-nie oh!"
mf colla voce.
f rit.
1st. & 2nd.
3rd.
2. The
3. And
f and brilliant.
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz

MY UNCLE'S DEID.

MY uncle's deid, I've lads eneugh
That ne'er before cam' here to woo,
But to the laddie I'll be true
That lo'ed me first o' ony, oh!

I've lads eneugh since I got gear,
And mony for my hand do speer,
But to the laddie I'll be dear,
That lo'ed me first o' ony, oh!

The laird he's but a silly gowk;
Although my Jock he has na stock,
He is the flower of a' the flock,
And pride of Caledonie, oh!

Noo fiddler, ye cast aff y'r coat,
We'll hae a reel upon the spot,
For Jock has made a wedding o't,
And I'm to get my Johnnie, oh!

And noo we're tied baith hard and fast,
We'll think nae mair about the past;
I've got my heart's desire at last,
Since I hae got my Johnnie, oh!

Noo, laddies, a' your lassies tilt,
An' lassies a' y'r coaties kilt,
For we will hae a merry lilt,
An' peace-crown'd Caledonie, oh!

Traditional.

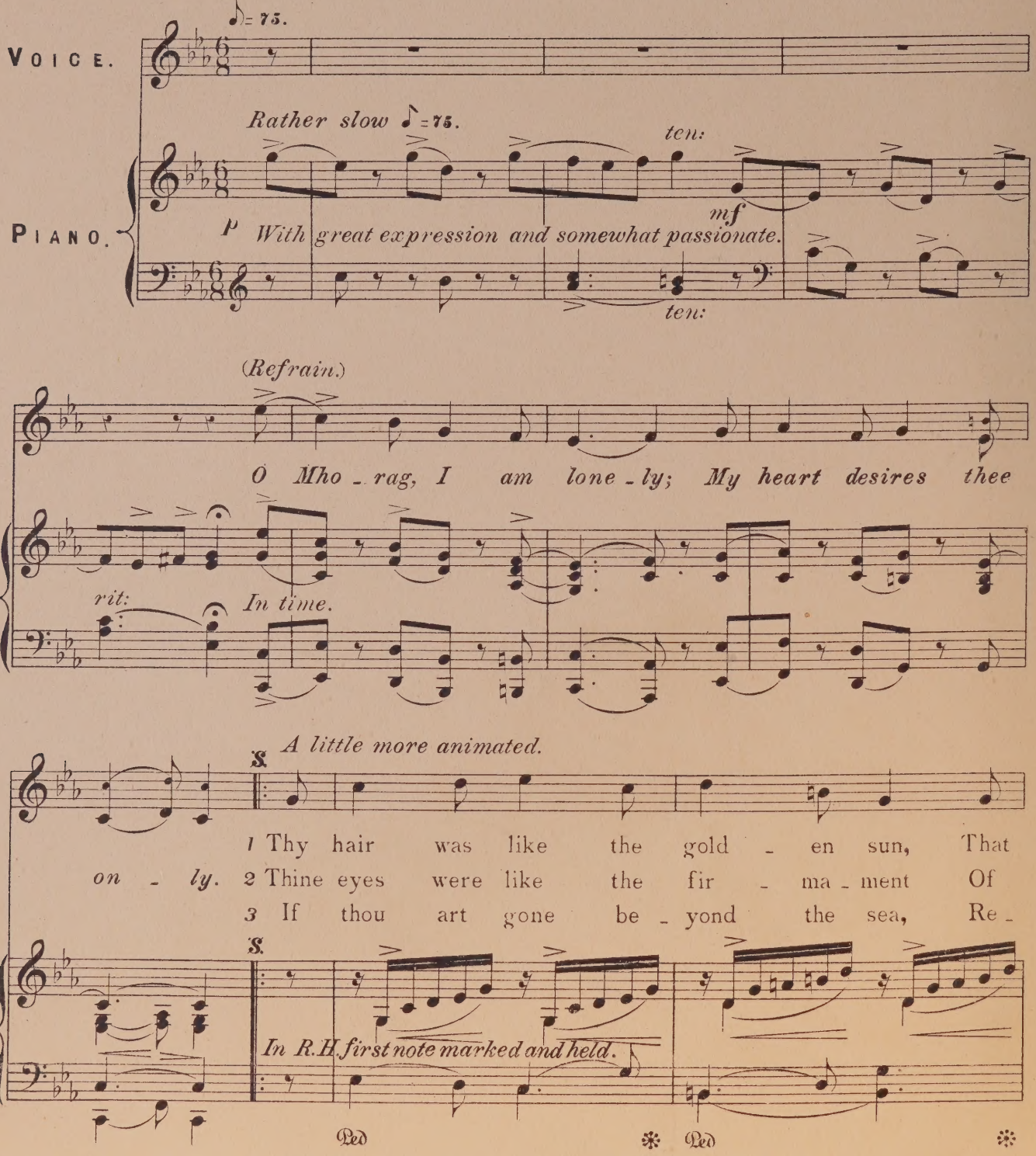
Morag.

VI.

MORAG.

Words after the Gaelic by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Old Gaelic air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.


VOICE.
PIANO.
♪= 75.
Rather slow ♪= 75.
ten:
mf
p With great expression and somewhat passionate.
ten:
(Refrain.)
O Mho - rag, I am lone - ly; My heart desires thee
rit:
In time.
A little more animated.
S.
1 Thy hair was like the gold - en sun, That
on - ly. 2 Thine eyes were like the fir - ma - ment Of
3 If thou art gone be - yond the sea, Re -
S.
In R.H. first note marked and held.
Ped
Ped

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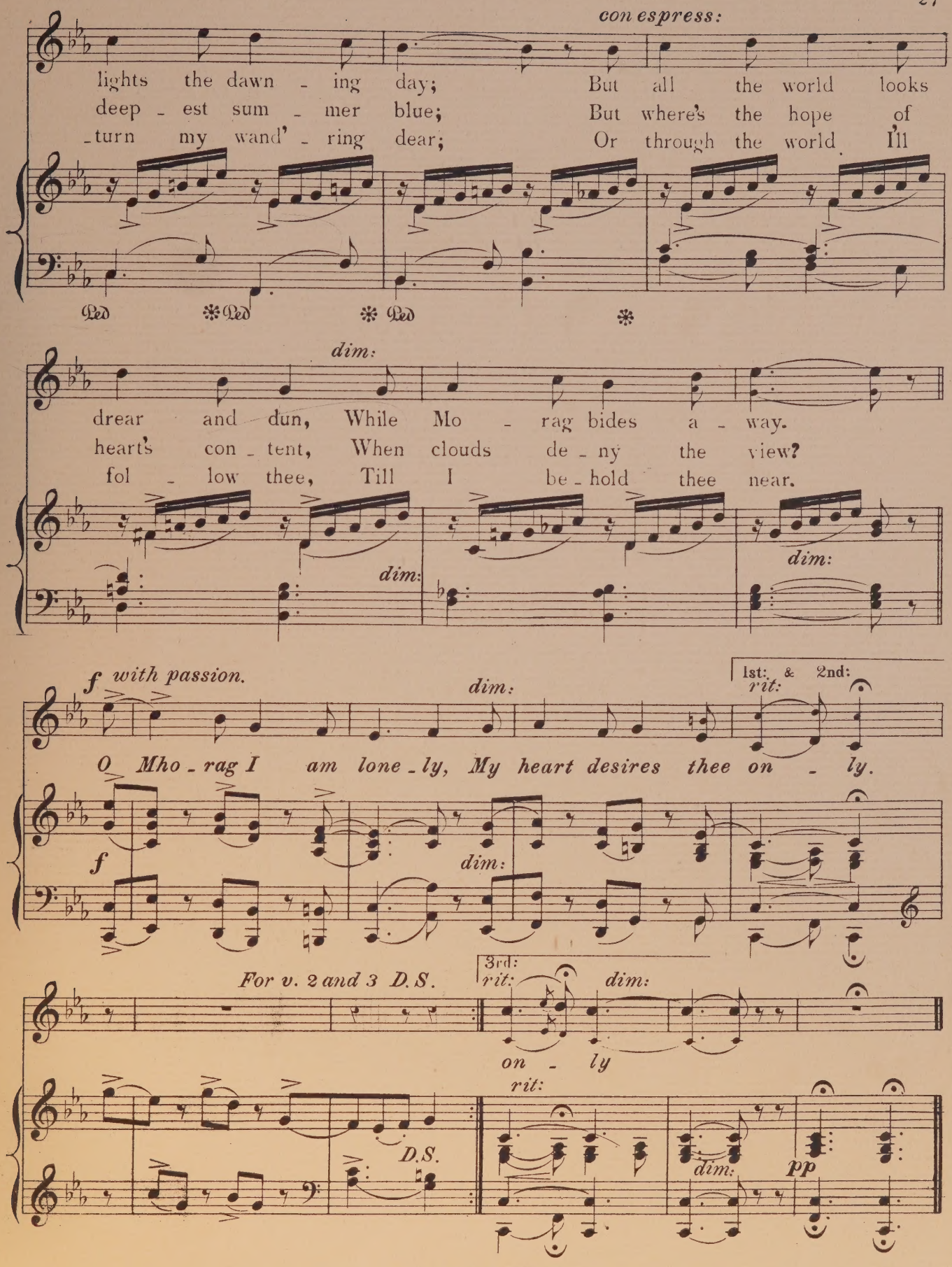

con espress:
lights the dawn - ing day; But all the world looks
deep - est sum - mer blue; But where's the hope of
-turn my wand' - ring dear; Or through the world I'll
Ped * Ped * Ped *
dim:
drear and dun, While Mo - rag bides a - way.
heart's con - tent, When clouds de - ny the view?
fol - low thee, Till I be - hold thee near.
dim:
dim:
f with passion.
dim:
1st: & 2nd:
rit:
O Mho - rag I am lone - ly, My heart desires thee on - ly.
f
dim:
For v. 2 and 3 D.S.
3rd:
rit:
dim:
on - ly
rit:
D.S.
dim:
pp

MORAG.

O MHORAG, I am lonely,
My heart desires thee only.
Thy hair was like the golden sun,
That lights the dawning day;
But all the world looks drear and dun
While Morag bides away.
O Mhorag, I am lonely,
My heart desires thee only.

Thine eyes were like the firmament
Of deepest summer blue;
But where's the hope of heart's content
When clouds deny the view?
O Mhorag, I am lonely,
My heart desires thee only.

If thou art gone beyond the sea,
Return my wandering dear;
Or through the world I'll follow thee
Till I behold thee near.
O Mhorag, I am lonely,
My heart desires thee only.

After the Gaelic by
HAROLD BOULTON.

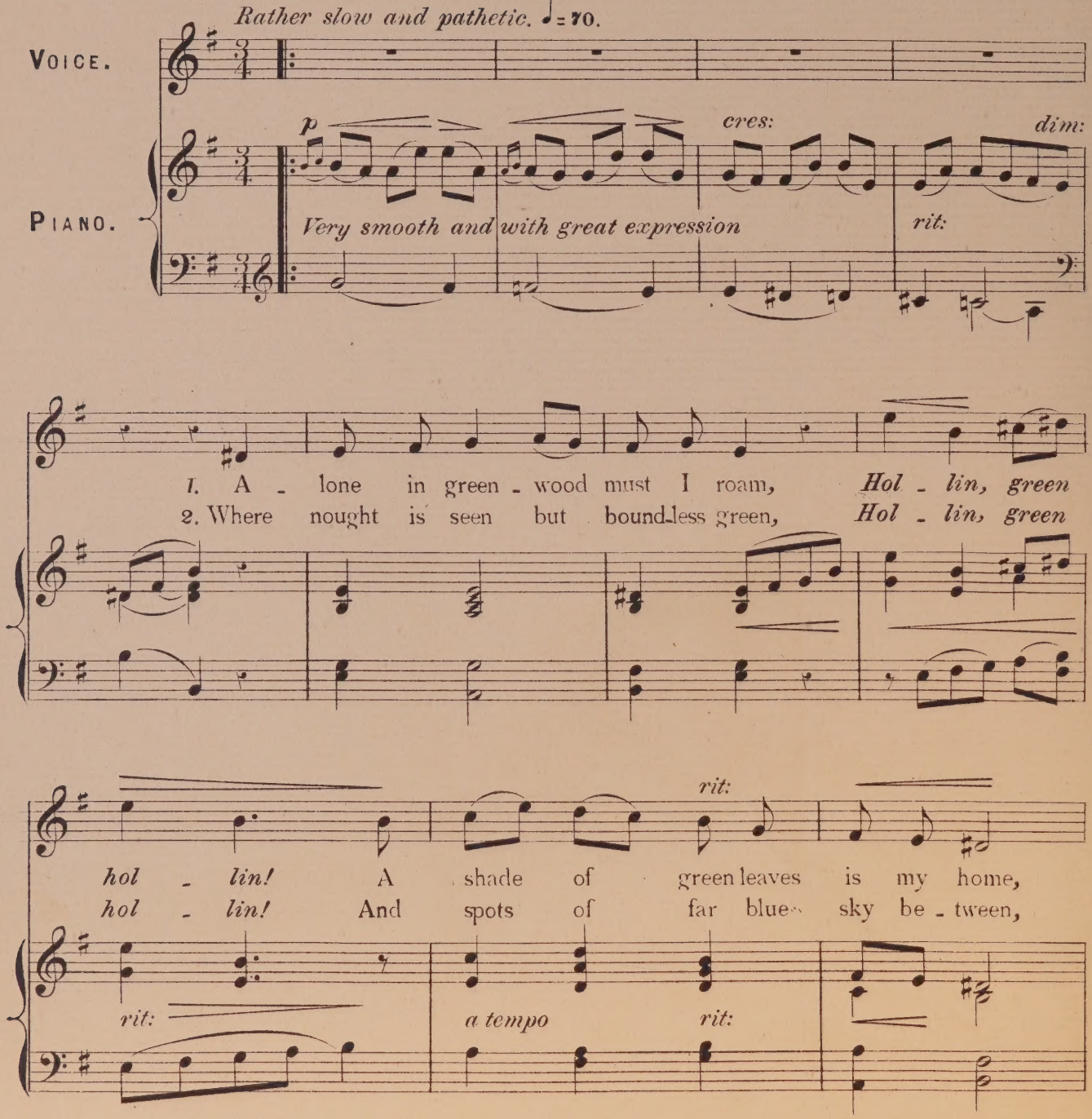
Hollin, Green Hollin.

VII.

HOLLIN, GREEN HOLLIN.

Words by
JAMES DOUGLAS OF CAVERS.

Old Border Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.


Rather slow and pathetic. ♩= 70.
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
cres:
dim:
Very smooth and with great expression
rit:
1. A - lone in green - wood must I roam, Hol - lin, green
2. Where nought is seen but bound-less green, Hol - lin, green
rit:
hol - lin! A shade of green leaves is my home,
hol - lin! And spots of far blue sky be - tween,
rit:
a tempo
rit:

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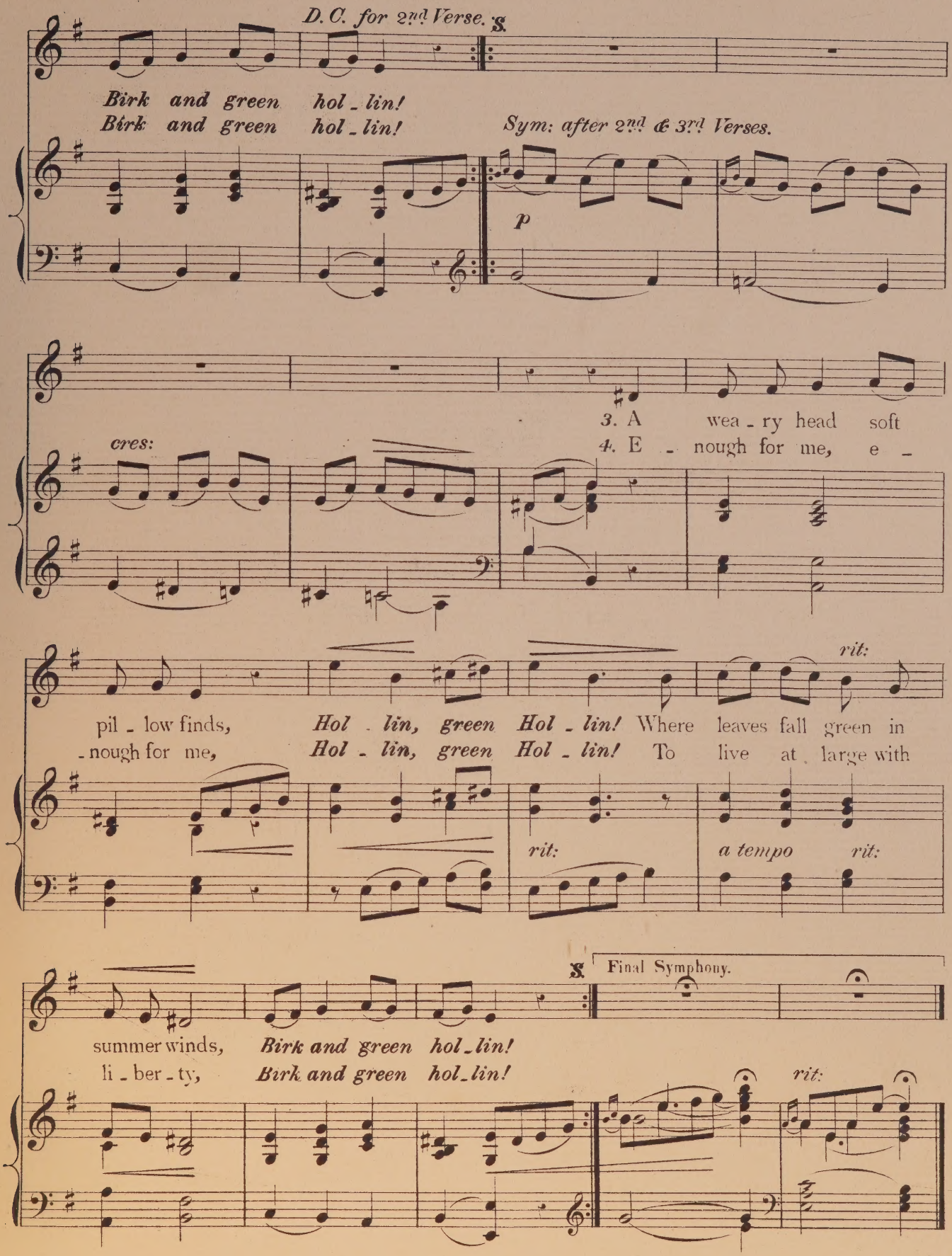

D.C. for 2nd Verse.
Birk and green hol_lin!
Birk and green hol_lin!
Sym: after 2nd & 3rd Verses.
p
cres:
3. A wea_ry head soft
4. E_nough for me, e_
pil_low finds, Hol_lin, green Hol_lin! Where leaves fall green in
_nough for me, Hol_lin, green Hol_lin! To live at large with
rit:
rit:
a tempo
rit:
Final Symphony.
summer winds, Birk and green hol_lin!
li_ber_ty, Birk and green hol_lin!
rit:

HOLLIN, GREEN HOLLIN.

ALONE in greenwood must I roam,
Hollin, green hollin!
A shade of green leaves is my home,
Birk and green hollin!

Where nought is seen but boundless green,
Hollin, green hollin!
And spots of far blue sky between,
Birk and green hollin!

A weary head soft pillow finds,
Hollin, green hollin!
Where leaves fall green in summer winds,
Birk and green hollin!

Enough for me, enough for me,
Hollin, green hollin!
To live at large with liberty,
Birk and green hollin!

JAMES DOUGLAS of Cavers.

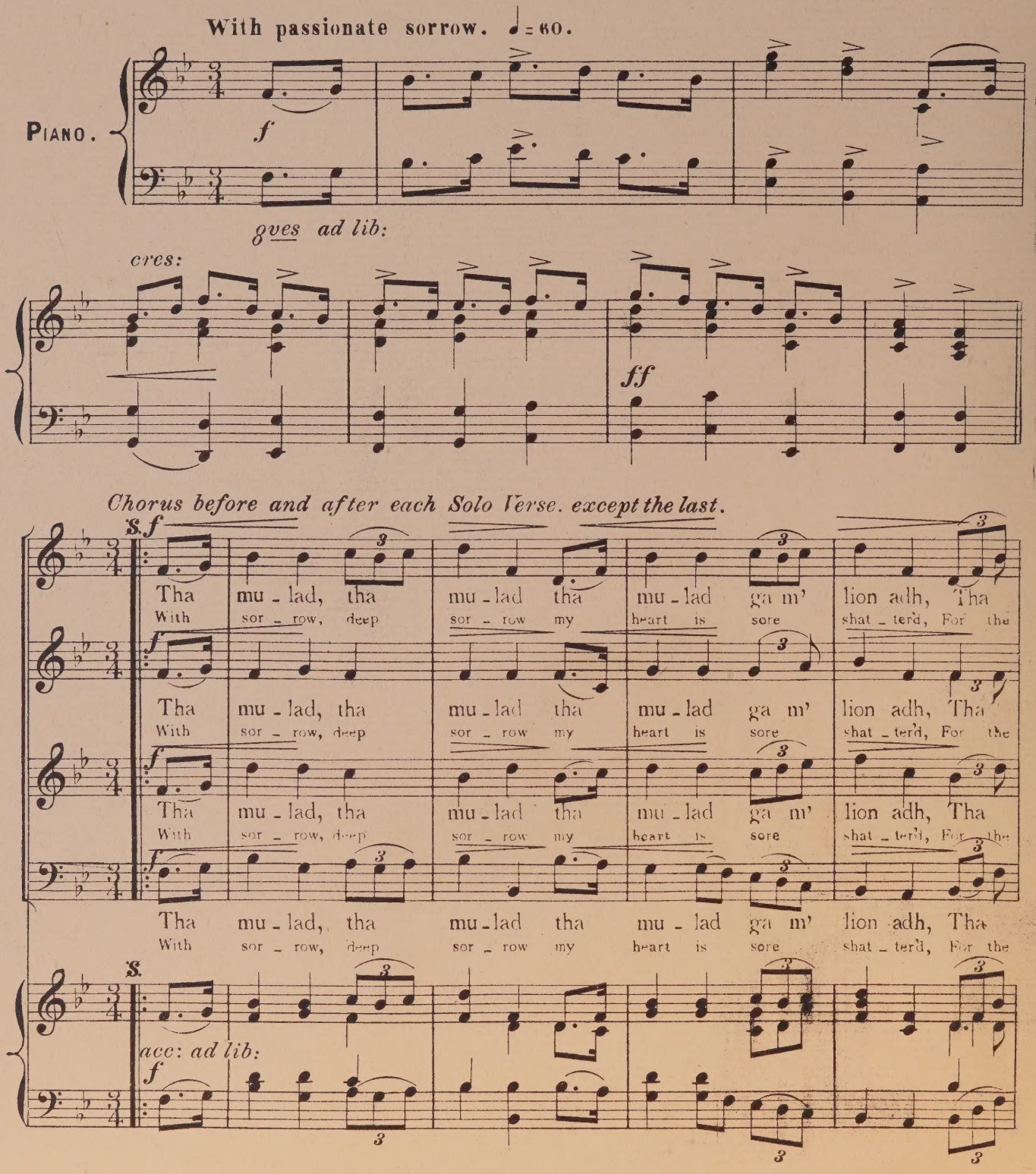
Lament for Macgregor of Ruaro.

VIII.

LAMENT FOR MACGREGOR OF RUARO.

Words adapted from various editions by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Old Highland Lament arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.


With passionate sorrow. ♩= 60.
PIANO.
f
gves ad lib:
cres:
ff
Chorus before and after each Solo Verse. except the last.
S. f
Tha mu - lad, tha mu - lad tha mu - lad ga m' lion adh, Tha
With sor - row, deep sor - row my heart is sore shat - ter'd, For the
f
S.
acc: ad lib:
f

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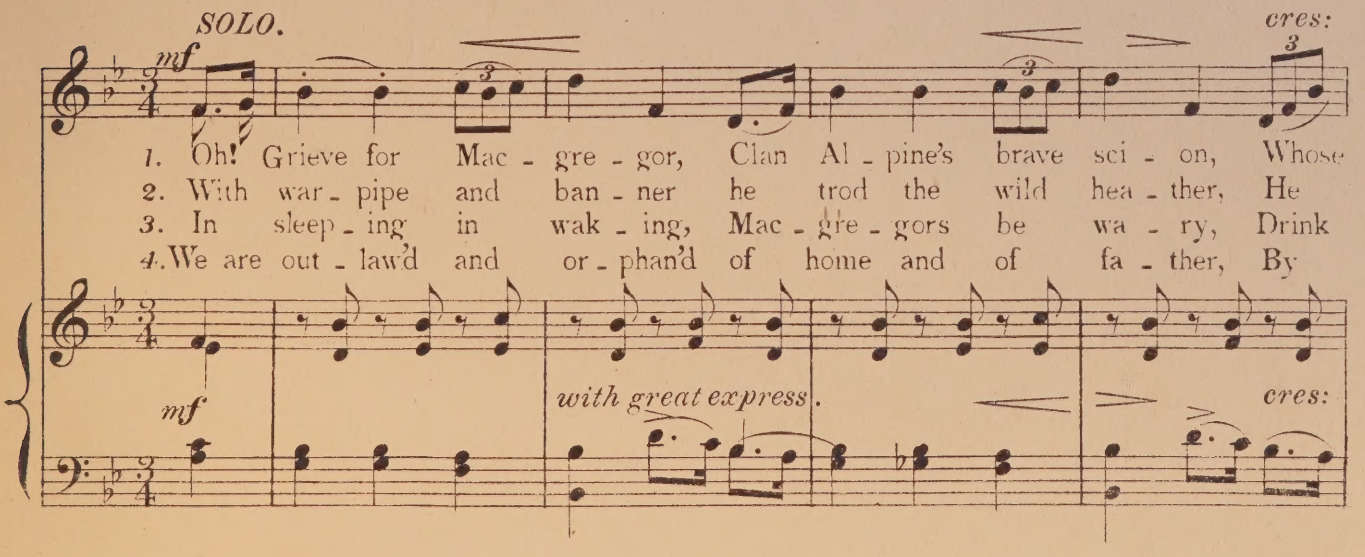
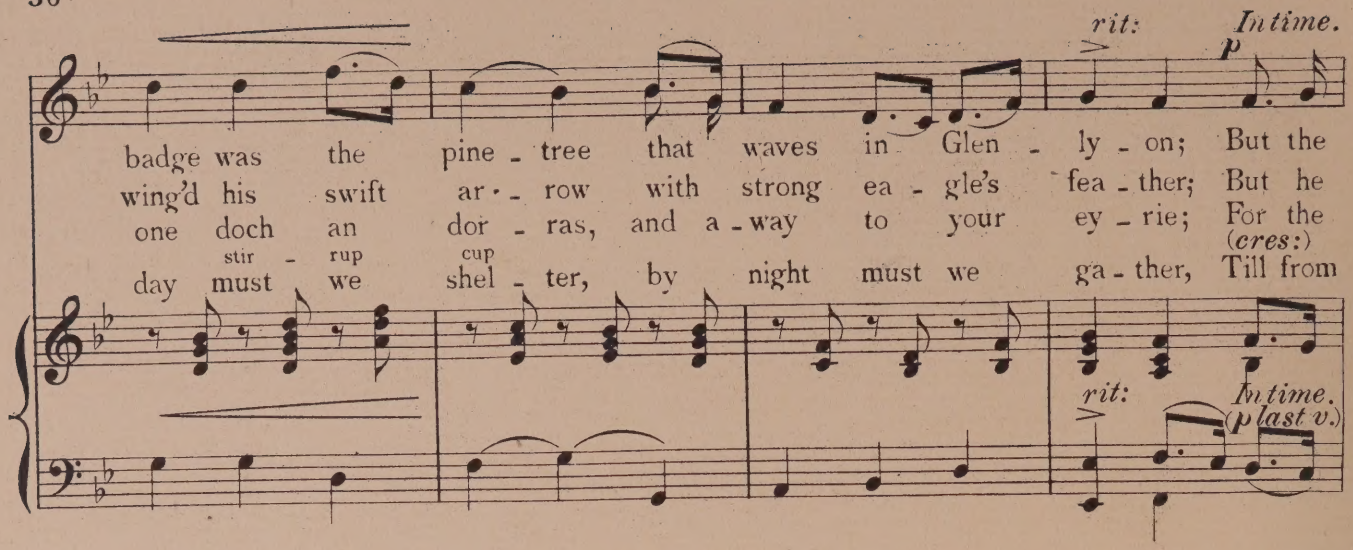
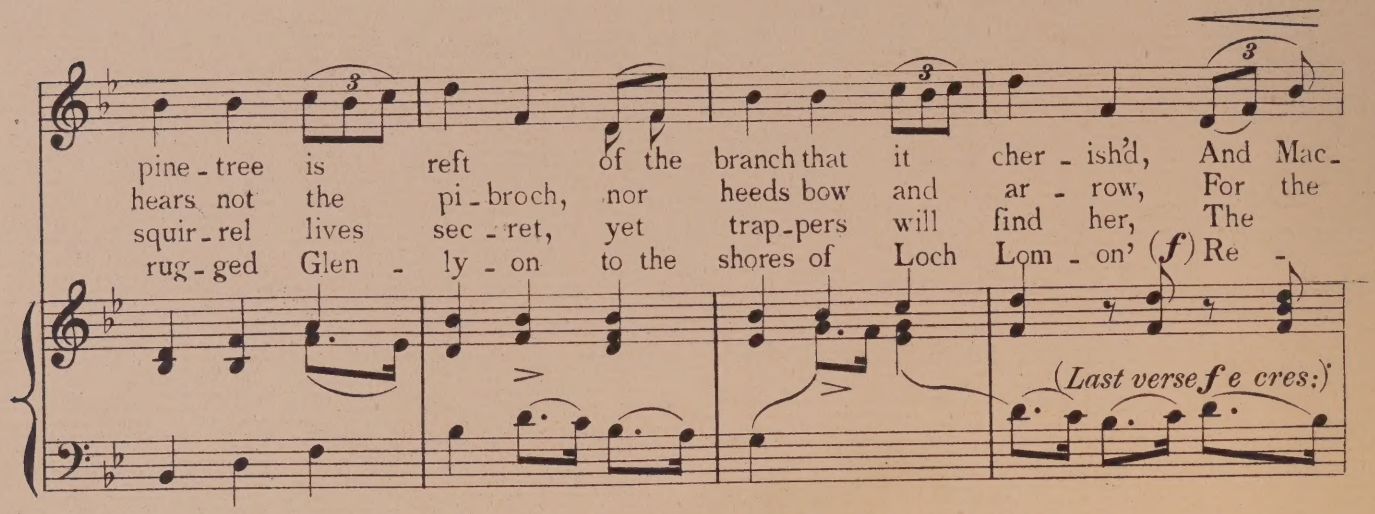
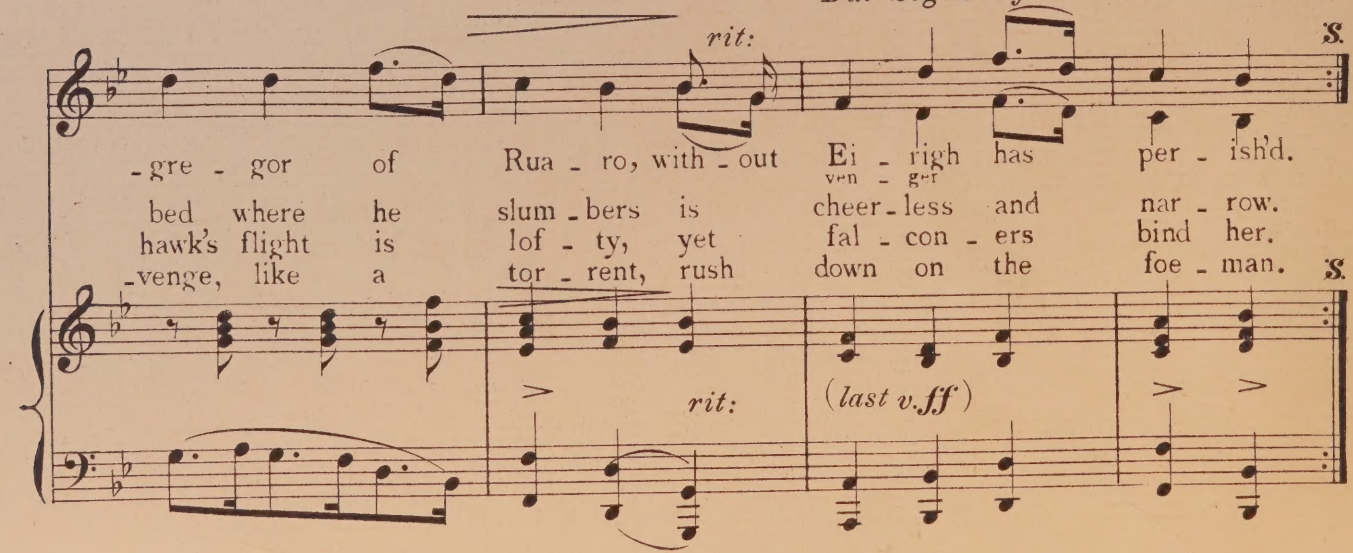
dim:
mu - lad. bochd truagh orm nach dual domh chaoidh di - readh.
Chief - tain is dead and the clans - men are scat - ter'd.
dim:
mu - lad. bochd truagh orm nach dual domh chaoidh di - readh.
Chief - tain is dead and the clans - men are scat - ter'd.
dim:
mu - lad. bochd truagh orm nach dual domh chaoidh di - readh.
Chief - tain is dead and the clans - men are scat - ter'd.
dim:
mu - lad. bochd truagh orm nach dual domh chaoidh di - readh.
Chief - tain is dead and the clans - men are scat - ter'd.
dim:


SOLO.
mf
cres:
1. Oh! Grieve for Mac - gre - gor, Clan Al - pine's brave sci - on, Whose
2. With war - pipe and ban - ner he trod the wild hea - ther, He
3. In sleep - ing in wak - ing, Mac - gre - gors be wa - ry, Drink
4. We are out - law'd and or - phan'd of home and of fa - ther, By
mf
with great express.
cres:

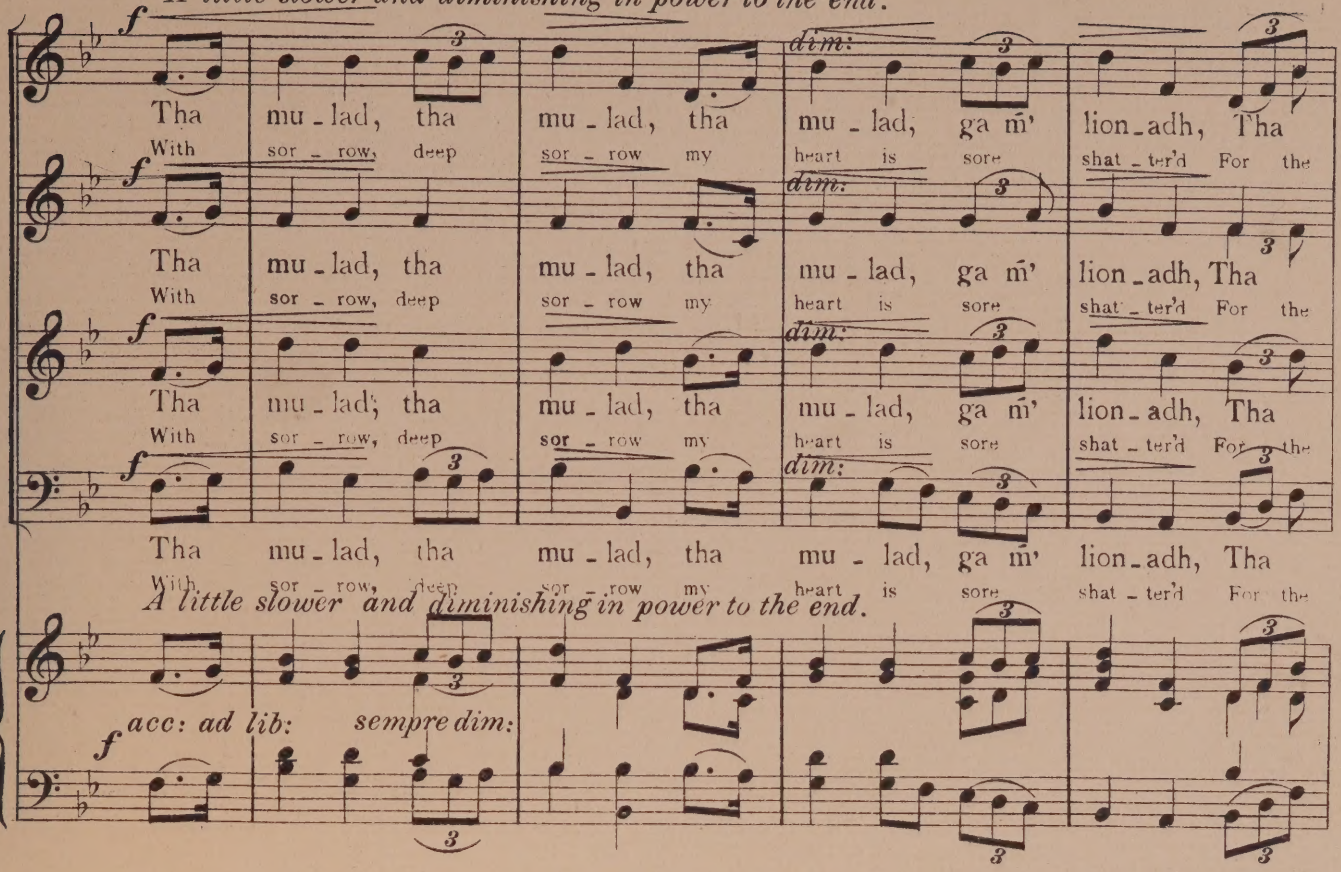

rit:
In time.
p
badge was the pine - tree that waves in Glen - ly - on; But the
wing'd his swift ar - row with strong ea - gle's fea - ther; But he
one doch an dor - ras, and a - way to your ey - rie; For the
(cres:)
day must we stir - rup shel - ter, by cup night must we ga - ther, Till from
rit:
In time.
(p last v.)


pine - tree is reft of the branch that it cher - ish'd, And Mac -
hears not the pi - broch, nor heeds bow and ar - row, For the
squir - rel lives sec - ret, yet trap - pers will find her, The
rug - ged Glen - ly - on to the shores of Loch Lom - on' (f) Re -
(Last verse f e cres:)

Dal Segno after verses 1. 2. & 3.


rit:
S.
- gre - gor of Rua - ro, with - out Ei - ven - ger righ has per - ish'd.
bed where he slum - bers is cheer - less and nar - row.
hawk's flight is lof - ty, yet fal - con - ers bind her.
- venge, like a tor - rent, rush down on the foe - man.
S.
rit:
(last v. ff)

Chorus after fourth or last Verse.
A little slower and diminishing in power to the end.


f
Tha mu - lad, tha mu - lad, tha mu - lad, ga m' lion - adh, Tha
With sor - row, deep sor - row my heart is sore shat - ter'd For the
dim:
A little slower and diminishing in power to the end.
acc: ad lib: sempre dim:

LAMENT FOR MACGREGOR OF RUARO.

OH! Grieve for Macgregor, Clan Alpine's brave scion
Whose badge was the pine-tree that waves in Glenlyon;
But the pine-tree is reft of the branch that it cherished,
And Macgregor of Ruaro without eirigh has perished.
Tha mulad, tha mulad, tha mulad, ga m' lionadh,
Tha mulad bochd truagh orm nach dual domh chaoidh direadh.
With sorrow, deep sorrow my heart is sore shattered,
For the chieftain is dead and the clansmen are scattered.

With war-pipe and banner he trod the wild heather,
He winged his swift arrow with strong eagle's feather;
But he hears not the pibroch, nor heeds bow and arrow,
For the bed where he slumbers is cheerless and narrow.
Tha mulad, &c.
With sorrow, &c.

In sleeping, in waking, Macgregors, be wary,
Drink one doch an dorras, and away to your eyrie;
For the squirrel lives secret, yet trappers will find her;
The hawk's flight is lofty, yet falconers bind her.
Tha mulad, &c.
With sorrow, &c.

We are outlawed and orphaned of home and of father,
By day must we shelter, by night must we gather;
Till from rugged Glenlyon to the shores of Loch Lomon'
Revenge, like a torrent, rush down on the foeman.
Tha mulad, &c.
With sorrow, &c.

Adapted from various editions by
HAROLD BOULTON.

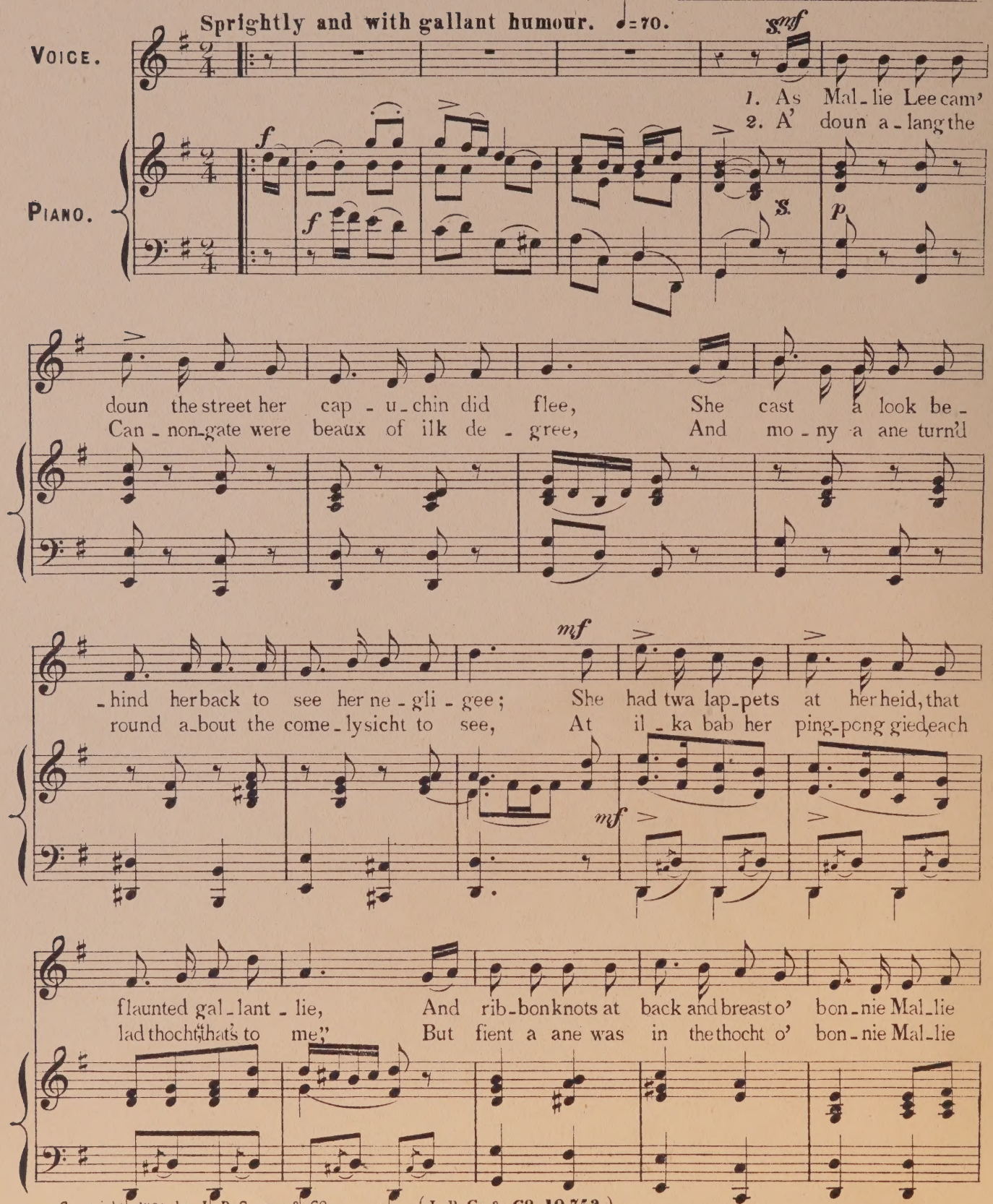
Mallie Lee.

IX.

*MALLIE LEE.

Words Anon. (about 1737.)

Air by Harold Boulton.
Arranged by Malcolm Lawson.


Sprightly and with gallant humour. ♩=70.
Voice.
Piano.
1. As Mal-lie Lee cam'
2. A' doun a-lang the
doun the street her cap-u-chin did flee, She cast a look be-
Can-non-gate were beaux of ilk de-gree, And mo-ny a ane turn'd
-hind her back to see her ne-gli-gee; She had twa lap-pets at her heid, that
round a-bout the come-ly sicht to see, At il-ka bab her ping-pong gied each
flaunted gal-lant-lie, And rib-bon knots at back and breast o' bon-nie Mal-lie
lad thocht that's to me;" But fient a ane was in the thocht o' bon-nie Mal-lie

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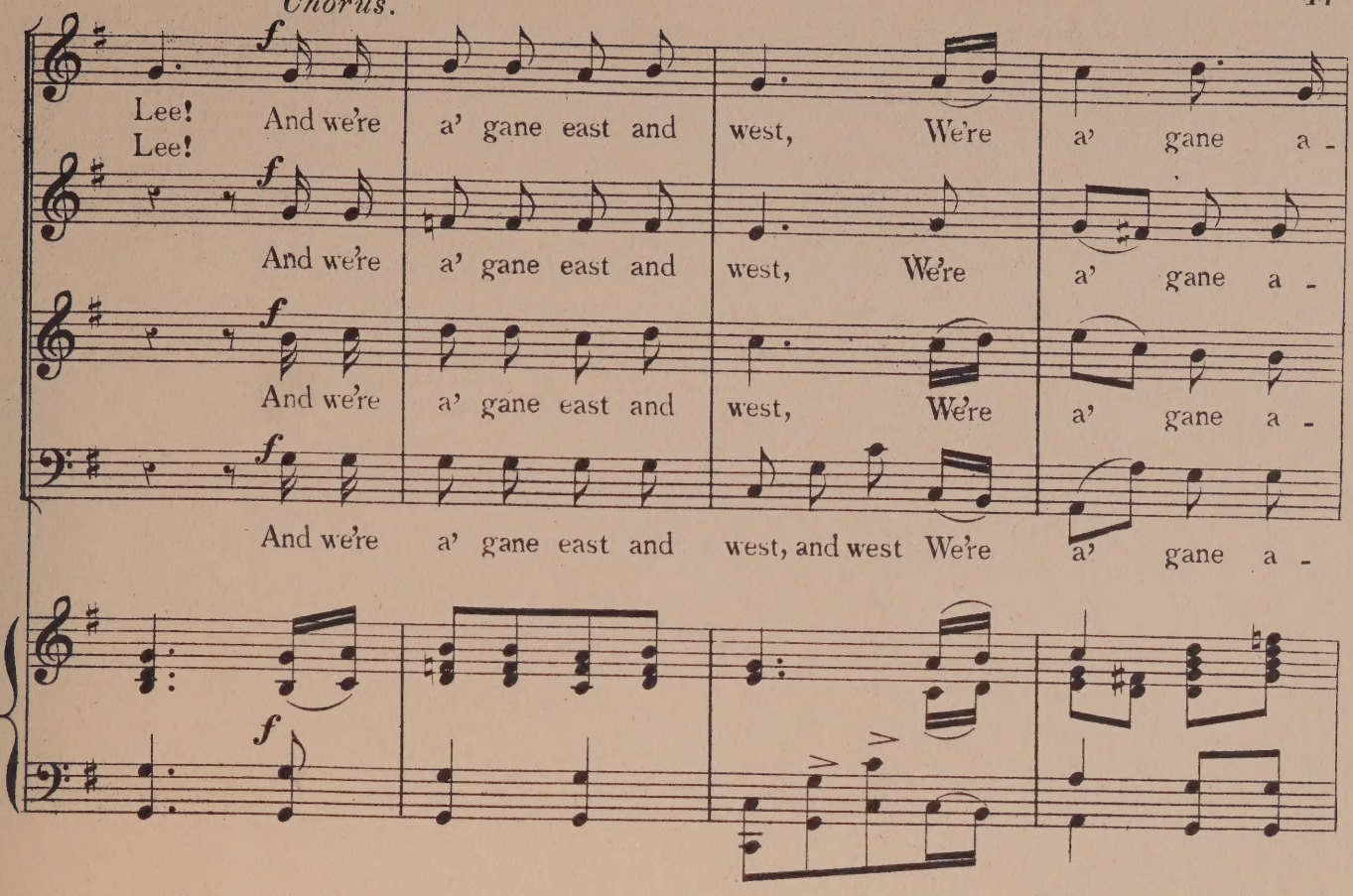
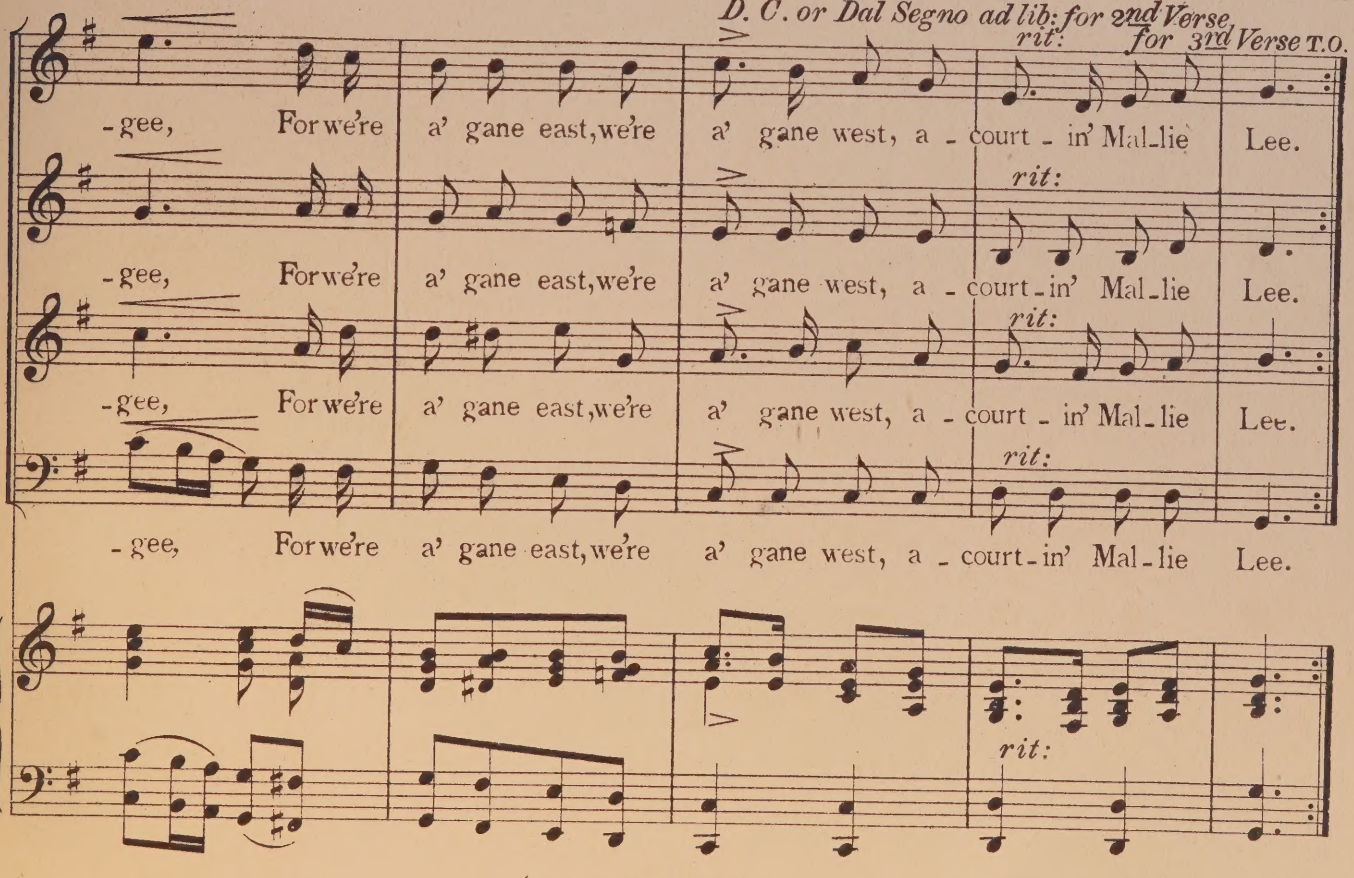
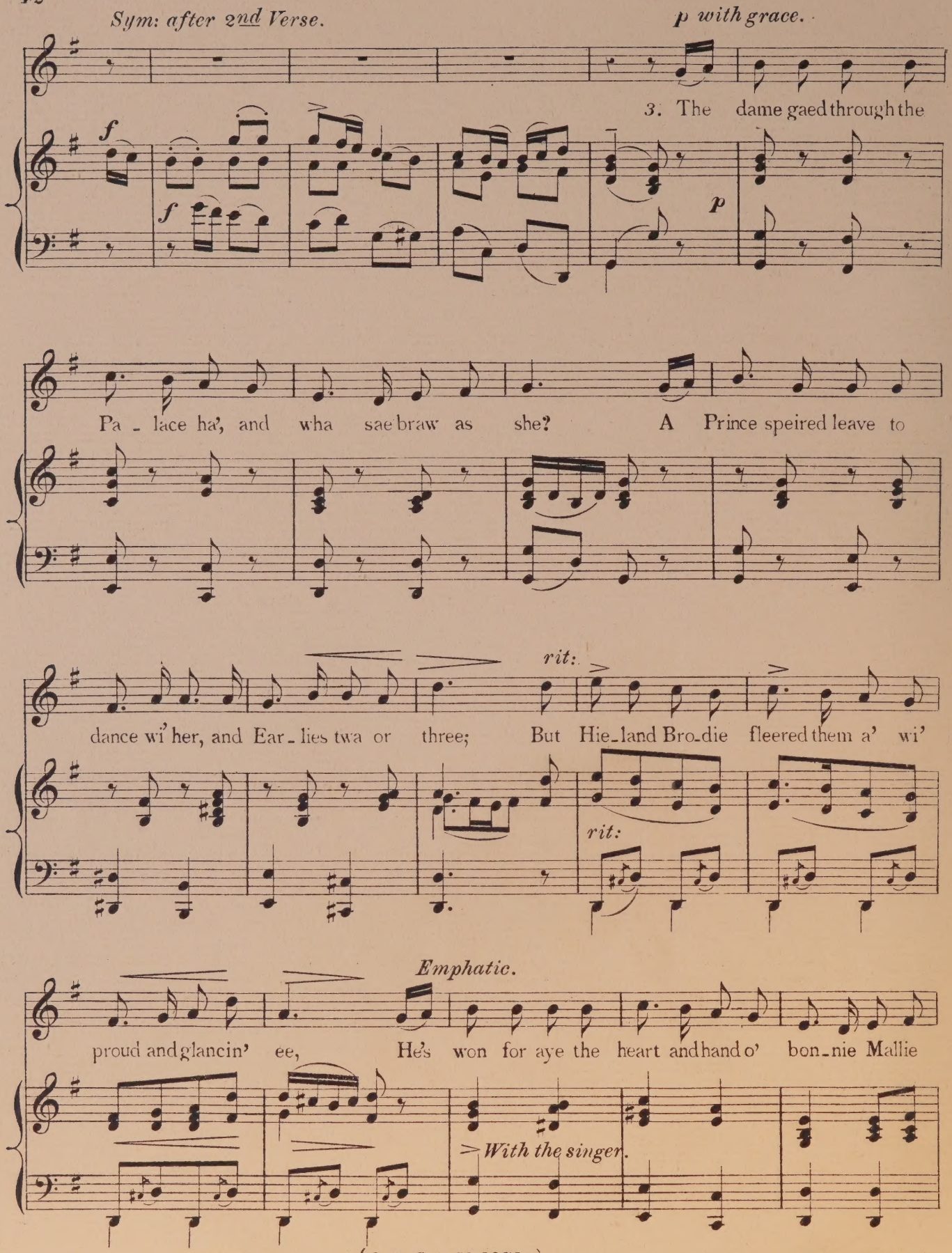
*Mallie Lee (or Leigh) a celebrated Edinburgh beauty, was married in 1725 to Brodie of Brodie.

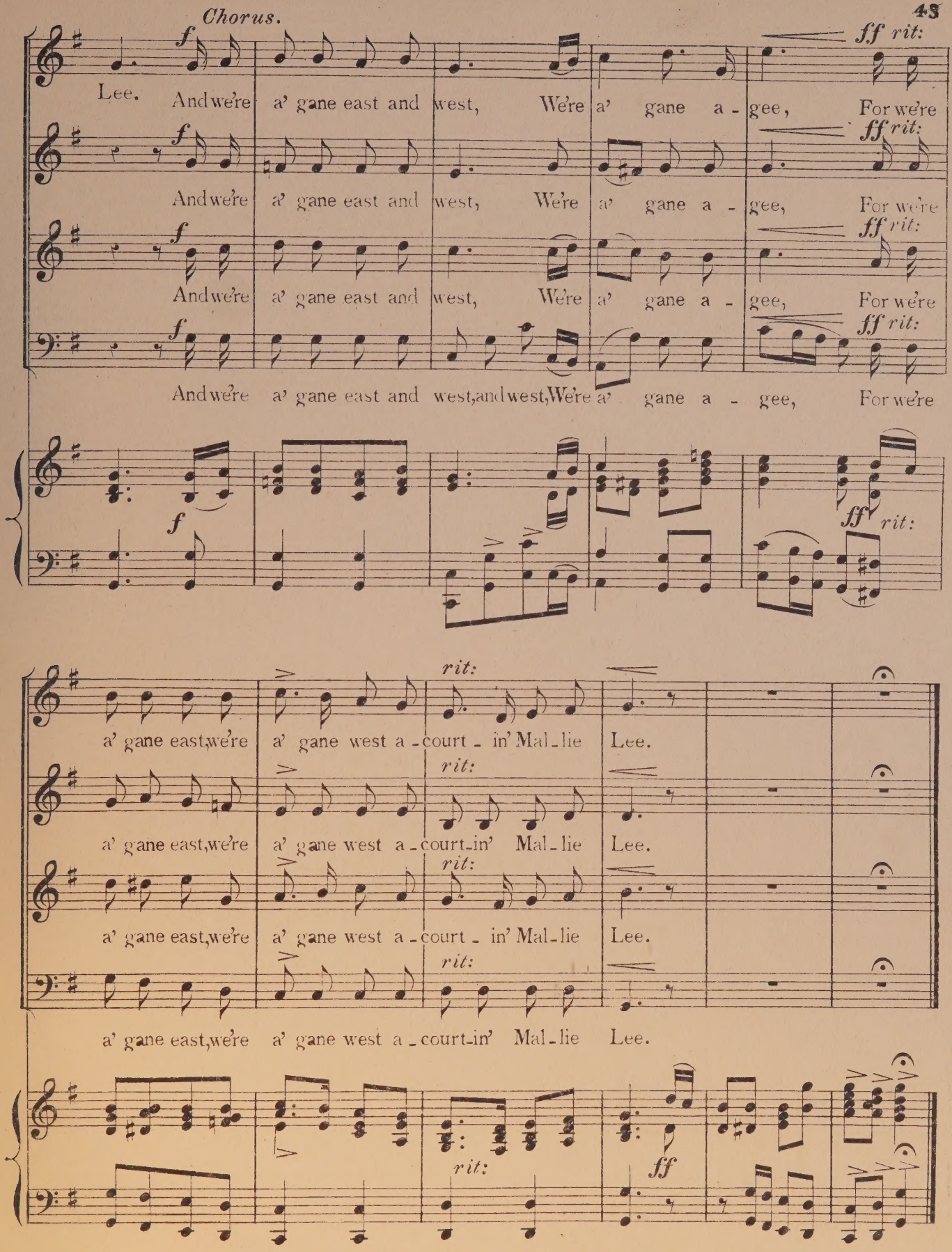
Chorus.


Lee!
Lee!
And we're a' gane east and west, We're a' gane a -
And we're a' gane east and west, We're a' gane a -
And we're a' gane east and west, We're a' gane a -
And we're a' gane east and west, and west We're a' gane a -

D. C. or Dal Segno ad lib: for 2nd Verse, for 3rd Verse T.O.


-gee, For we're a' gane east, we're a' gane west, a - court - in' Mal - lie Lee.
rit:
-gee, For we're a' gane east, we're a' gane west, a - court - in' Mal - lie Lee.
rit:
-gee, For we're a' gane east, we're a' gane west, a - court - in' Mal - lie Lee.
rit:
-gee, For we're a' gane east, we're a' gane west, a - court - in' Mal - lie Lee.
rit:


Sym: after 2nd Verse.
p with grace.
3. The dame gaed through the
Pa - lace ha', and wha sae braw as she? A Prince speired leave to
dance wi' her, and Ear - lies twa or three; But Hie-land Bro-die fleered them a' wi'
rit:
rit:
Emphatic.
proud and glancin' ee, He's won for aye the heart and hand o' bon-nie Mallie
With the singer.


Chorus.
f
ff rit:
Lee. And we're a' gane east and west, We're a' gane a - gee, For we're
And we're a' gane east and west, We're a' gane a - gee, For we're
And we're a' gane east and west, We're a' gane a - gee, For we're
And we're a' gane east and west, and west, We're a' gane a - gee, For we're
rit:
a' gane east, we're a' gane west a - court - in' Mal - lie Lee.
a' gane east, we're a' gane west a - court - in' Mal - lie Lee.
a' gane east, we're a' gane west a - court - in' Mal - lie Lee.
a' gane east, we're a' gane west a - court - in' Mal - lie Lee.

MALLIE LEE.

AS Mallie Lee cam' doun the street her capuchin did flee,
She cast a look behind her back to see her negligee;
She had twa lappets at her heid, that flaunted gallantlie,
And ribbon-knots at back and breast o' bonnie Mallie Lee!

And we're a' gane east and west, we're a' gane agee,
We're a' gane east and west, a-courtin' Mallie Lee.

A' doun alang the Cannongate were beaux o' ilk degree,
And mony a ane turned round about the comely sicht to see,
At ilka bab her ping-pong gied, ilk lad thocht "That's to me,"
But fient a ane was in the thocht o' bonnie Mallie Lee.

And we're a' gane, &c.

The dame gaed through the Palace ha', and wha sae braw as she?
A Prince speired leave dance wi' her, and Earlies twa or three;
But Hieland Brodie fleered them a' wi' proud and glancin' e'e,
He's won for aye the heart and hand o' bonnie Mallie Lee.

And we're a' gane, &c.

Anon (*about* 1737).

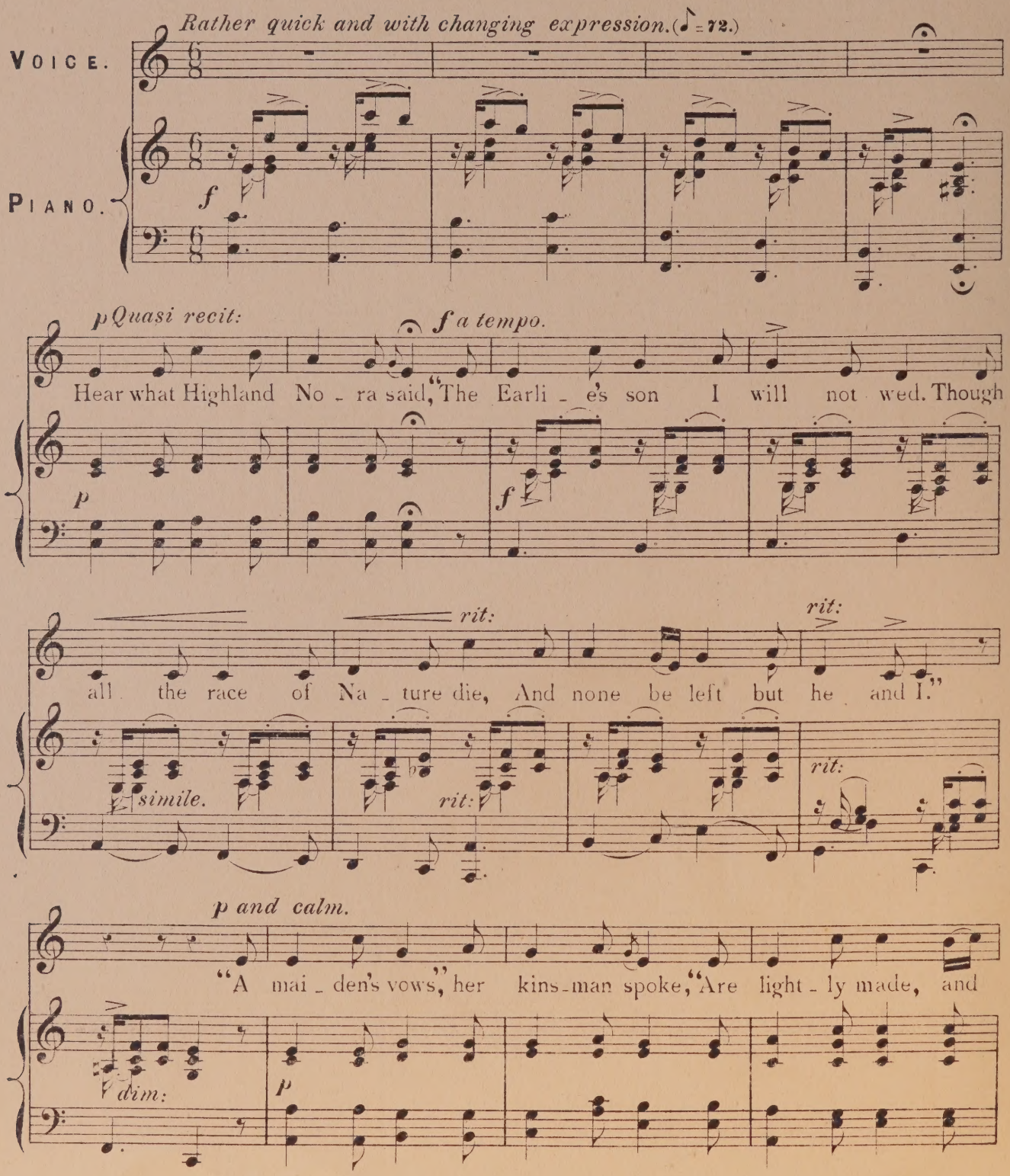
The Earlie's Son.

X.

THE EARLIE'S SON.

Words by
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Old Highland Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.



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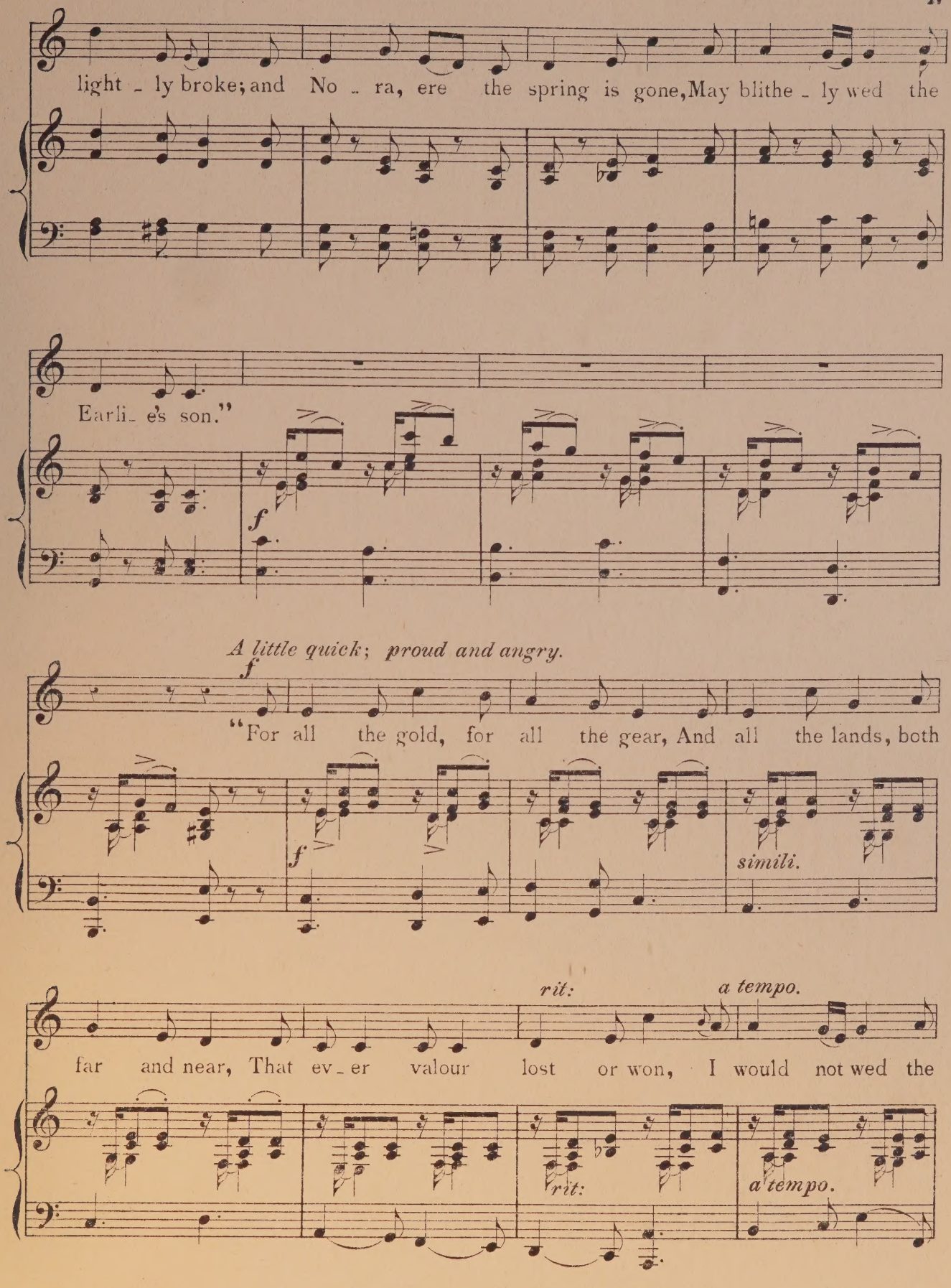
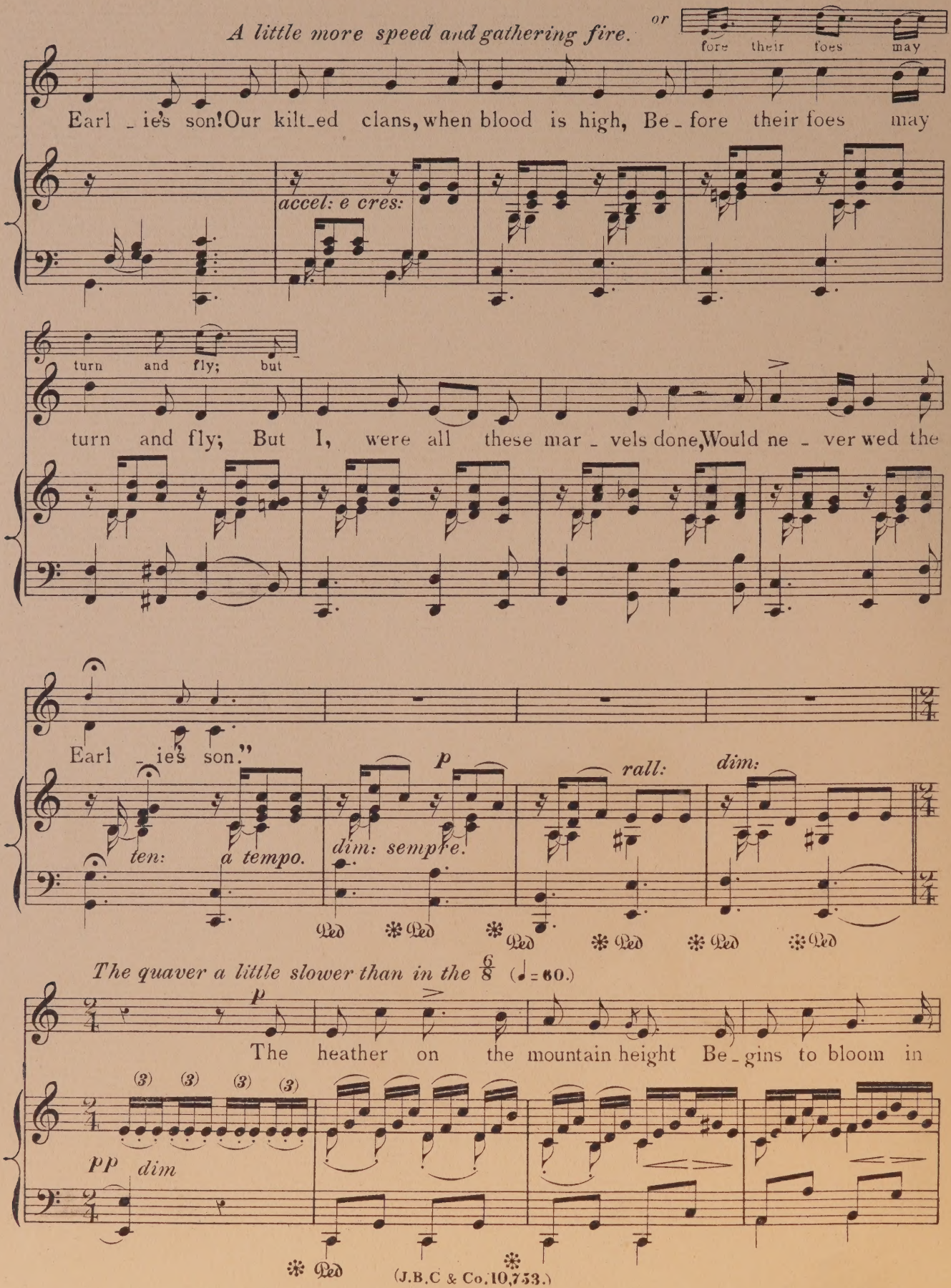
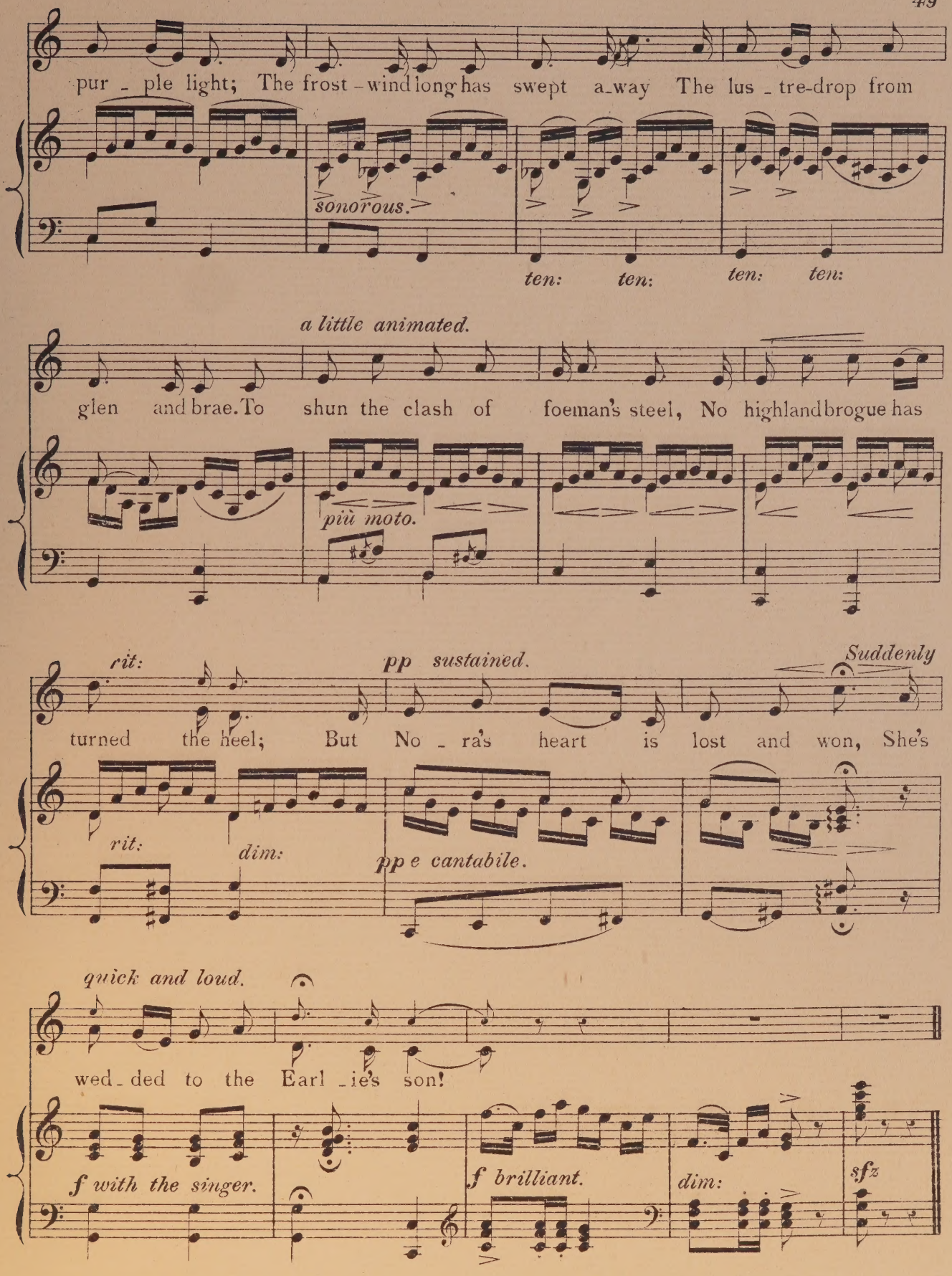

light - ly broke; and No - ra, ere the spring is gone, May blithe - ly wed the
Earli - e's son."
f
A little quick; proud and angry.
f
"For all the gold, for all the gear, And all the lands, both
f
simili.
rit:
a tempo.
far and near, That ev - er valour lost or won, I would not wed the
rit:
a tempo.


A little more speed and gathering fire.
or
fore their foes may
Earl _ ie's son! Our kilt_ed clans, when blood is high, Be_fore their foes may
accel: e cres:
turn and fly; but
turn and fly; But I, were all these mar_vels done, Would ne_ver wed the
Earl _ ie's son."
ten: a tempo.
p
dim: sempre.
rall:
dim:
Ped
The quaver a little slower than in the 6/8 (♩ = 60.)
p
The heather on the mountain height Be_gins to bloom in
(3) (3) (3) (3)
pp dim
Ped
(J.B.C & Co. 10,753.)


pur - ple light; The frost - wind long has swept a - way The lus - tre-drop from
sonorous.
ten: ten: ten: ten:
a little animated.
glen and brae. To shun the clash of foeman's steel, No highland brogue has
più moto.
rit:
pp sustained.
Suddenly
turned the heel; But No - ra's heart is lost and won, She's
rit:
dim:
pp e cantabile.
quick and loud.
wed - ded to the Earl - ie's son!
f with the singer.
f brilliant.
dim:
sfz

THE EARLIE'S SON.

HEAR what Highland Nora said,—
"The Earlie's son I will not wed,"
"Should all the race of Nature die,"
"And none be left but he and I."
"For all the gold, for all the gear,"
"And all the lands both far and near,"
"That ever valour lost or won,"
"I would not wed the Earlie's son."

"A maiden's vows," old Callum spoke,
"Are lightly made, and lightly broke;"
"The heather on the mountain's height"
"Begins to bloom in purple light;"
"The frost-wind soon shall sweep away"
"That lustre deep from glen and brae;"
"Yet Nora, e'er its bloom be gone,"
"May blithely wed the Earlie's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast"
"May barter for the eagle's nest;"
"The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,"
"Ben Cruachan fall and crush Kilchurn;"
"Our kilted clans, when blood is high,"
"Before their foes may turn and fly;"
"But I, were all these marvels done,"
"Would never wed the Earlie's son."

Still in the water-lily's shade,
Her wonted nest the wild-swan made;
Ben Cruachan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No Highland brogue has turned the heel;
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
—She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

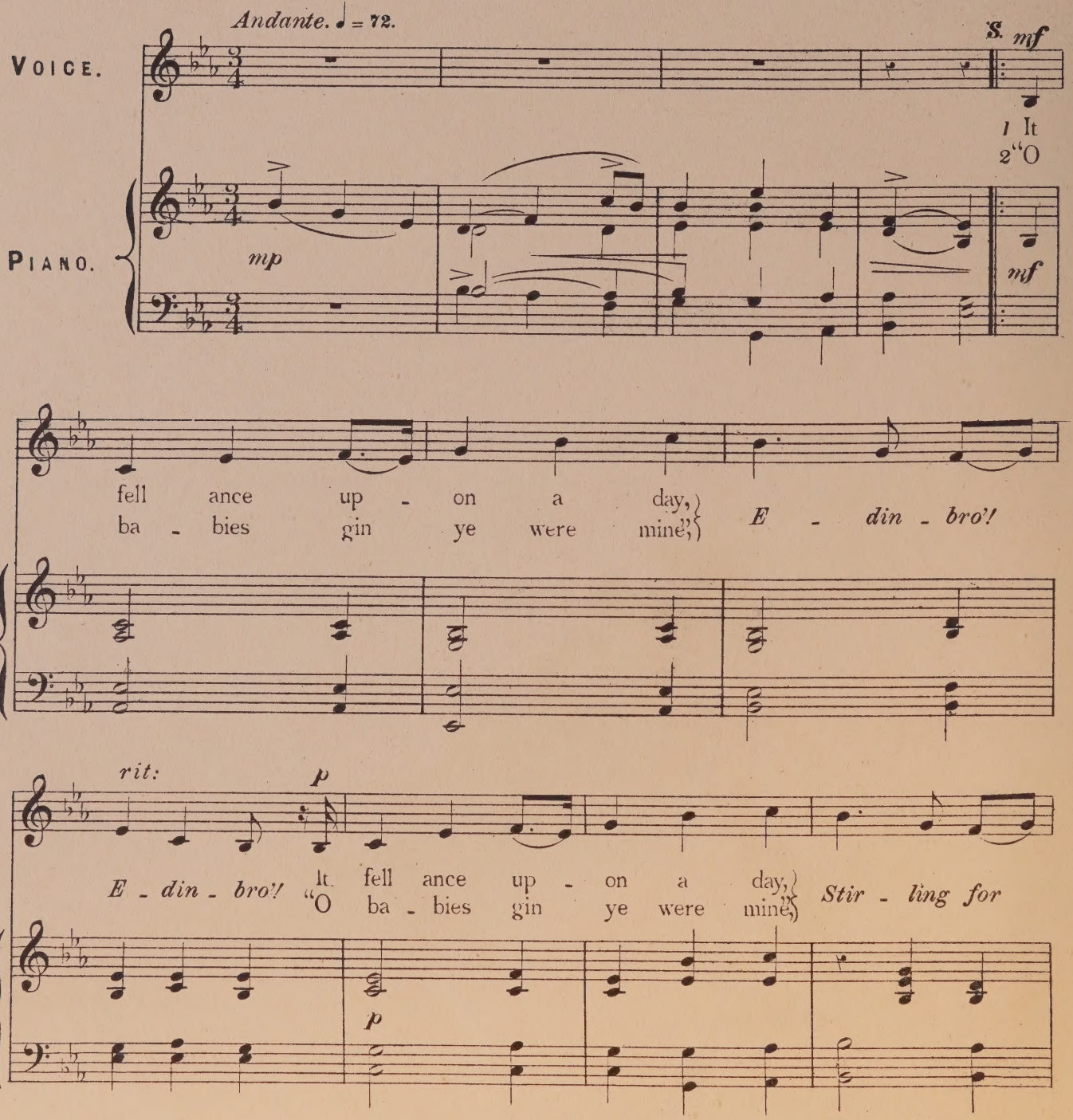
Bonnie St. Johnston.

XI.

BONNIE SAINT JOHNSTON.

Old Scots Ballad.

Old Northern Air arranged by
Malcolm Lawson.



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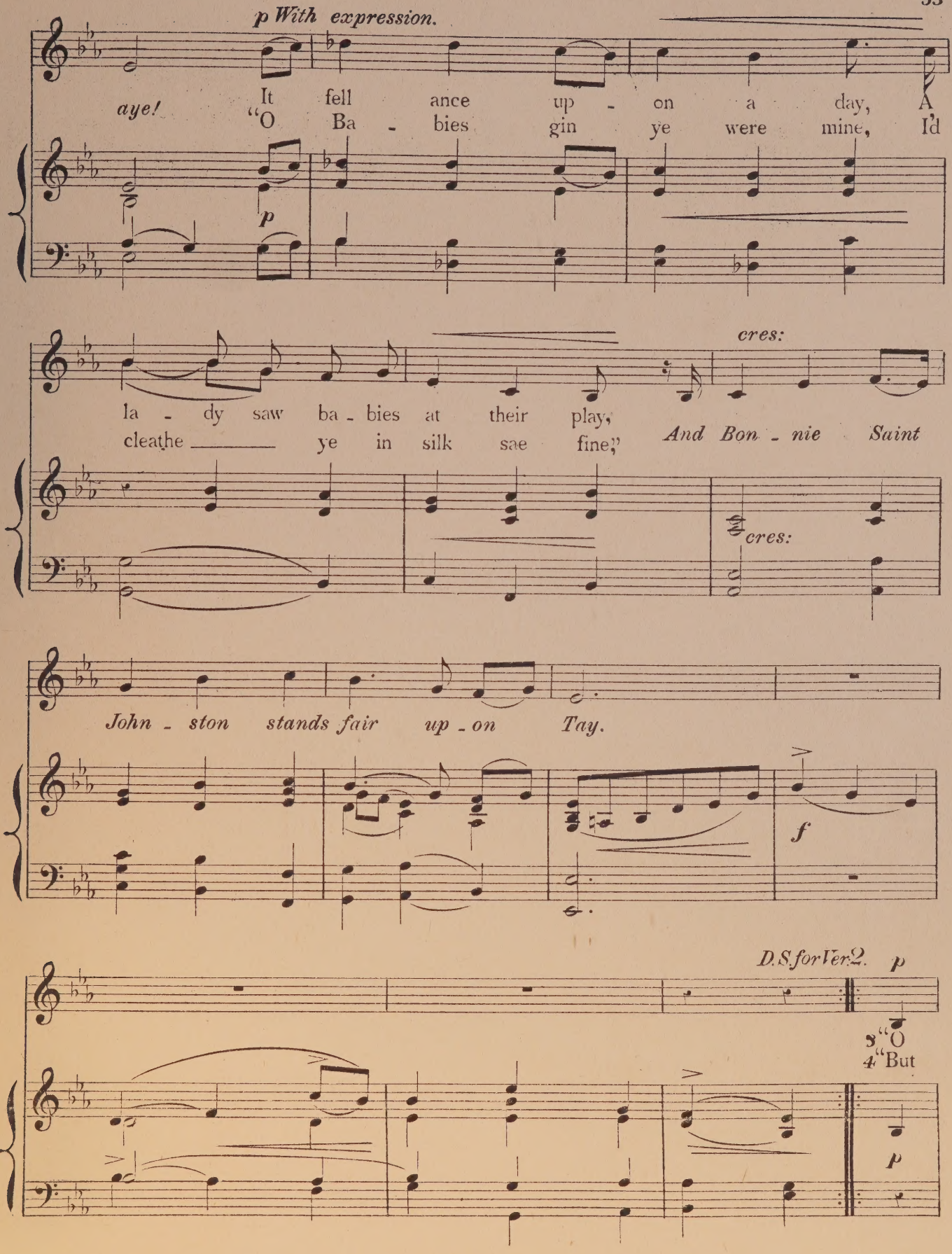
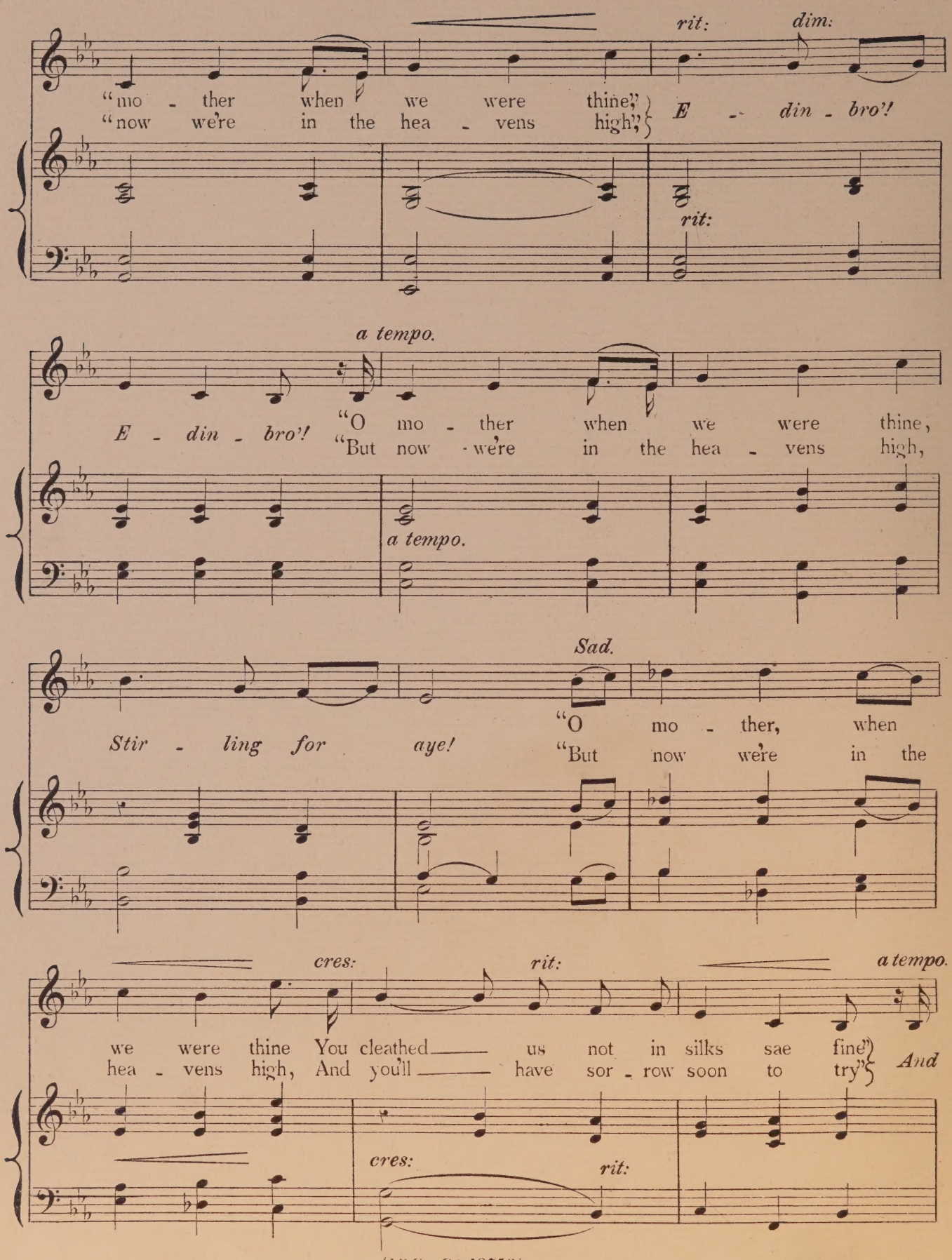
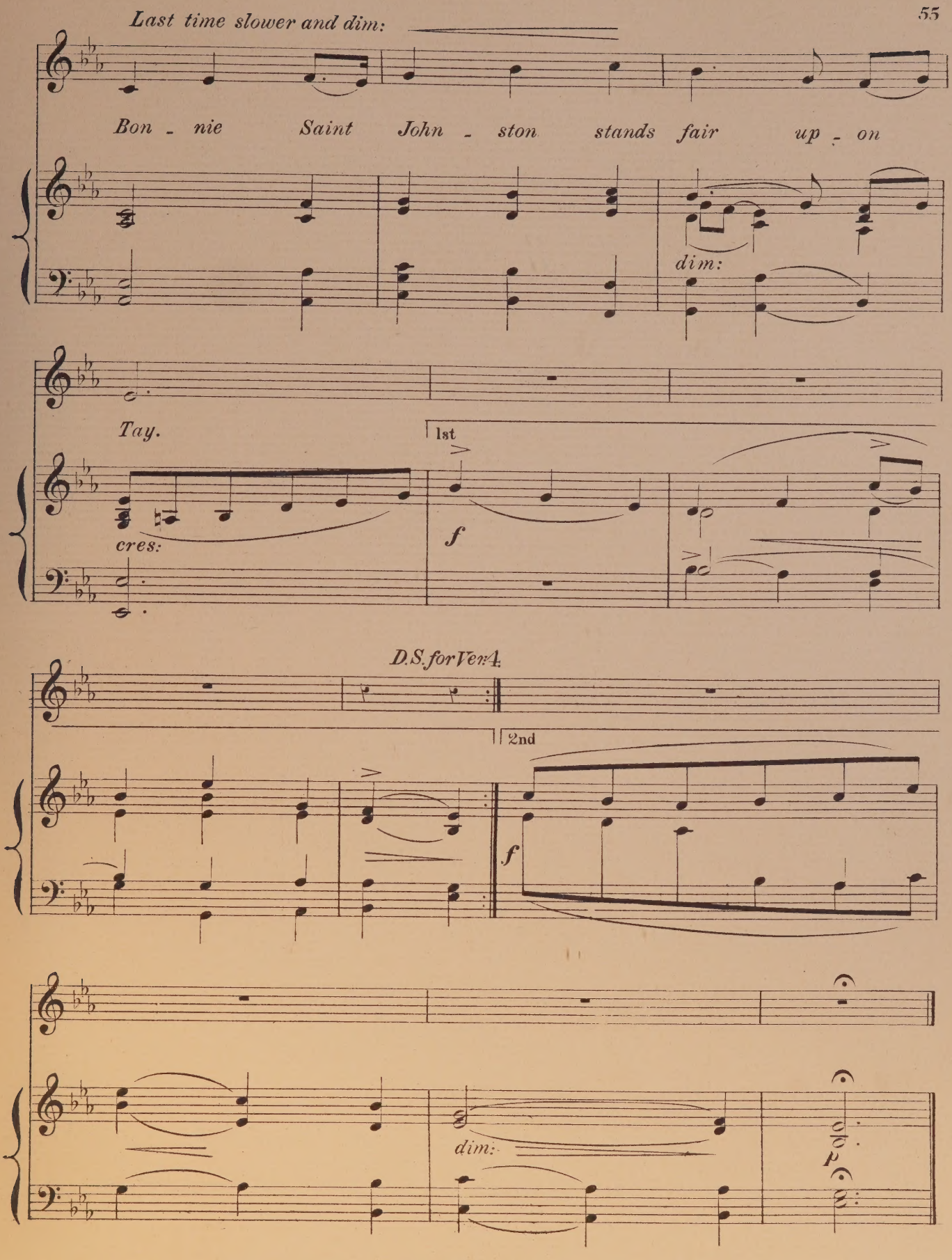

p With expression.
aye! It fell ance up - on a day, A
"O Ba - bies gin ye were mine, I'd
p
cres:
la - dy saw ba - bies at their play,
cleathe ye in silk sae fine;"
And Bon - nie Saint
cres:
John - ston stands fair up - on Tay.
f
D.S.for Ver2. p
3 "O
4 "But
p


rit:
dim:
"mo - ther when we were thine,"
"now we're in the hea - vens high,"
E - din - bro'!
rit:
a tempo.
E - din - bro'!
"O mo - ther when we were thine,
"But now we're in the hea - vens high,
a tempo.
Sad.
Stir - ling for aye!
"O mo - ther, when
"But now we're in the
cres:
rit:
a tempo.
we were thine You cleathed us not in silks sae fine"
hea - vens high, And you'll have sor - row soon to try"
And
cres:
rit:


Last time slower and dim:
Bon - nie Saint John - ston stands fair up - on
dim:
Tay.
1st
cres:
f
D.S. for Ver. 4.
2nd
f
dim:

BONNIE SAINT JOHNSTON.

IT fell ance upon a day,
Edinboro! Edinboro!
It fell ance upon a day,
Stirling for aye!
It fell ance upon a day
A lady saw babies at their play,
And Bonnie Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

O babies, gin ye were mine,
Edinboro! Edinboro!
O babies, gin ye were mine,
Stirling for aye!
O babies, gin ye were mine,
I'd cleathe ye in silk sae fine—
And Bonnie Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

O mother, when we were thine,
Edinboro! Edinboro!
O mother, when we were thine,
Stirling for aye!
O mother, when we were thine,
Ye cleathed us not in silks sae fine—
And Bonnie Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

But now we're in the heavens high,
Edinboro! Edinboro!
But now we're in the heavens high,
Stirling for aye!
But now we're in the heavens high,
And you'll have sorrow soon to try,
And Bonnie Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

Old Scots Ballad.

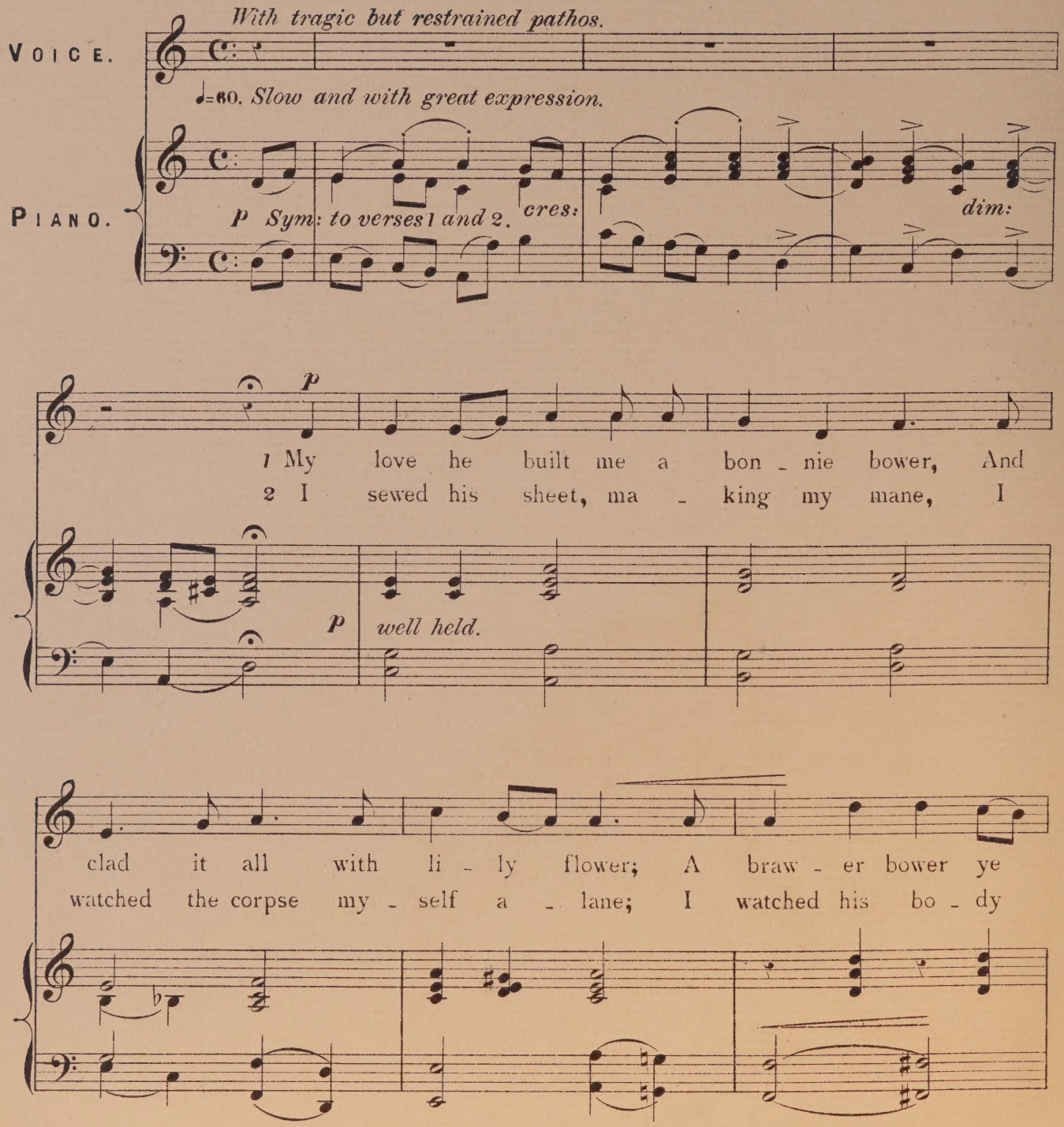
The Lament of the Border Widow.

XII.

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

Old Ballad.

Music by
Malcolm Lawson.


With tragic but restrained pathos.
Voice.
♩=60. Slow and with great expression.
Piano.
P Sym: to verses 1 and 2.
cres:
dim:
P
1 My love he built me a bon - nie bower, And
2 I sewed his sheet, ma - king my mane, I
P
well held.
clad it all with li - ly flower; A braw - er bower ye
watched the corpse my - self a - lane; I watched his bo - dy

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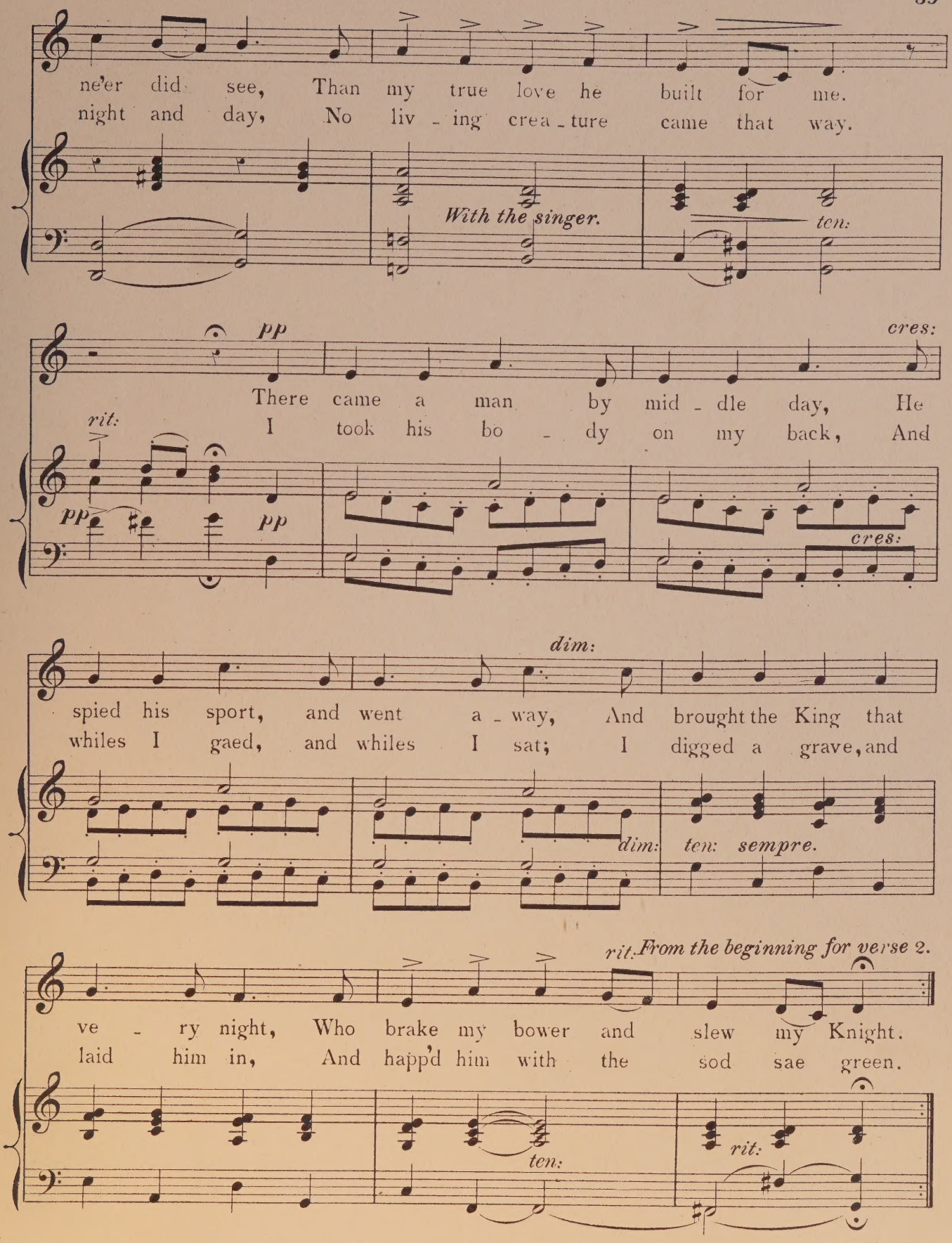
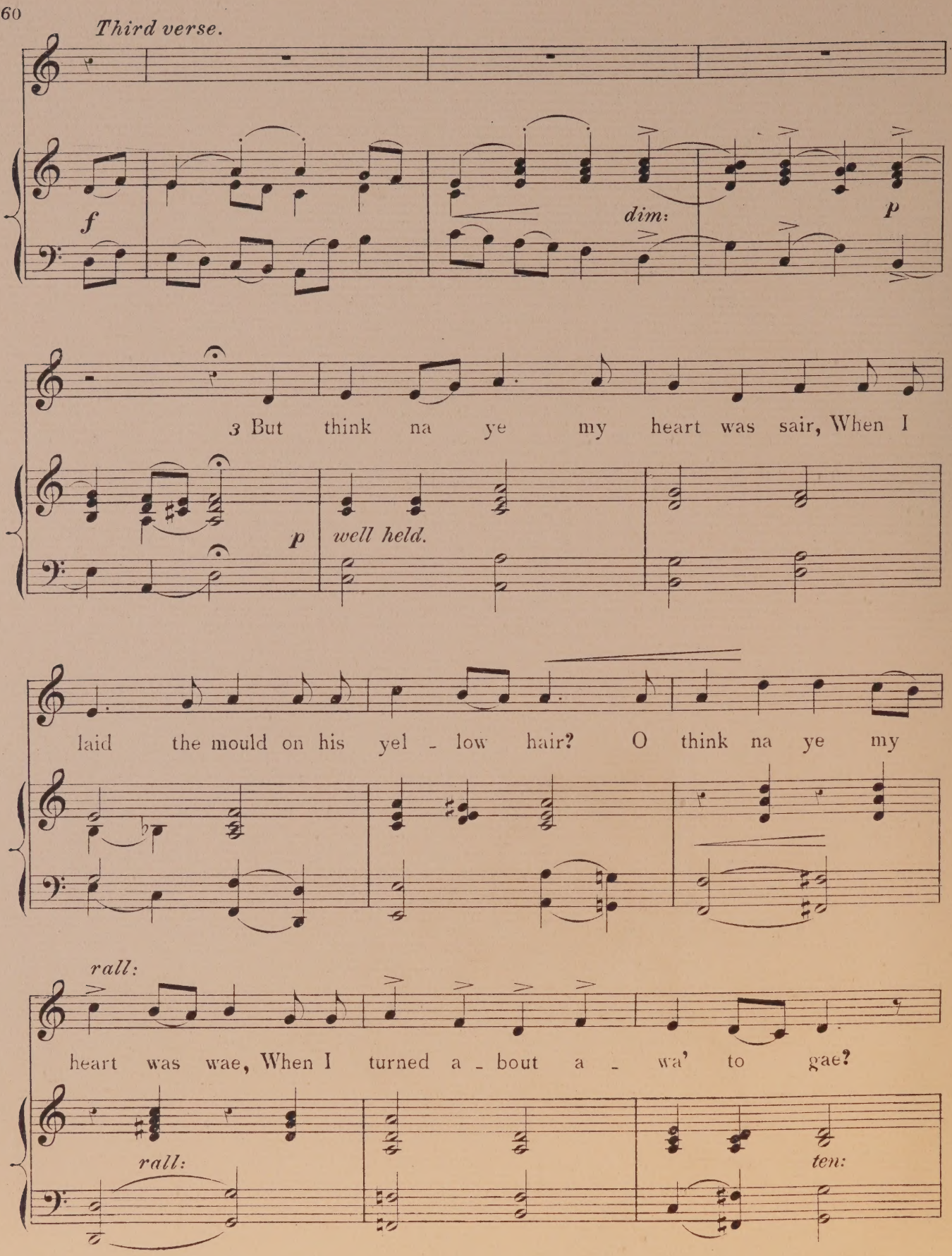
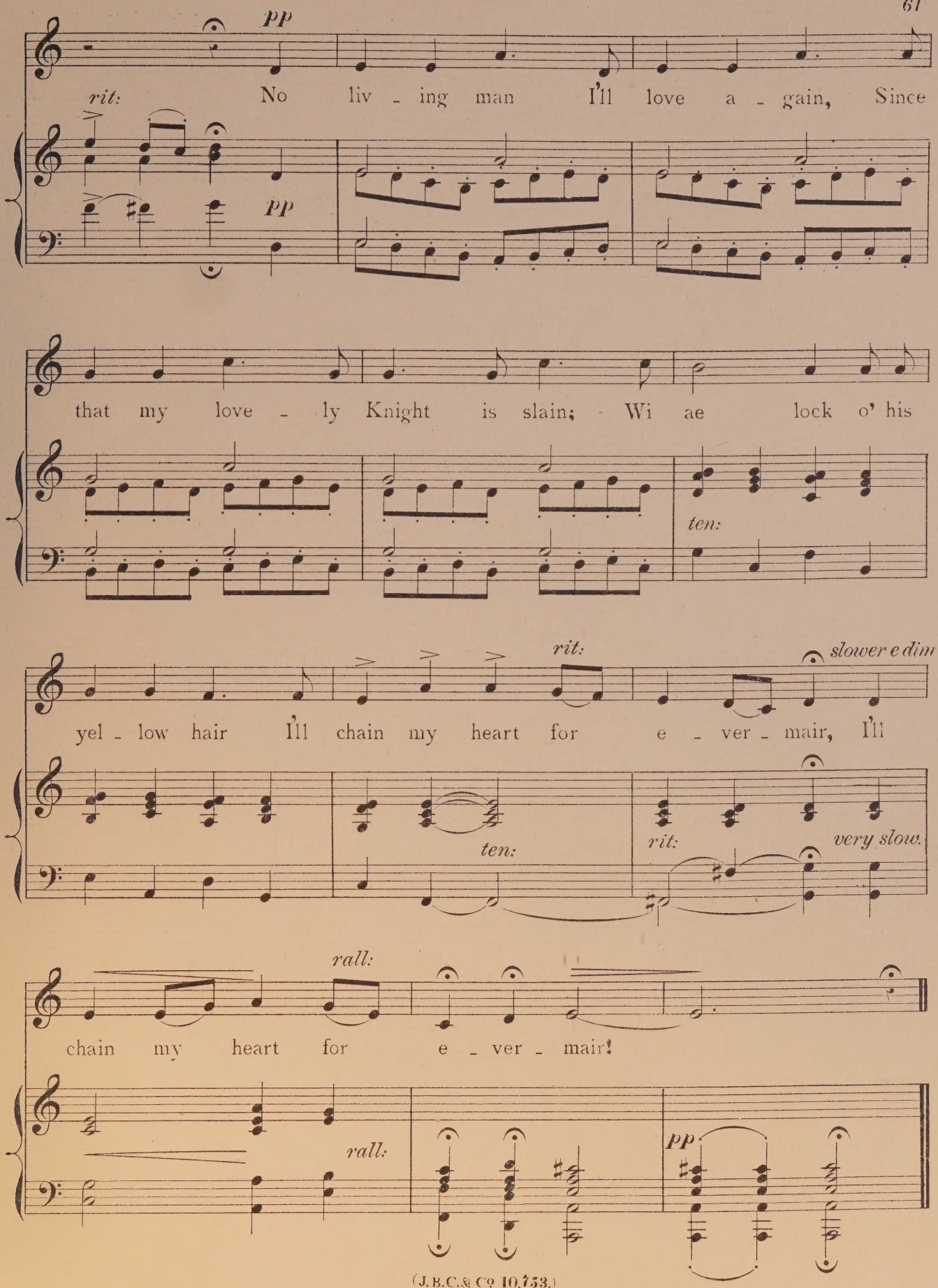

ne'er did see, Than my true love he built for me.
night and day, No liv - ing crea - ture came that way.
With the singer.
ten:
pp
cres:
There came a man by mid - dle day, He
rit:
I took his bo - dy on my back, And
pp
pp
cres:
dim:
spied his sport, and went a - way, And brought the King that
whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat; I digged a grave, and
dim:
ten: sempre.
rit. From the beginning for verse 2.
ve - ry night, Who brake my bower and slew my Knight.
laid him in, And happ'd him with the sod sae green.
ten:
rit:


Third verse.
f
dim:
p
3 But think na ye my heart was sair, When I
p
well held.
laid the mould on his yel - low hair? O think na ye my
rall:
heart was wae, When I turned a - bout a - wa' to gae?
rall:
ten:


pp
rit:
No liv - ing man I'll love a - gain, Since
pp
that my love - ly Knight is slain; Wi ae lock o' his
ten:
rit:
slower e dim
yel - low hair I'll chain my heart for e - ver - mair, I'll
ten:
rit:
very slow.
rall:
chain my heart for e - ver - mair!
rall:
pp

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

MY love he built me a bonnie bower,
And clad it a' wi' lily flower;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear,
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremetie.

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;
I watch'd the corpse myself alane;
I watch'd his body night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him wi' the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair
When I laid the mould on his yellow hair?
Oh! think na ye my heart was wae
When I turned about awa' to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock o' his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

Old Ballad.

My Heart's in the Highlands.

(AIR FAILLIRIN ILLIRIN UILLIRIN O.)

XIII.

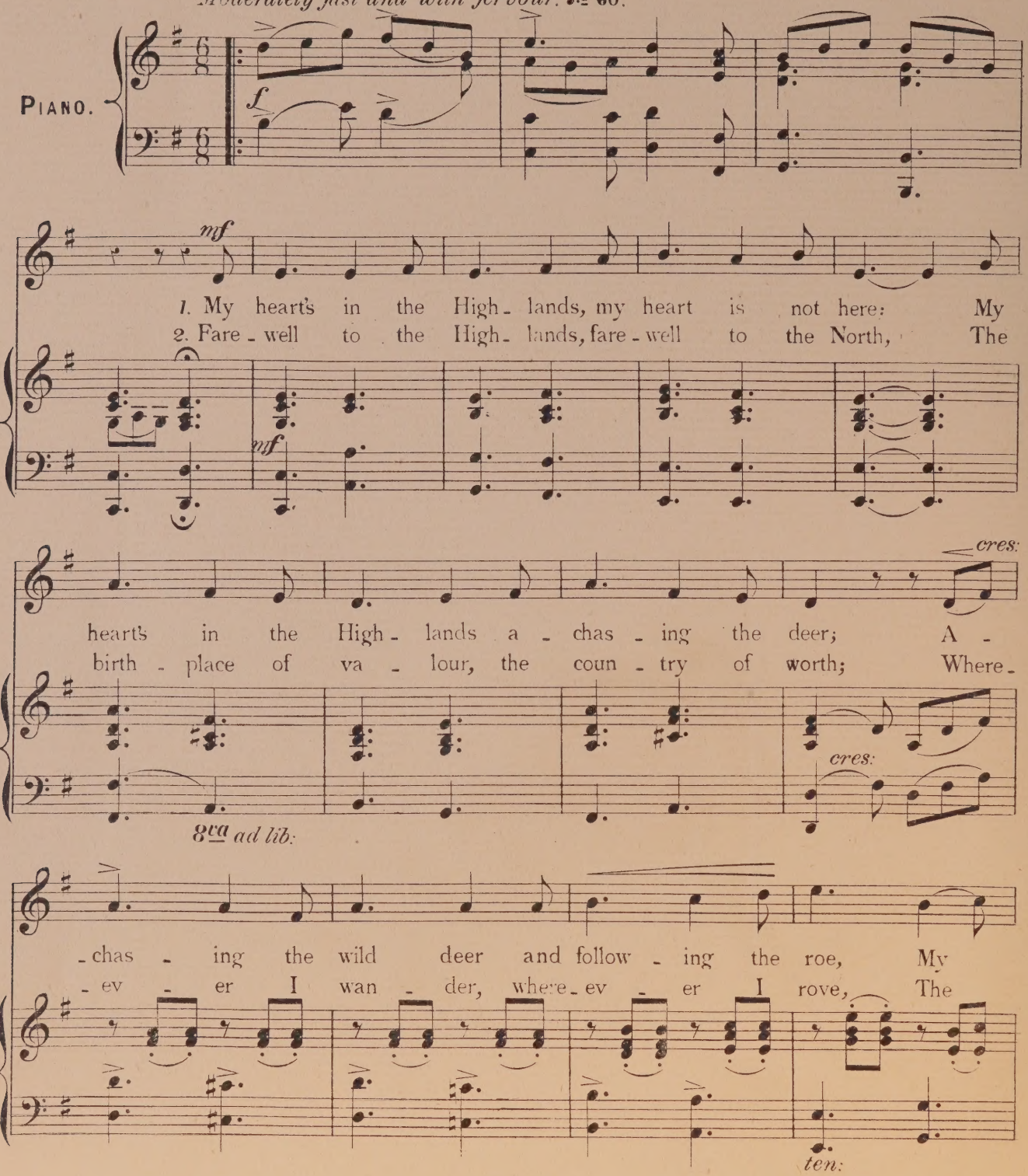
MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

(AIR FAILLIRIN ILLIRIN.)

Old Highland lilt
(to which Burns probably wrote the Words)
arranged by MALCOLM LAWSON.

Words written by
ROBERT BURNS *(with old Refrain)*

Moderately fast and with fervour. ♩.= 60.


PIANO.
f
mf
1. My heart's in the High - lands, my heart is not here: My
2. Fare - well to the High - lands, fare - well to the North, The
mf
cres:
heart's in the High - lands a - chas - ing the deer; A -
birth - place of va - lour, the coun - try of worth; Where -
cres:
8va ad lib:
- chas - ing the wild deer and follow - ing the roe, My
- ev - er I wan - der, where - ev - er I rove, The
ten:

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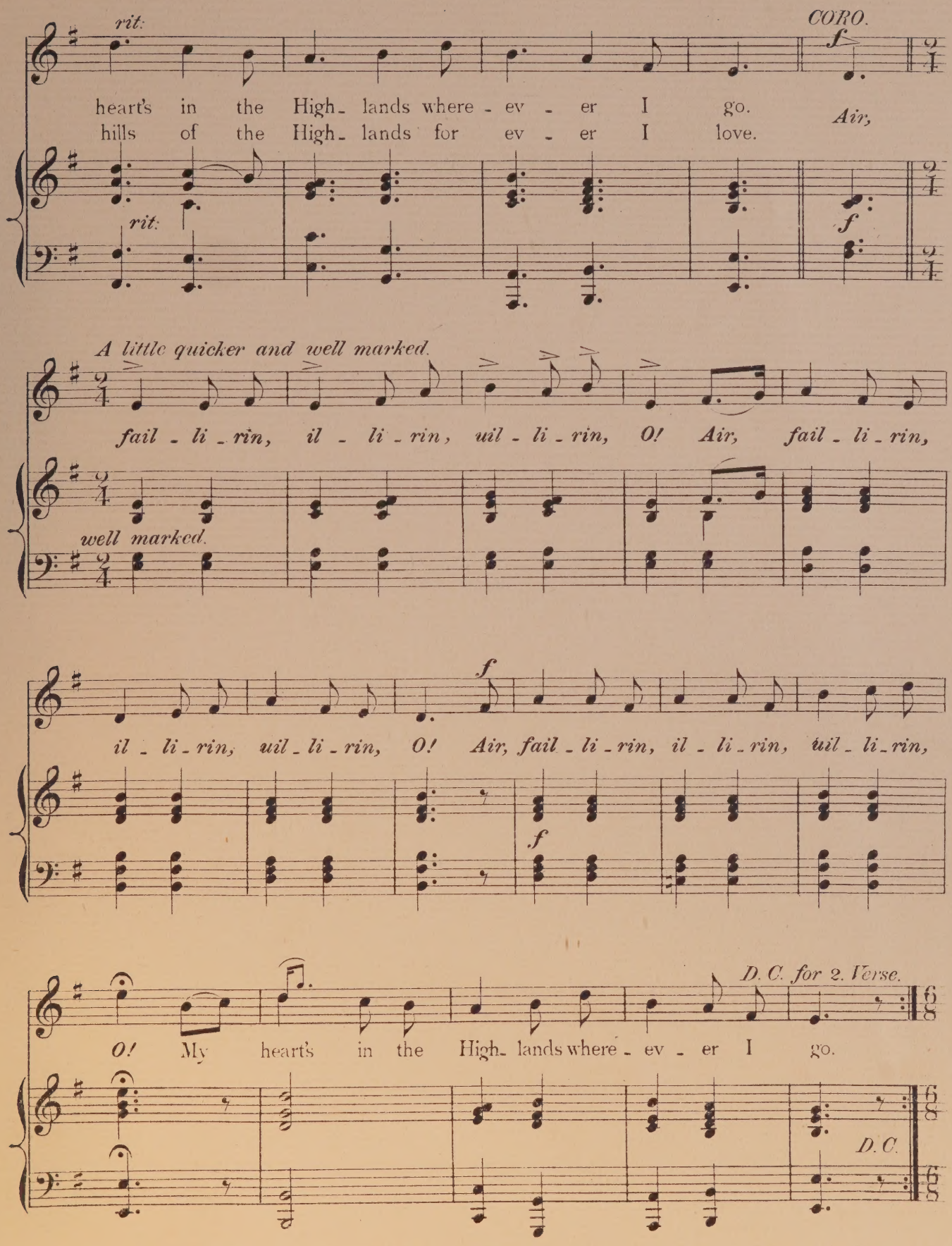
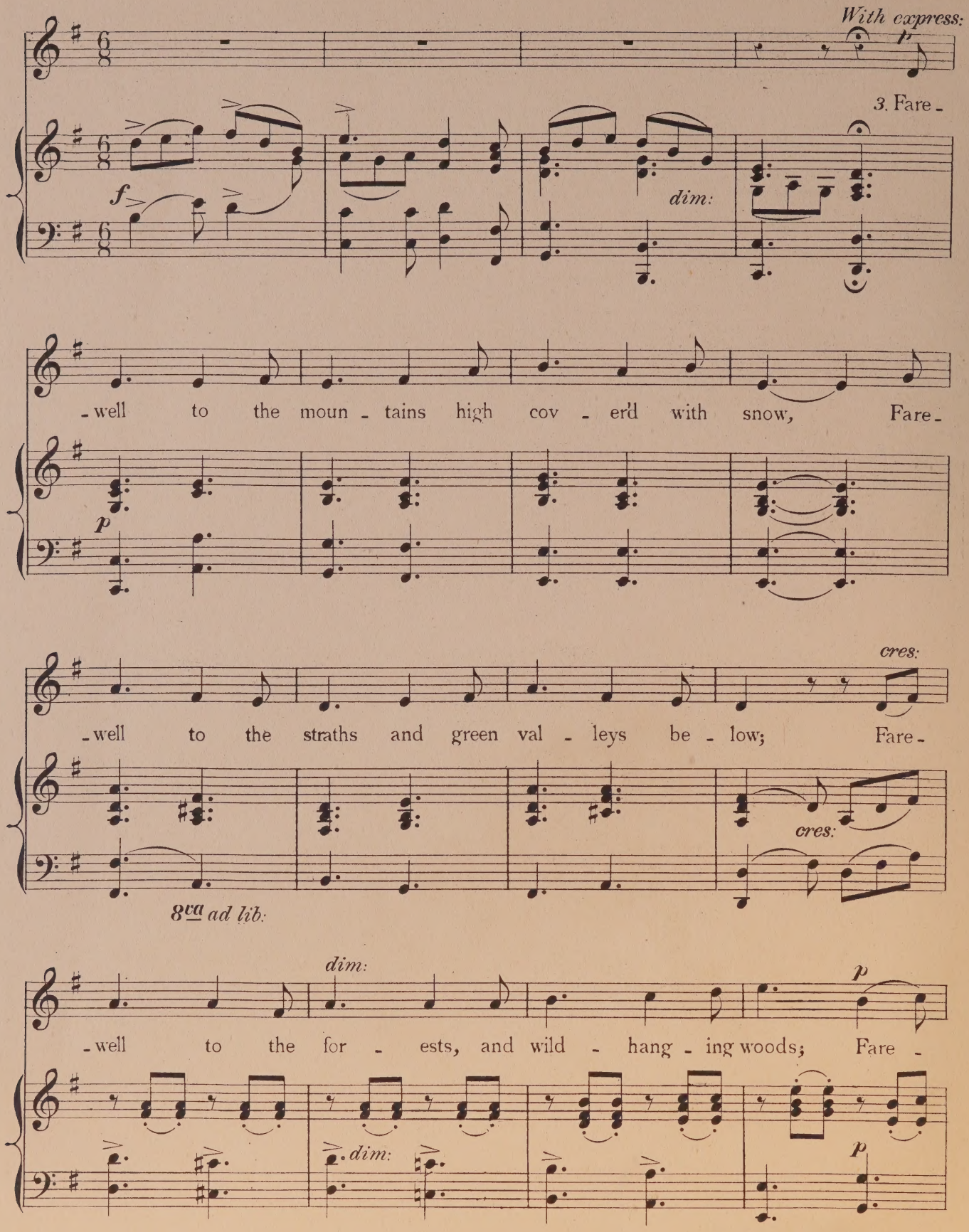
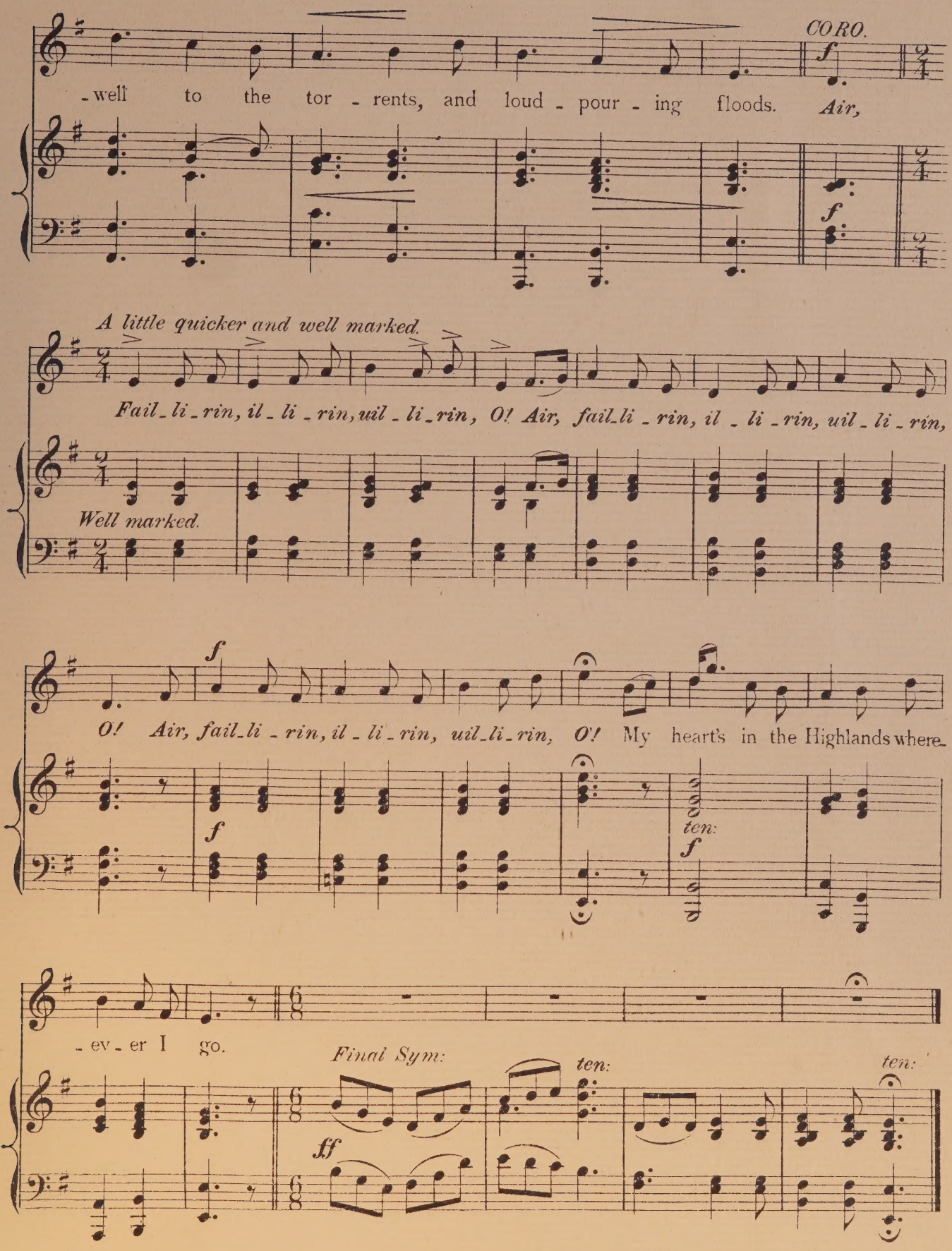

rit:
CORO.
f
heart's in the High_ lands where - ev - er I go.
hills of the High_ lands for ev - er I love.
Air,
rit:
f
A little quicker and well marked.
fail - li - rin, il - li - rin, uil - li - rin, O! Air, fail - li - rin,
well marked.
f
il - li - rin, uil - li - rin, O! Air, fail - li - rin, il - li - rin, uil - li - rin,
f
D. C. for 2. Verse.
O! My heart's in the High_ lands where - ev - er I go.
D. C.


With express:
p
3. Fare -
f
dim:
- well to the moun - tains high cov - er'd with snow, Fare -
p
cres:
- well to the straths and green val - leys be - low; Fare -
cres:
8va ad lib:
dim:
p
- well to the for - ests, and wild - hang - ing woods; Fare -
dim:
p


CORO.
f
-well to the tor - rents, and loud - pour - ing floods. Air,
f
A little quicker and well marked.
Fail_li_rin, il_li_rin, uil_li_rin, O! Air, fail_li_rin, il_li_rin, uil_li_rin,
Well marked.
f
O! Air, fail_li_rin, il_li_rin, uil_li_rin, O! My heart's in the Highlands where
f
ten:
f
-ev-er I go.
Final Sym:
ff
ten:
ten:

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

(AIR FAILLIRIN ILLIRIN.)

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands. a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin O!
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin O!
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin O!
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin O! &c.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin O! &c.

ROBERT BURNS,
With old refrain.

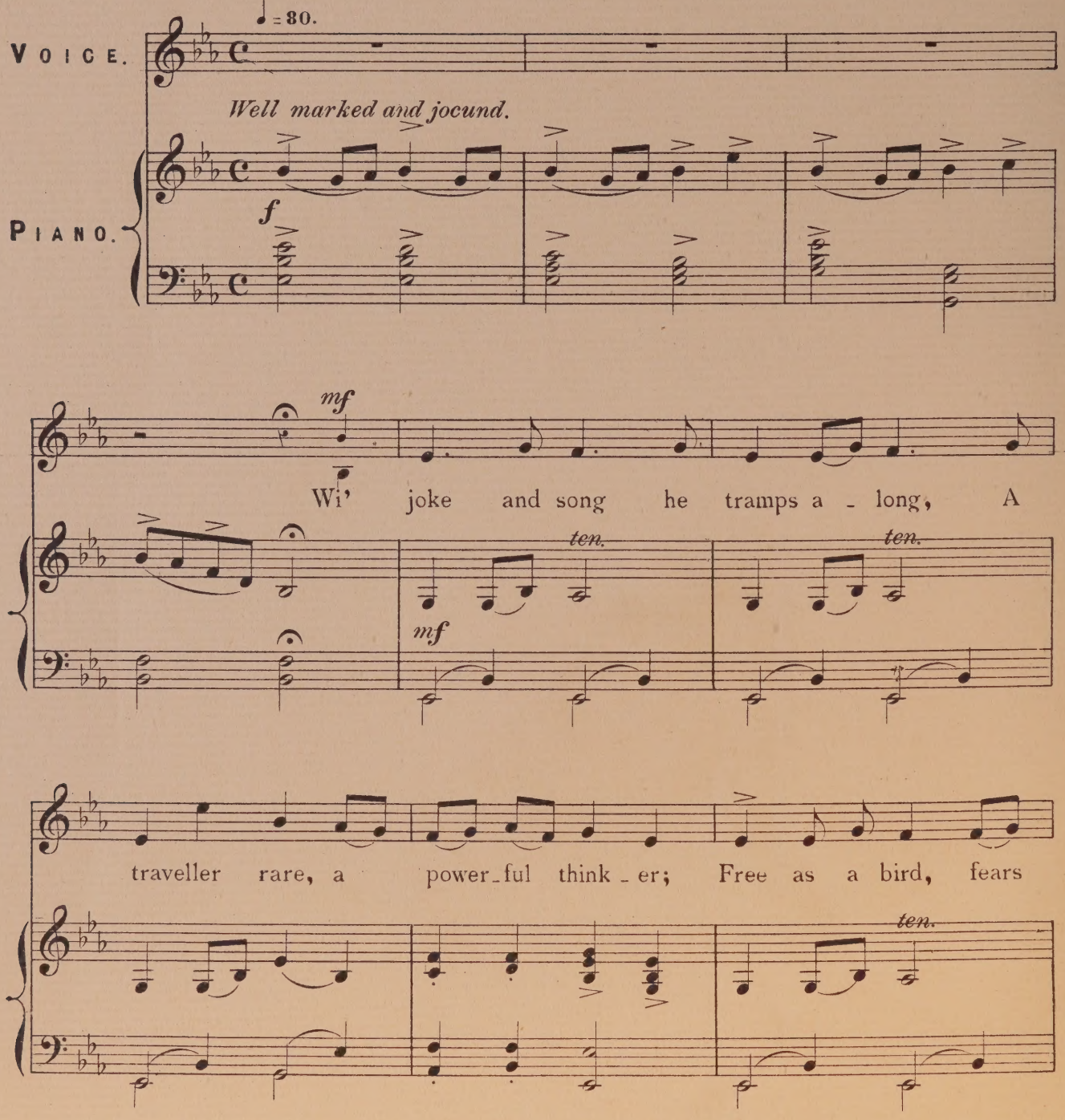
Jingling Johnnie.

XIV.

JINGLING JOHNNIE.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Old Scottish Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.



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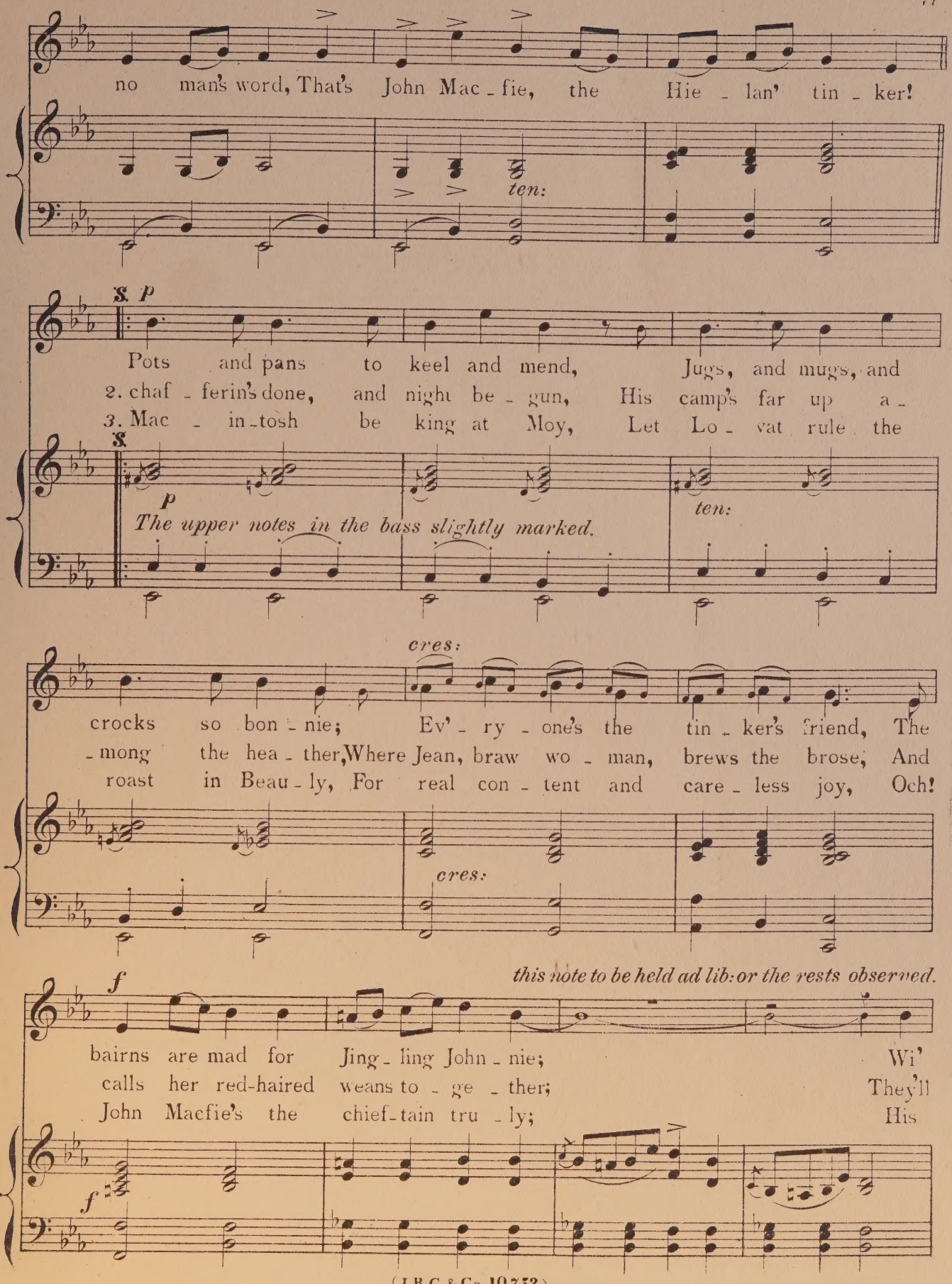
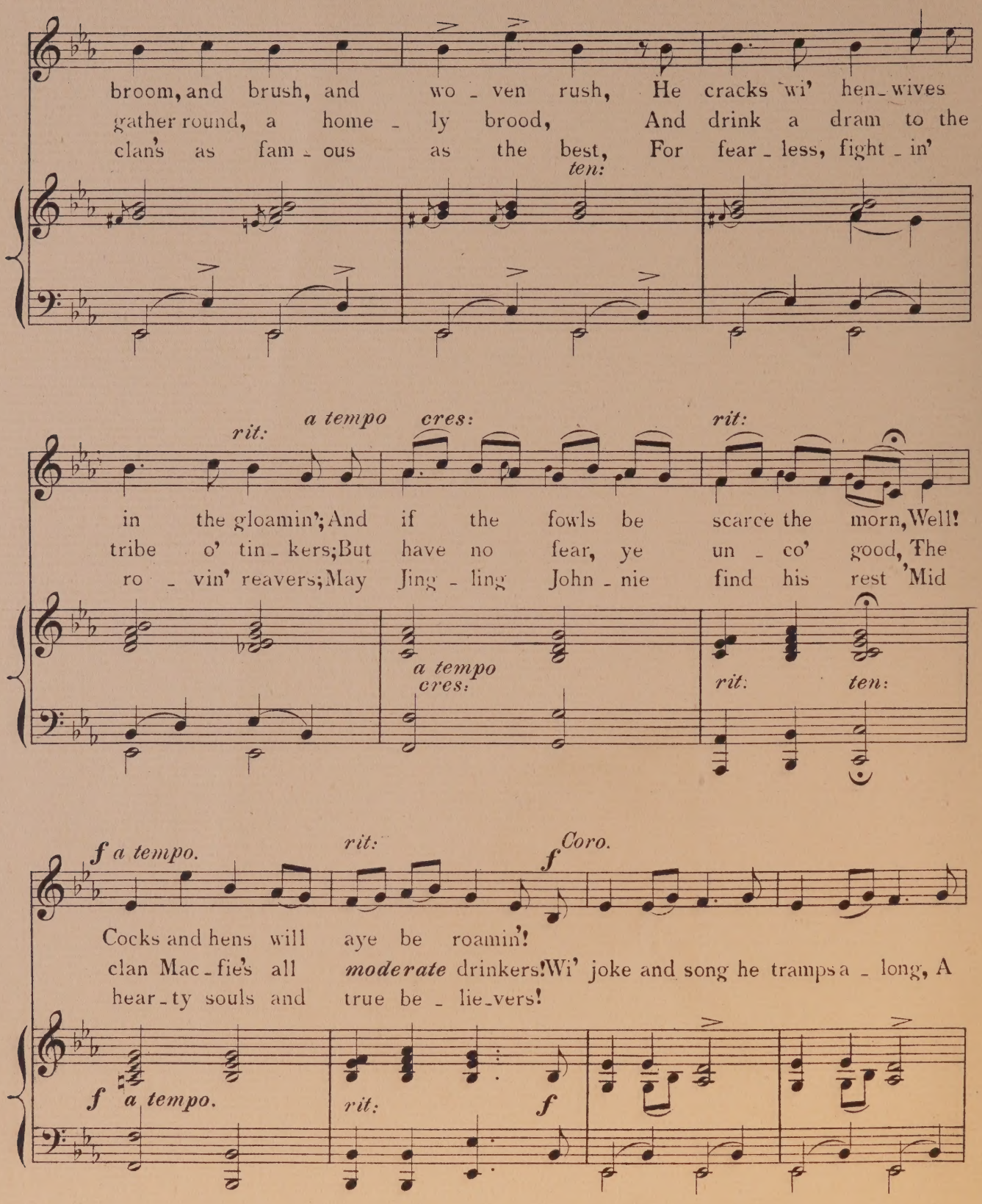
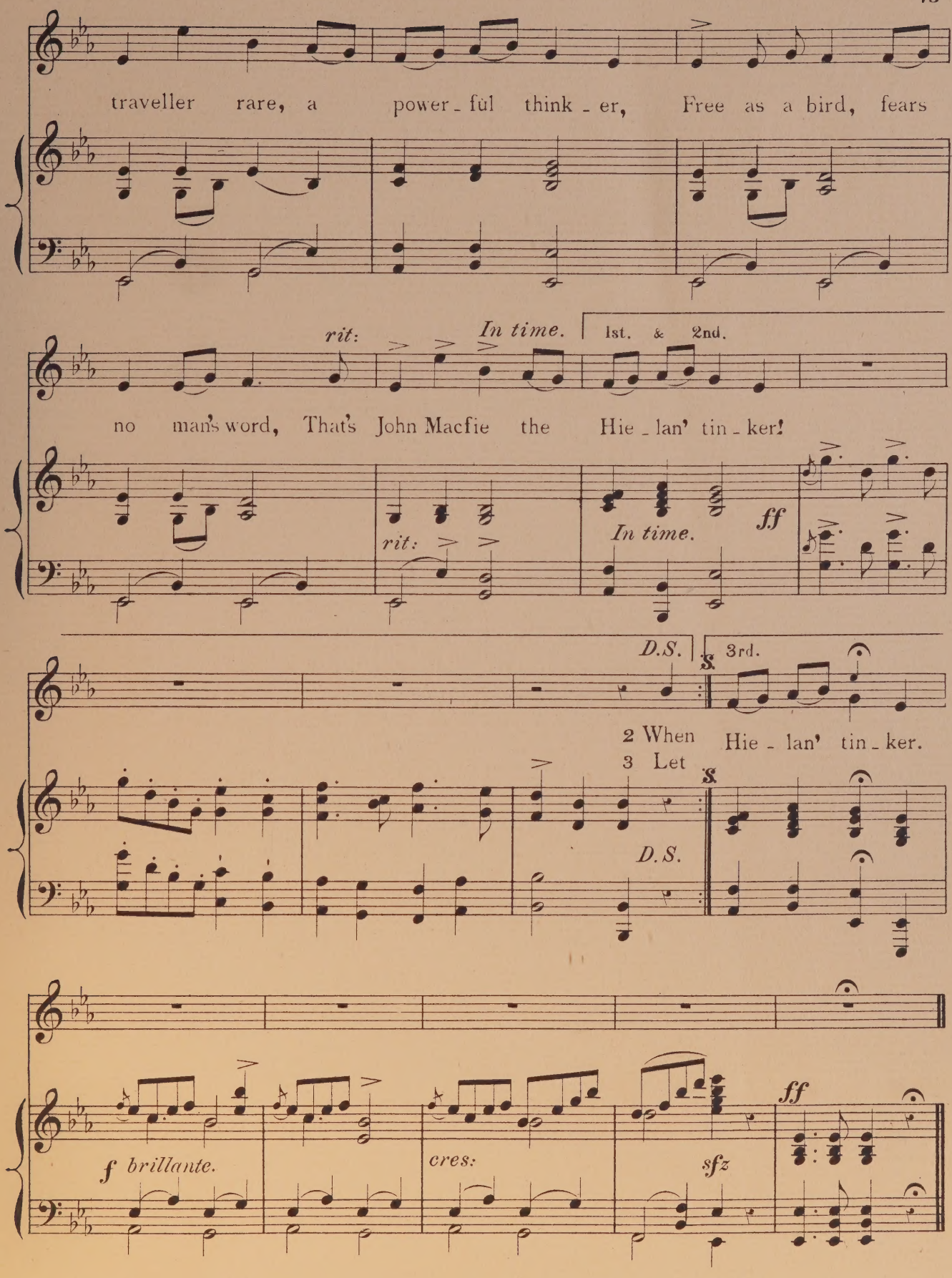

no man's word, That's John Mac - fie, the Hie - lan' tin - ker!
ten:
S. P
Pots and pans to keel and mend, Jugs, and mugs, and
2. chaf - ferin's done, and night be - gun, His camp's far up a -
3. Mac - in - tosh be king at Moy, Let Lo - vat rule the
S.
P
The upper notes in the bass slightly marked.
ten:
cres:
crocks so bon - nie; Ev' - ry - one's the tin - ker's friend, The
- mong the hea - ther, Where Jean, braw wo - man, brews the brose, And
roast in Beau - ly, For real con - tent and care - less joy, Och!
cres:
this note to be held ad lib: or the rests observed.
f
bairns are mad for Jing - ling John - nie; Wi'
calls her red-haired weans to - ge - ther; They'll
John Macfie's the chief - tain tru - ly; His
f


broom, and brush, and wo - ven rush, He cracks wi' hen - wives
gather round, a home - ly brood, And drink a dram to the
clan's as fam - ous as the best, For fear - less, fight - in'
ten:
rit:
a tempo
cres:
rit:
in the gloamin'; And if the fowls be scarce the morn, Well!
tribe o' tin - kers; But have no fear, ye un - co' good, The
ro - vin' reavers; May Jing - ling John - nie find his rest 'Mid
a tempo
cres:
rit:
ten:
f a tempo.
rit:
f
Coro.
Cocks and hens will aye be roamin'!
clan Mac - fie's all moderate drinkers! Wi' joke and song he tramps a - long, A
hear - ty souls and true be - lie - vers!
f a tempo.
rit:
f


traveller rare, a power - ful think - er, Free as a bird, fears
rit:
In time.
1st. & 2nd.
no man's word, That's John Macfie the Hie - lan' tin - ker!
rit:
In time.
ff
D.S.
3rd.
2 When Hie - lan' tin - ker.
3 Let
D.S.
f brillante.
cres:
sfz
ff

JINGLING JOHNNIE.

Wi' joke and song he tramps along,
A traveller rare, a powerful thinker,
Free as a bird, fears no man's word,
That's John Macfie the Hielan' tinker!

Pots and pans to keel and mend,
Jugs, and mugs, and crocks so bonnie,
Everyone's the tinker's friend,
The bairns are mad for Jingling Johnnie;
Wi' broom. and brush, and woven rush,
He cracks wi' henwives in the gloamin'
And if the fowls be scarce the morn,
Well! cocks and hens will aye be roamin'!

Wi' joke and song, &c.

When chafferin's done and night begun,
His camp's far up among the heather,
Where Jean, braw woman, brews the brose,
And calls her red-haired weans together.
They'll gather round, a homely brood,
And drink a dram to the tribe o' tinkers,
But have no fear ye unco' good,
The clan Macfie's all *moderate* drinkers!

Wi' joke and song, &c.

Let Mackintosh be king at Moy,
Let Lovat rule the roost in Beauly,
For real content and careless joy,
Och! John Macfie's the chieftain truly.
His clan's as famous as the best,
For fearless, fightin' rovin' reavers;
May Jingling Johnnie find his rest
'Mid hearty souls and true believers.

Wi' joke and song, &c.

HAROLD BOULTON.

My dear and only Love.

(MONTROSE'S LOVE SONG.)

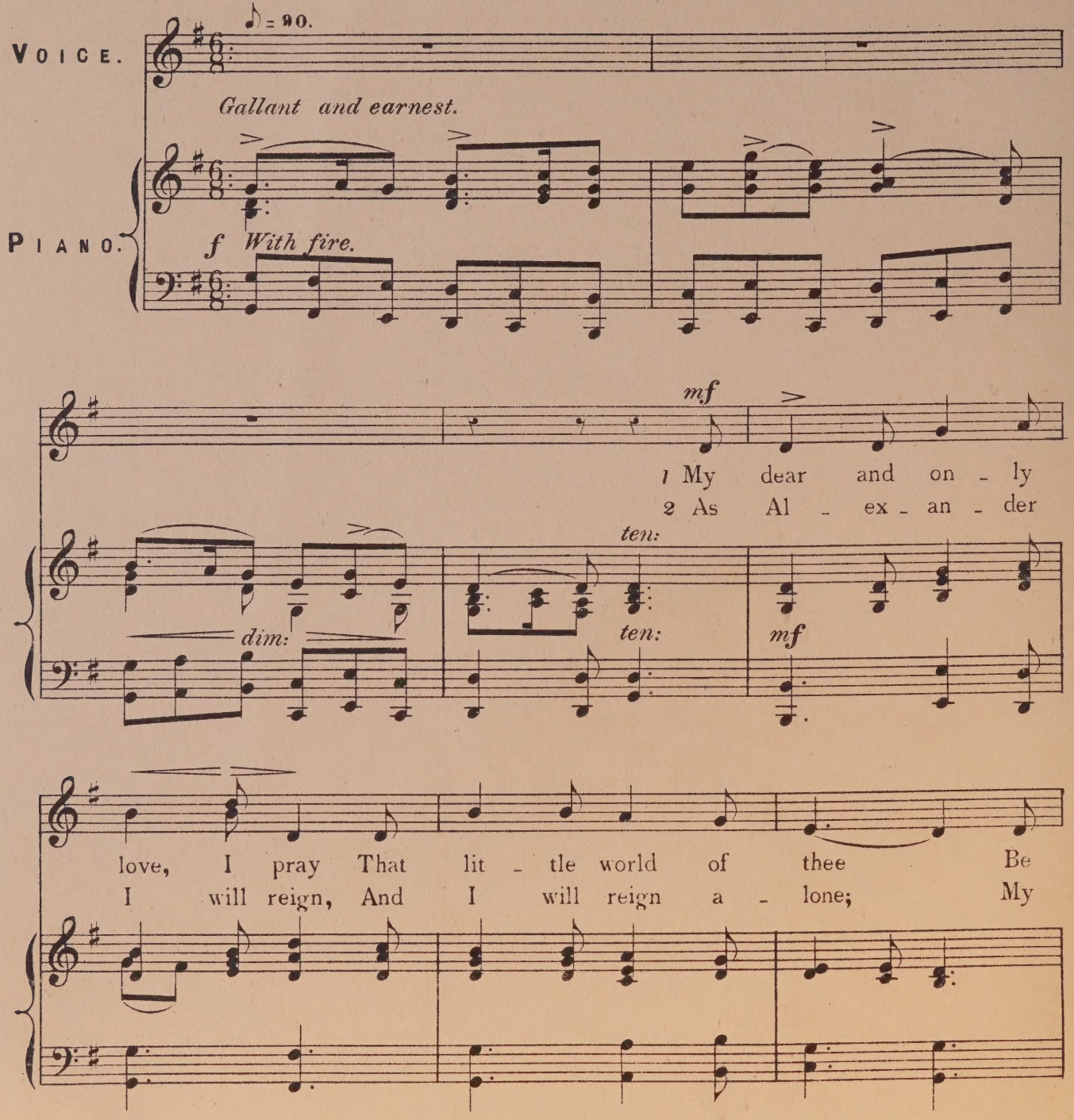
XV.

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

(Montrose's Love Song.)

The words by JAMES GRAHAM,
Marquis of Montrose (1614–1650.)

Old air to which the words were originally written
Arranged by MALCOLM LAWSON.



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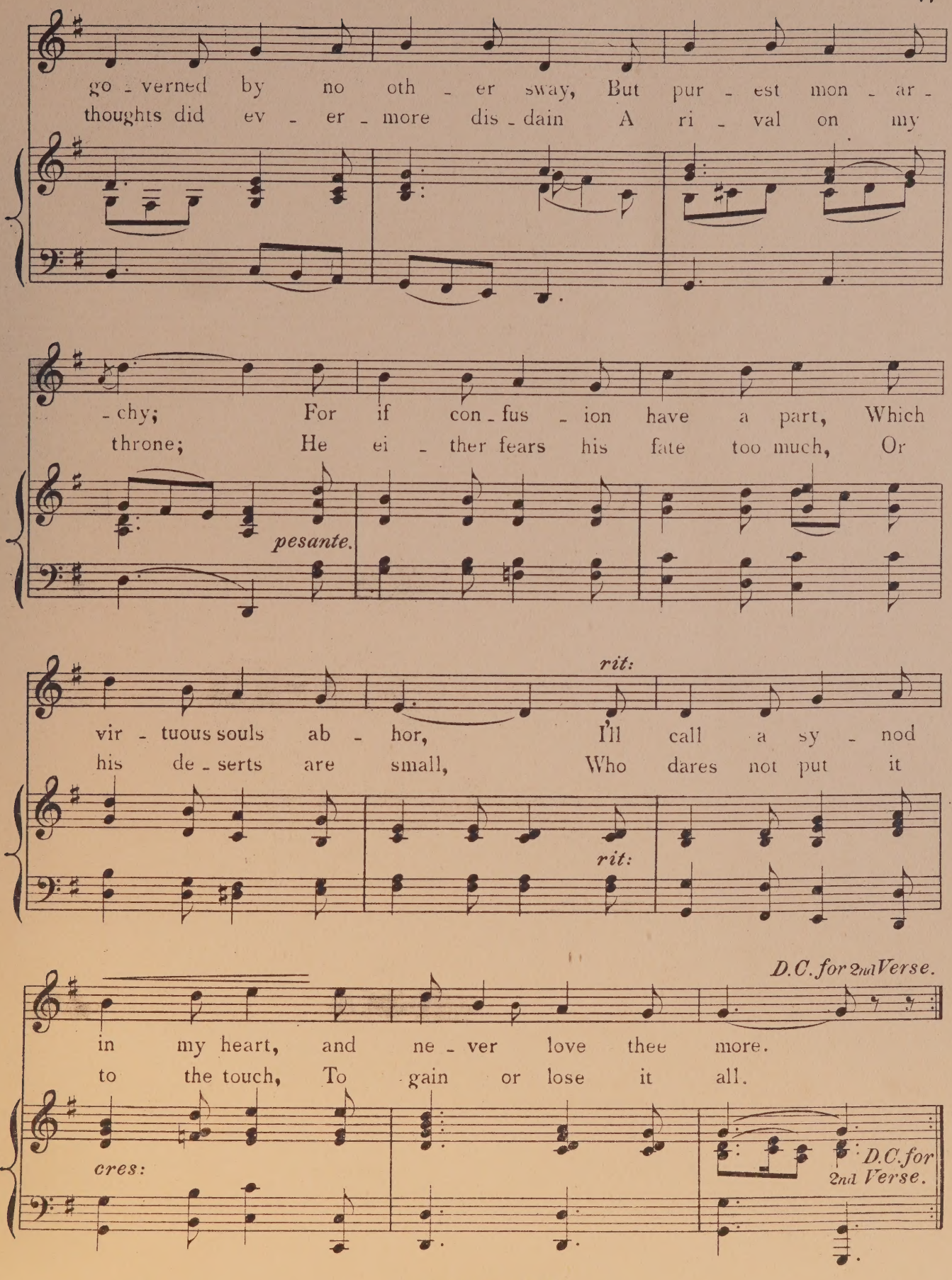
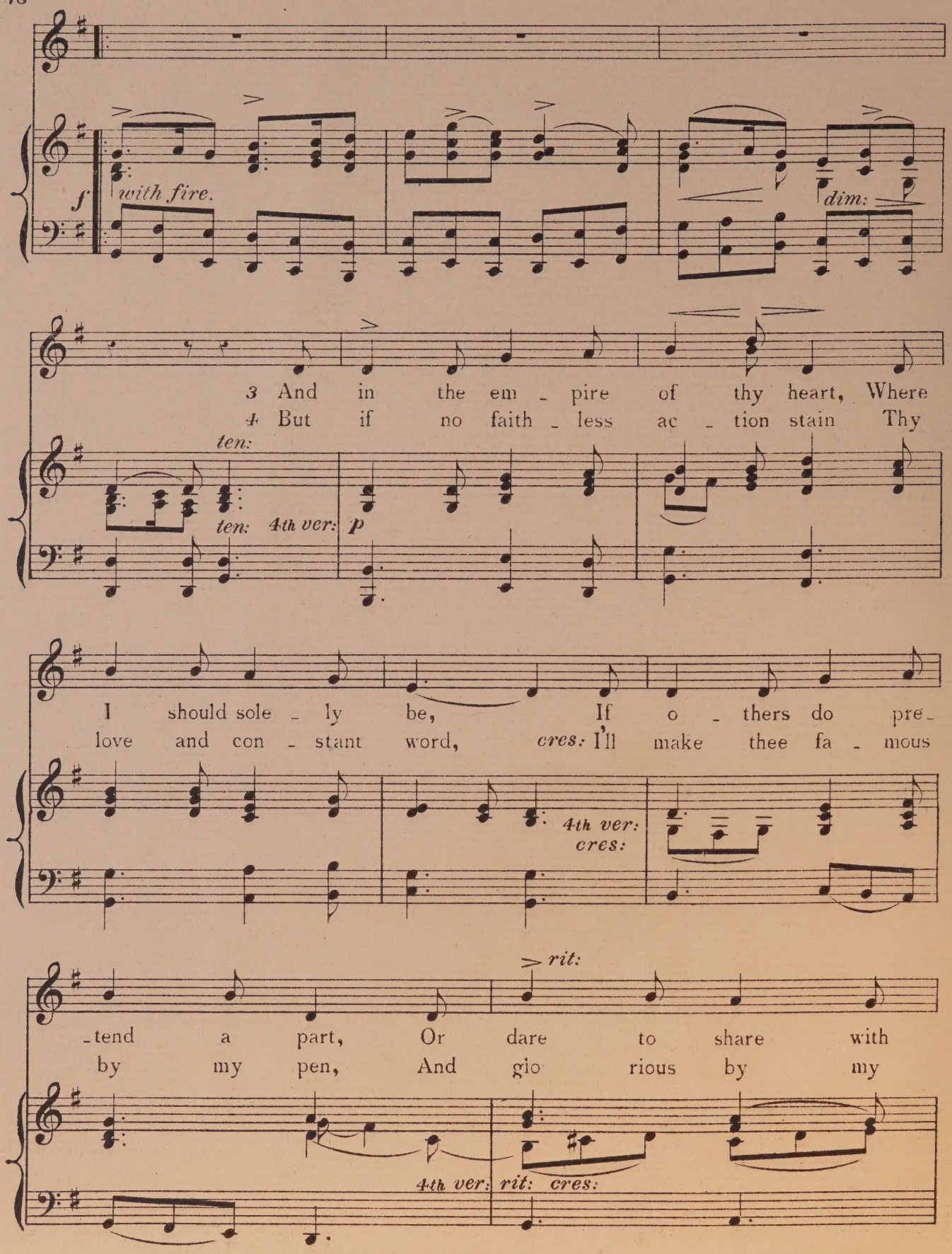
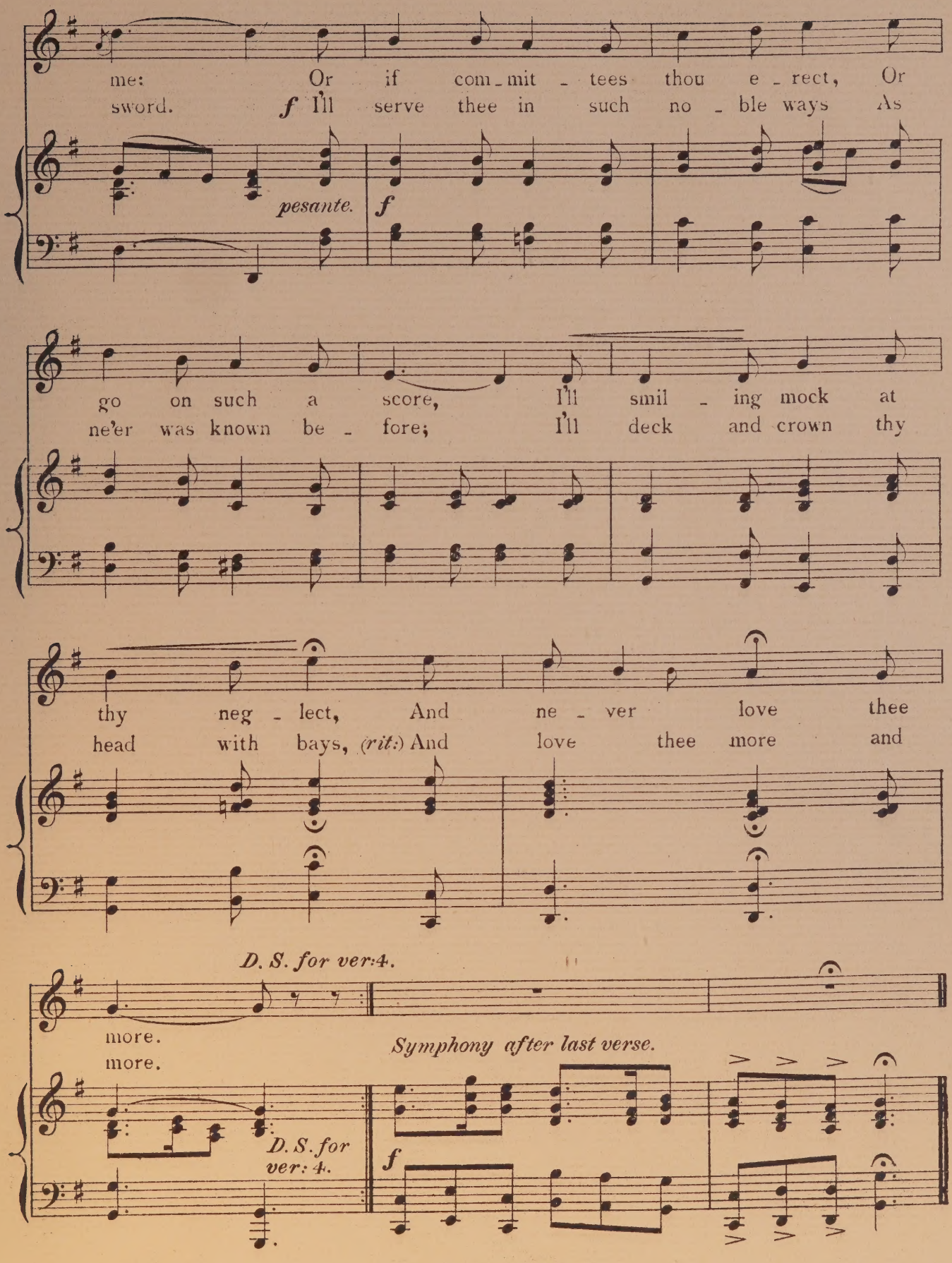

go - verned by no oth - er sway, But pur - est mon - ar -
thoughts did ev - er - more dis - dain A ri - val on my
- chy; For if con - fus - ion have a part, Which
throne; He ei - ther fears his fate too much, Or
pesante.
rit:
vir - tuous souls ab - hor, I'll call a sy - nod
his de - serts are small, Who dares not put it
rit:
D.C. for 2nd Verse.
in my heart, and ne - ver love thee more.
to the touch, To gain or lose it all.
cres:
D.C. for 2nd Verse.


f
with fire.
dim:
3 And in the em - pire of thy heart, Where
4 But if no faith - less ac - tion stain Thy
ten:
ten: 4th ver:
p
I should sole - ly be, If o - thers do pre -
love and con - stant word, cres: I'll make thee fa - mous
4th ver:
cres:
rit:
- tend a part, Or dare to share with
by my pen, And glo rious by my
4th ver: rit: cres:


me: Or if com-mit-tees thou e-rect, Or
sword. f I'll serve thee in such no-ble ways As
pesante.
f
go on such a score, I'll smil-ing mock at
ne'er was known be-fore; I'll deck and crown thy
thy neg-lect, And ne-ver love thee
head with bays, (rit:) And love thee more and
D. S. for ver: 4.
more.
more.
Symphony after last verse.
D. S. for ver: 4.
f

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

(MONTROSE'S LOVE SONG.)

MY dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be govern'd by no other sway,
But purest monarchy:
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe:
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou storm or vex me sore,
As if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me:
Or if committees thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling, mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
As ne'er was known before,
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

JAMES GRAHAM,
Marquis of Montrose (1614—1650).

The Flowers of the Forest.

(AFTER FLODDEN.)

XVI.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

or After Flodden.

The words written on the old fragments of "The Flowers of the Forest" and "I've heard them lilting," by JANE ELLIOT. (1727–1805.)

Old Scottish Harp air arranged by MALCOLM LAWSON.

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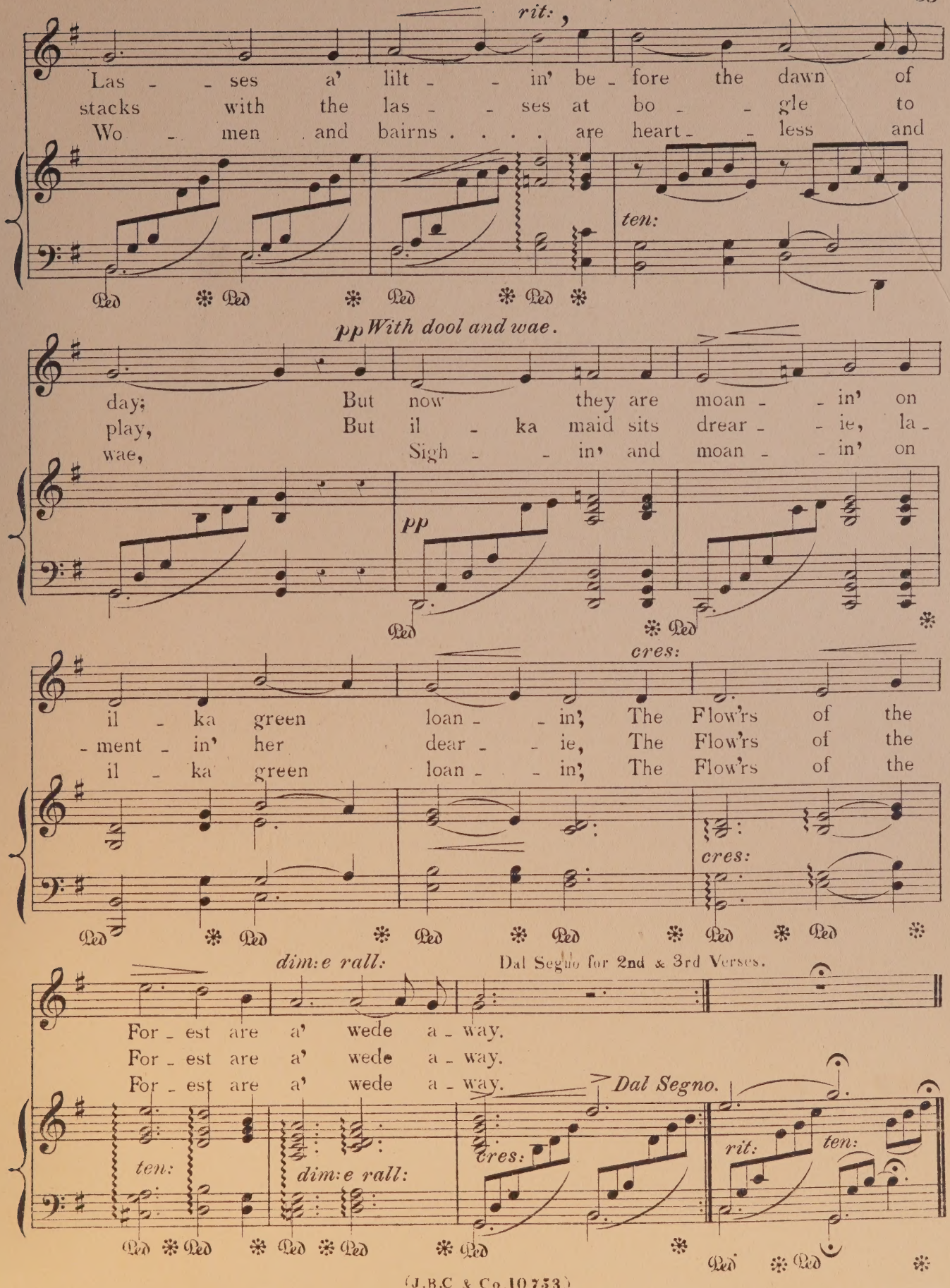

rit:
Las - ses a' lilt - in' be - fore the dawn of
stacks with the las - ses at bo - gle to
Wo - men and bairns . . . . are heart - less and
ten:
pp With dool and wae.
day; But now they are moan - in' on
play, But il - ka maid sits drear - ie, la -
wae, Sigh - in' and moan - in' on
pp
cres:
il - ka green loan - in', The Flow'rs of the
- ment - in' her dear - ie, The Flow'rs of the
il - ka green loan - in', The Flow'rs of the
cres:
dim: e rall:
Dal Segno for 2nd & 3rd Verses.
For - est are a' wede a - way.
For - est are a' wede a - way.
For - est are a' wede a - way.
Dal Segno.
ten:
dim: e rall:
cres:
rit:
ten:

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

(AFTER FLODDEN.)

I'VE heard them lilting, at our ewe-milking,
Lasses a' lilting, before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning, on ilka green loaning,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning;
Lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;—
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her legling and hies her away.

In hair'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
Bandsters are runkled and lyart or grey;
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae younkers are roaming,
'Bout stacks with the lassies at bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits drearie, lamenting her dearie,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
The prime of our land are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewe-milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae,
Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

JANE ELLIOT (1727—1805).

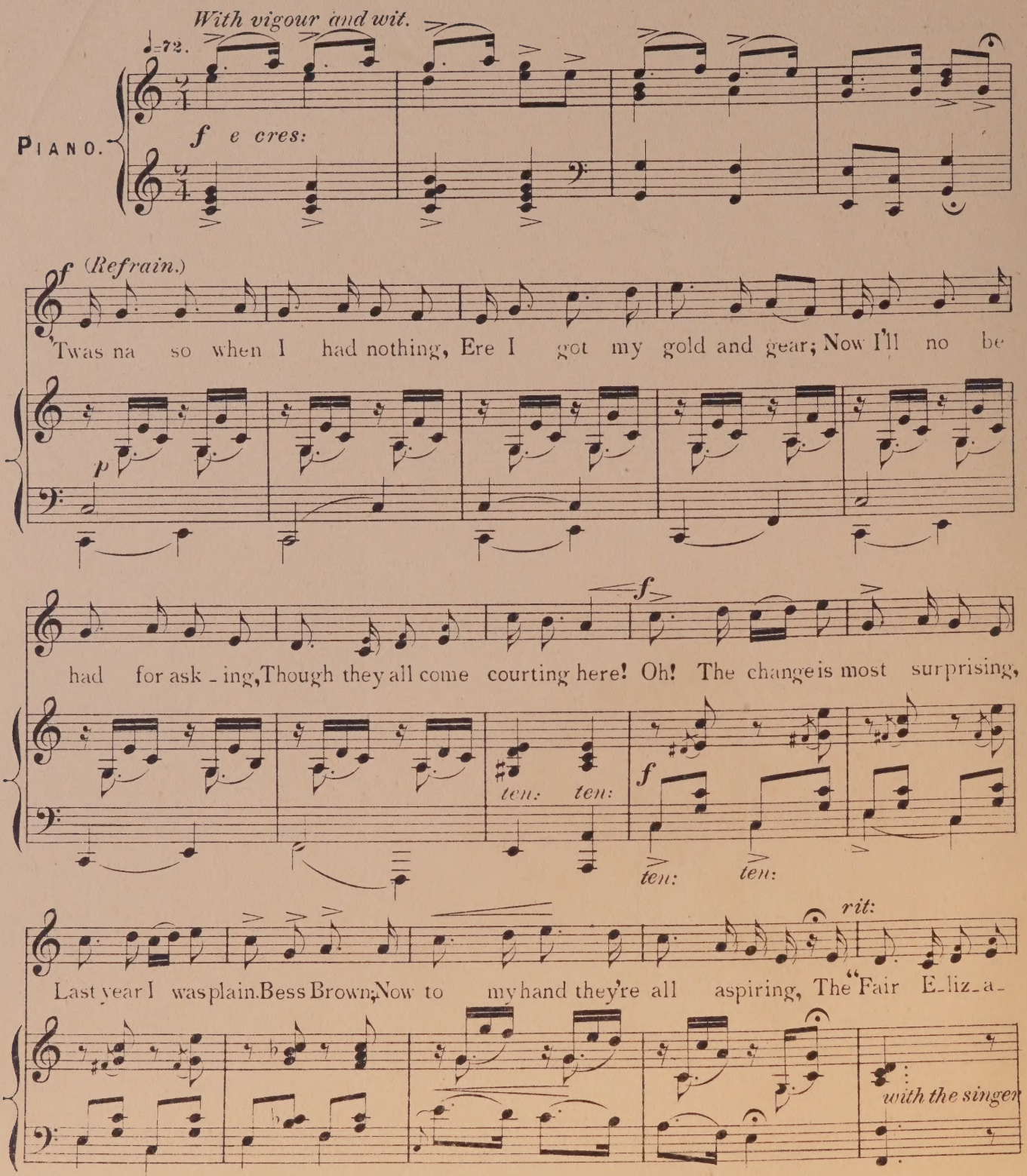
The Heiress.

XVII.

THE HEIRESS.

Words by
LADY NAIRNE.

Music on old Gaelic Air by
MALCOLM LAWSON.


With vigour and wit.
♩=72.
PIANO.
f e cres:
f (Refrain.)
Twas na so when I had nothing, Ere I got my gold and gear; Now I'll no be
p
had for ask-ing, Though they all come courting here! Oh! The change is most surprising,
f
ten: ten:
f
ten: ten:
Last year I was plain Bess Brown; Now to my hand they're all aspiring, The "Fair E-liz-a-
rit:
with the singer

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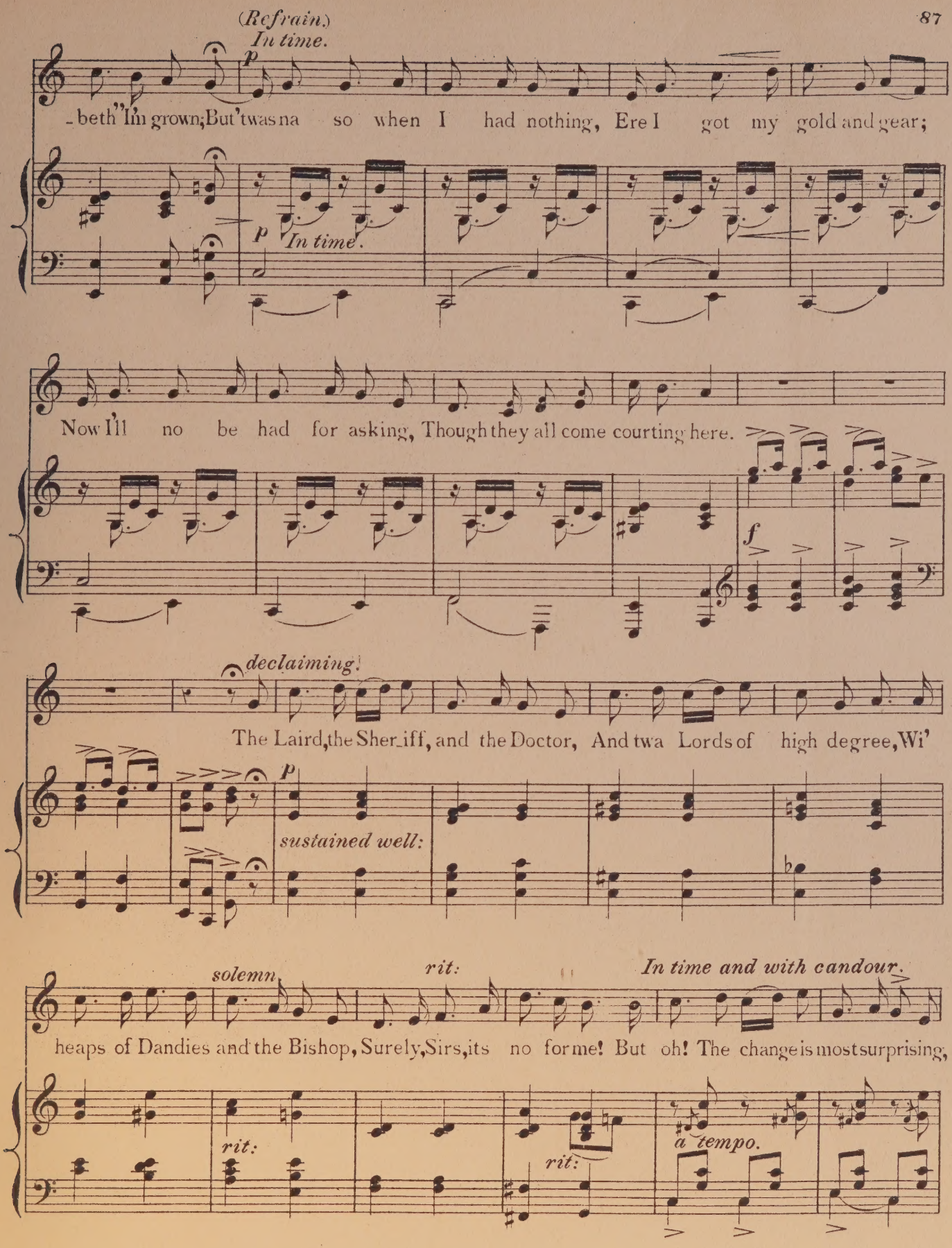
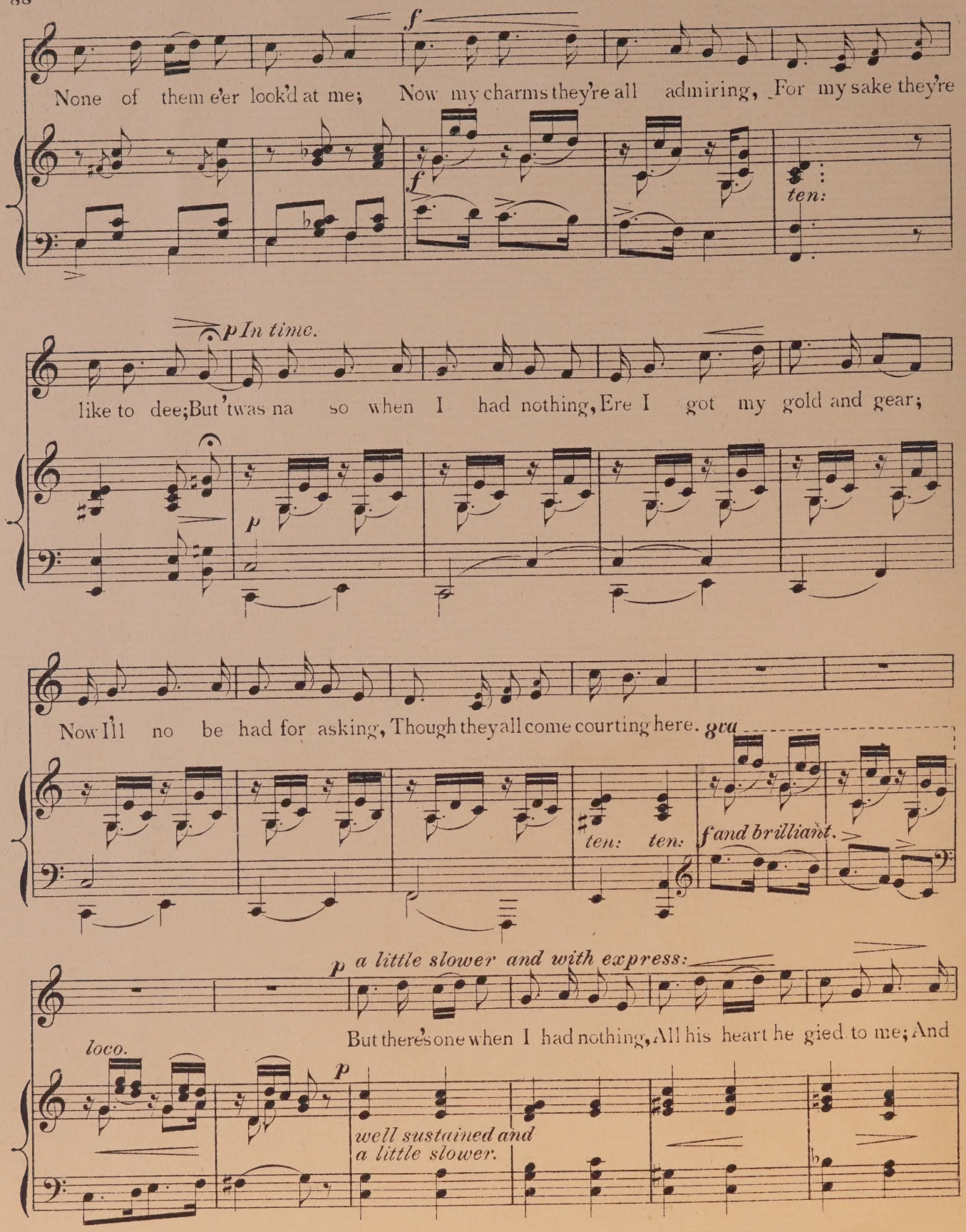
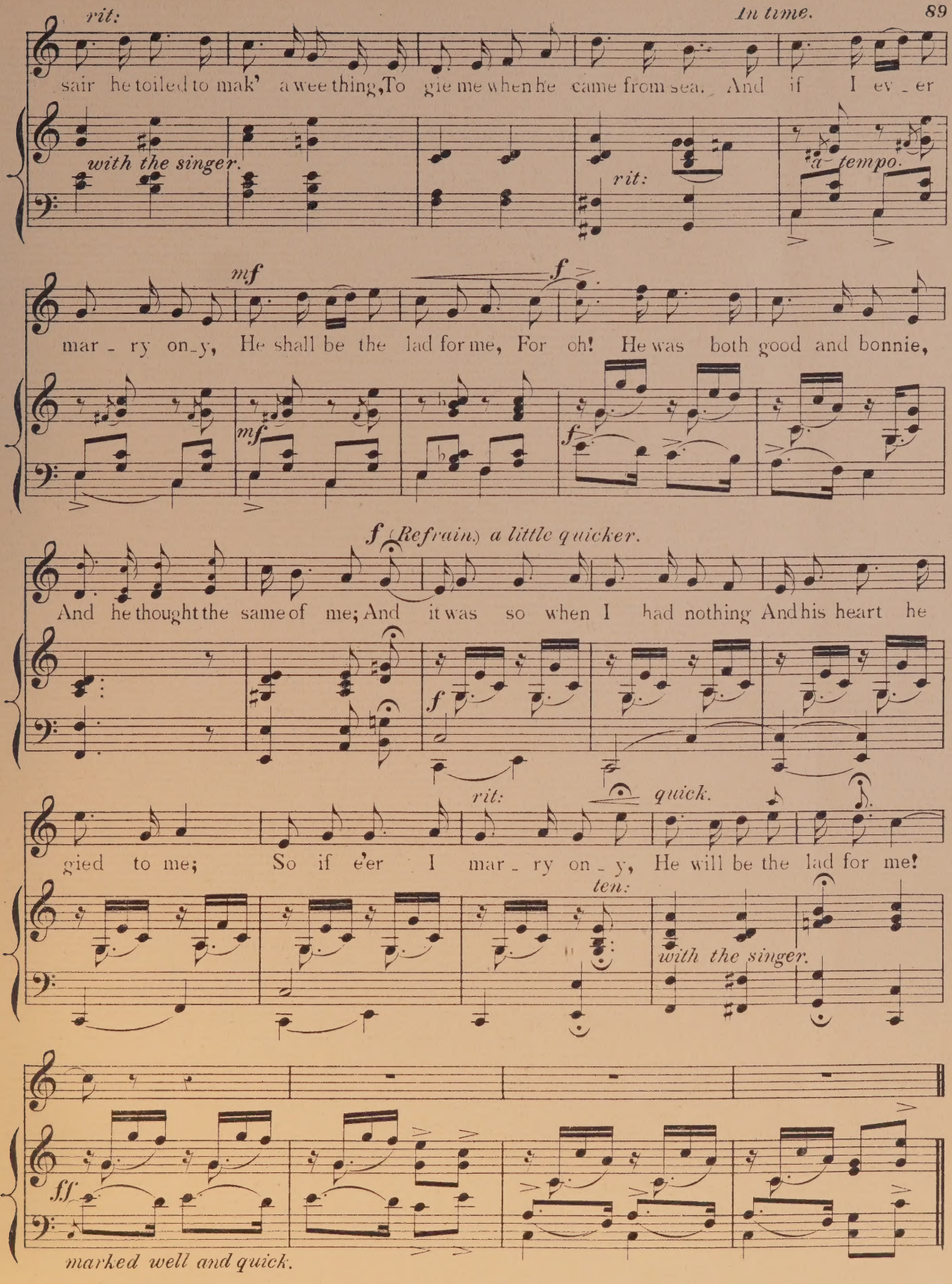

(Refrain.)
In time.
p
-beth" I'm grown; But 'twas na so when I had nothing, Ere I got my gold and gear;
p
In time.
Now I'll no be had for asking, Though they all come courting here.
f
declaiming!
The Laird, the Sher-iff, and the Doctor, And twa Lords of high degree, Wi'
p
sustained well:
solemn
rit:
In time and with candour.
heaps of Dandies and the Bishop, Surely, Sirs, its no for me! But oh! The change is most surprising,
rit:
rit:
a tempo.


f
None of them e'er look'd at me; Now my charms they're all admiring, For my sake they're
f
ten:
p In time.
like to dee; But 'twas na so when I had nothing, Ere I got my gold and gear;
p
Now I'll no be had for asking, Though they all come courting here.
8va
ten: ten:
f and brilliant.
p a little slower and with express:
But there's one when I had nothing, All his heart he gied to me; And
loco.
p
well sustained and
a little slower.


rit:
In time.
sair he toiled to mak' a wee thing, To gie me when he came from sea. And if I ev - er
with the singer.
rit:
a tempo.
mf
f
mar - ry on - y, He shall be the lad for me, For oh! He was both good and bonnie,
mf
f
f (Refrain) a little quicker.
And he thought the same of me; And it was so when I had nothing And his heart he
f
rit:
quick.
gied to me; So if e'er I mar - ry on - y, He will be the lad for me!
ten:
with the singer.
ff
marked well and quick.

THE HEIRESS.

'TWAS na so when I had nothing,
Ere I got my gold and gear,
Now I'll no be had for asking
Though they all come courting here!
Oh! The change is most surprising,
Last year I was plain "Bess Brown,"
Now to my hand they're all aspiring,
The "Fair Elizabeth" I'm grown.

But 'twas na so, &c.

The Laird, the Sheriff, and the Doctor,
And twa Lords of high degree,
Wi' heaps of Dandies, and the Bishop,
Surely, sirs, it's no for me?
But oh! The change is most surprising,
None of them e'er looked at me,
Now my charms they're all admiring,
For my sake they're like to dee!

But 'twas na so, &c.

But there's one when I had nothing
Al his heart he gied to me,
And sair he toiled to mak' a wee thing
To gie me when he came from sea;
And if I ever marry ony,
He shall be the lad for me,
For oh! He was both good and bonnie,
And he thought the same of me!

And it was so when I had nothing,
And his heart he gied to me,
So if e'er I marry ony,
He will be the lad for me!

LADY NAIRNE.

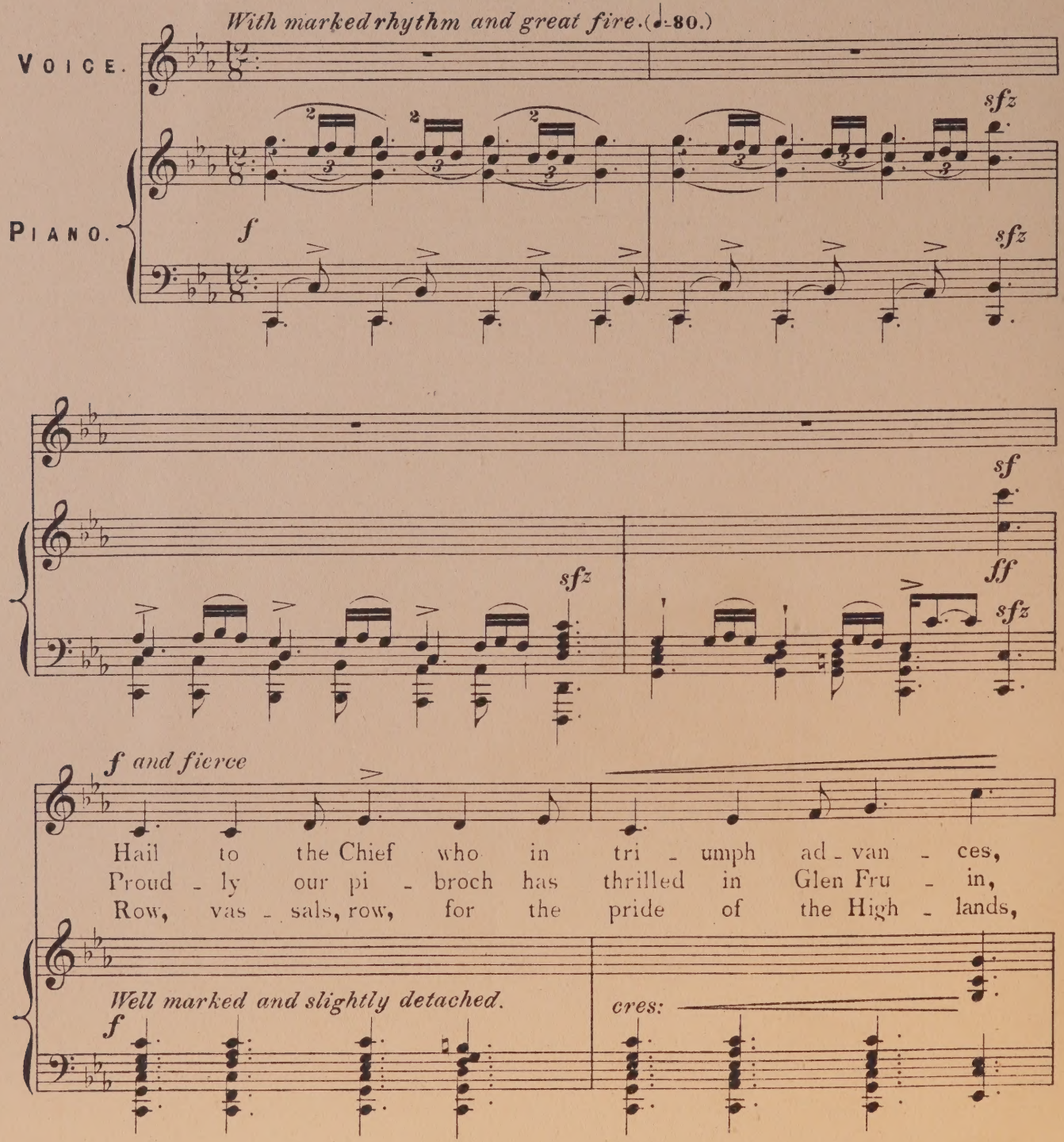
Roderic vic Alpine Dubh.

XVIII.

RODERIC VIC ALPINE DUBH.

Words by
Sir Walter Scott.

Music founded on an old Gaelic air
by Malcolm Lawson.


With marked rhythm and great fire. (♩=80.)
Voice.
Piano.
f
sfz
sf
ff
f and fierce
Hail to the Chief who in tri - umph ad - van - ces,
Proud - ly our pi - broch has thrilled in Glen Fru - in,
Row, vas - sals, row, for the pride of the High - lands,
Well marked and slightly detached.
cres:

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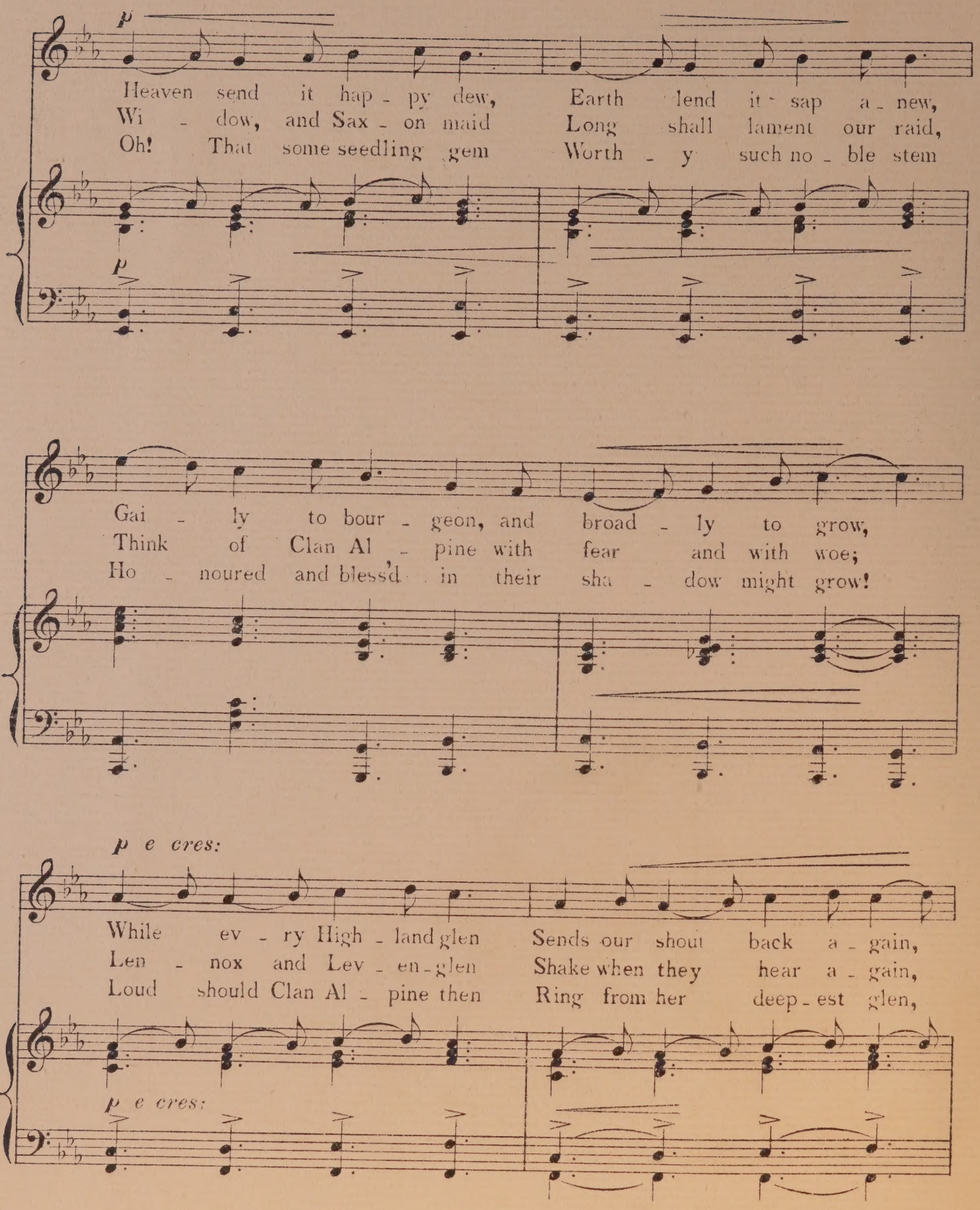
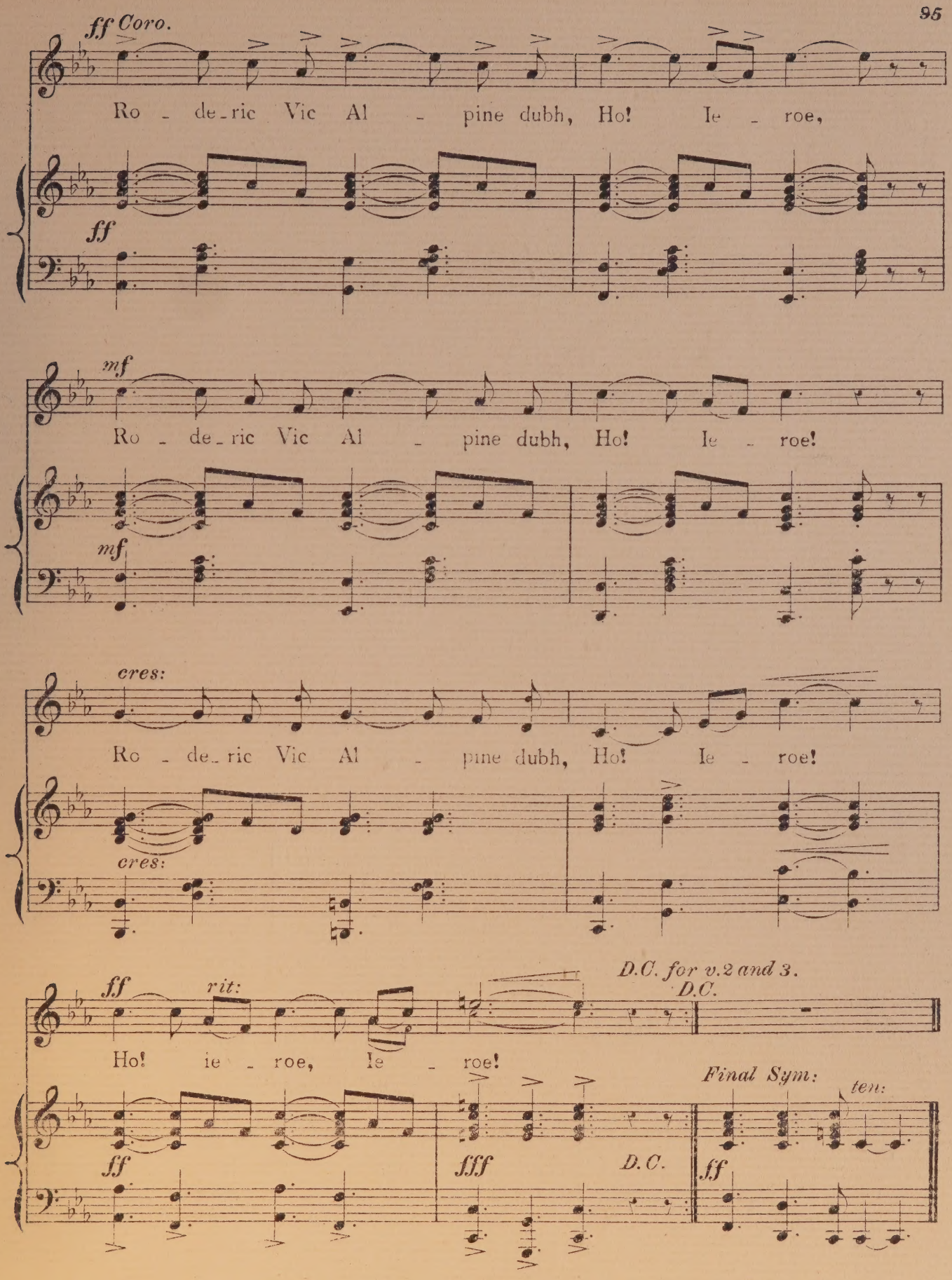
f
Hon - oured and blest be the ev - er - green pine;
Ba - noch - ar's groans to our slo - gan re - plied; Glen
Stretch to your oars, for the ev - er - green pine!
f
dim:
cres:
Long may the tree in his ban - ner that glan - ces
Luss and Ross-dhu are smok - ing in ru - in, The
Oh! That the rose - bud that gra - ces yon is - lands. Were
cres:
cres:
f
Flour - ish, the shel - ter and grace of our line.
best of Loch Lo - mond lie dead on her side.
wreath'd in a gar - land a - round him to twine.
f


p
Heaven send it hap - py dew, Earth lend it sap a - new,
Wi - dow, and Sax - on maid Long shall lament our raid,
Oh! That some seedling gem Worth - y such no - ble stem
p
Gai - ly to bour - geon, and broad - ly to grow,
Think of Clan Al - pine with fear and with woe;
Ho - noured and blessd in their sha - dow might grow!
p e cres:
While ev - ry High - land glen Sends our shout back a - gain,
Len - nox and Lev - en - glen Shake when they hear a - gain,
Loud should Clan Al - pine then Ring from her deep - est glen,
p e cres:


ff Coro.
Ro - de-ric Vic Al - pine dubh, Ho! Ie - roe,
ff
mf
Ro - de-ric Vic Al - pine dubh, Ho! Ie - roe!
mf
cres:
Ro - de-ric Vic Al - pine dubh, Ho! Ie - roe!
cres:
ff
rit:
D.C. for v.2 and 3.
D.C.
Ho! ie - roe, Ie - roe!
Final Sym:
ten:
ff
fff
D.C.
ff

RODERIC VIC ALPINE DUBH.

HAIL to the chief who in triumph advances!
Honoured and blessed be the ever-green pine!
Long may the tree in his banner that glances
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow;
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
"Roderic Vic Alpine dubh, ho! Ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Banochar's groans to our slogan replied:
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan Alpine with fear and with woe;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen,
"Roderic Vic Alpine dubh, ho! Ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands,
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green pine!
Oh! That the rosebud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine.
Oh! That some seedling gem
Worthy such noble stem,
Honoured and blessed in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan Alpine then
Ring from her deepmost glen,
"Roderic Vic Alpine dubh, ho! Ieroe!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

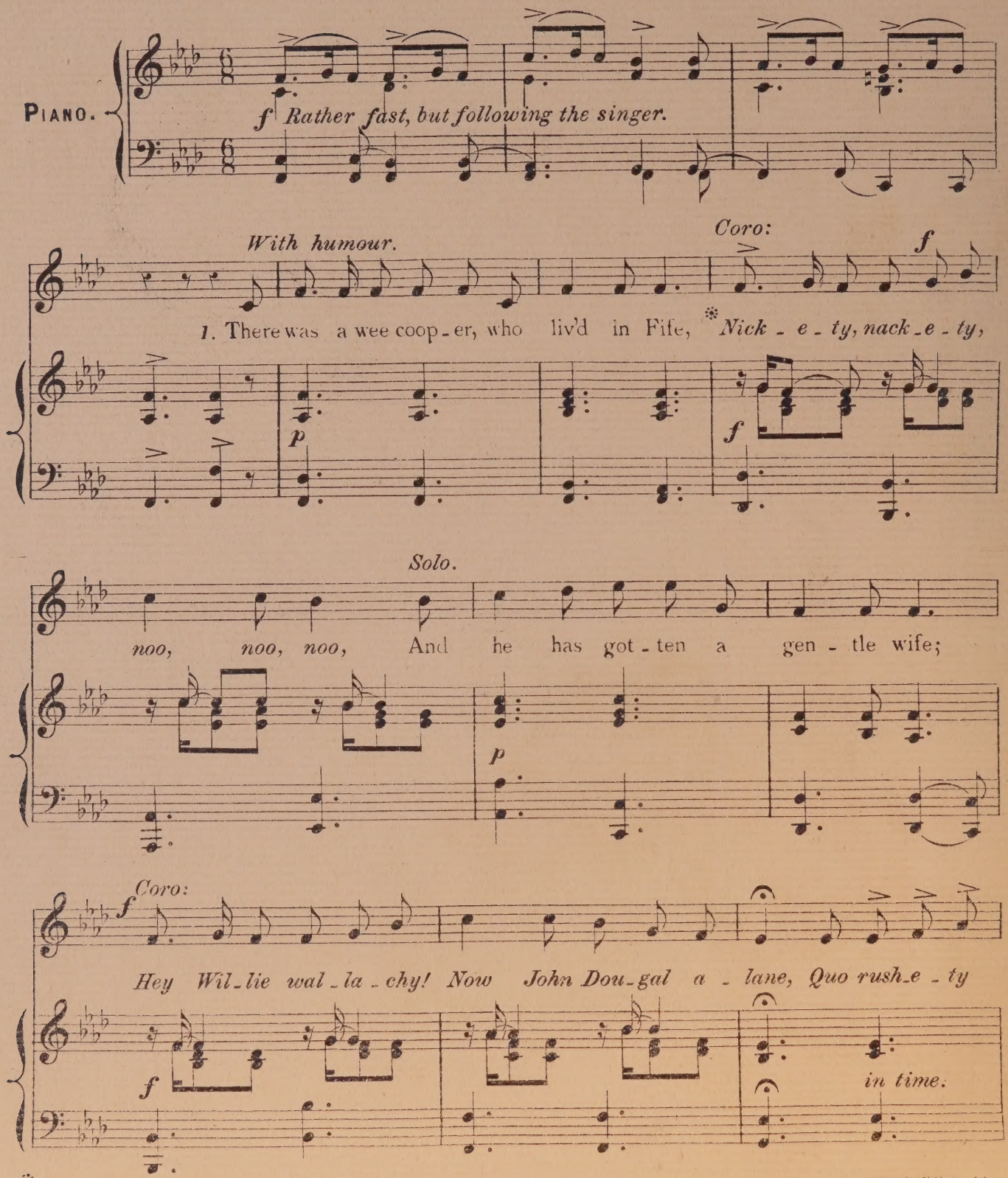
The Cooper o' Fife.

XIX.

THE COOPER O' FIFE.

Old Lowland Ballad.

Old Lowland air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.



*This chorus is often sung in the "Kingdom of Fife" to the accompaniment of one stroke of the elbow on a wooden table, followed by two of the fist—which will be found to be a very good imitation of the noise made by the movement of the shuttle in weaving. Perhaps, with this assistance, the uninitiated will find some elucidation of the meaning of the refrain.

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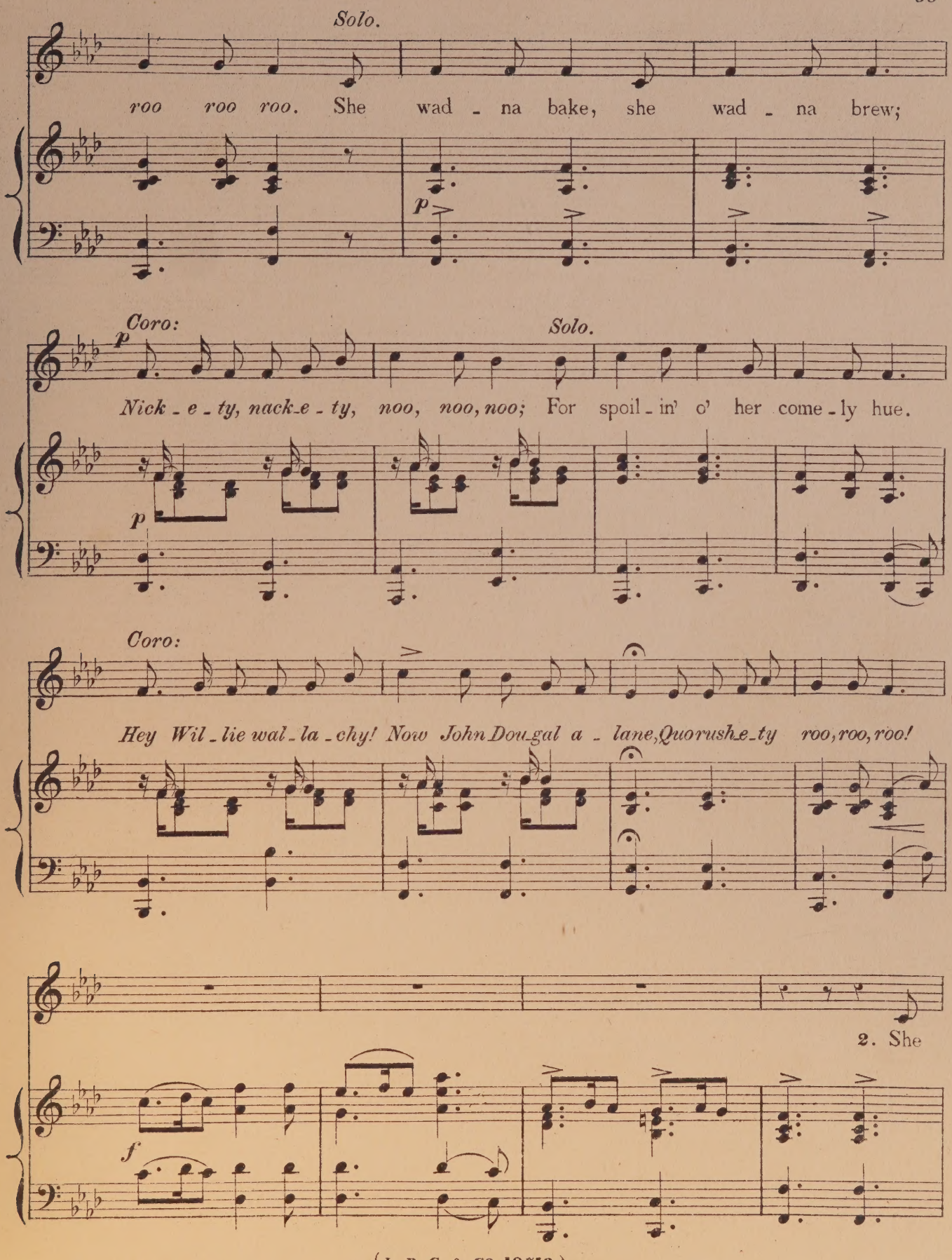
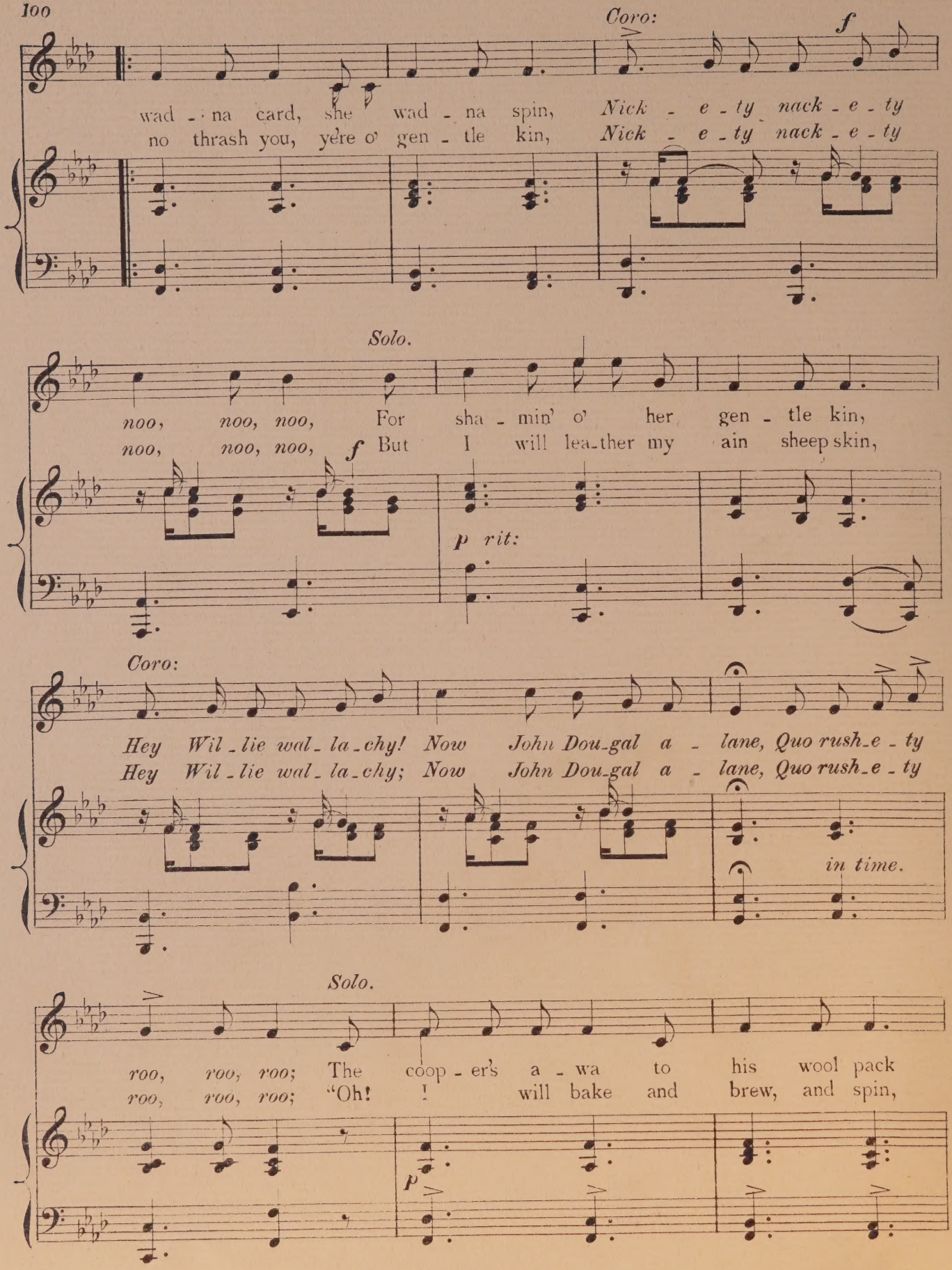
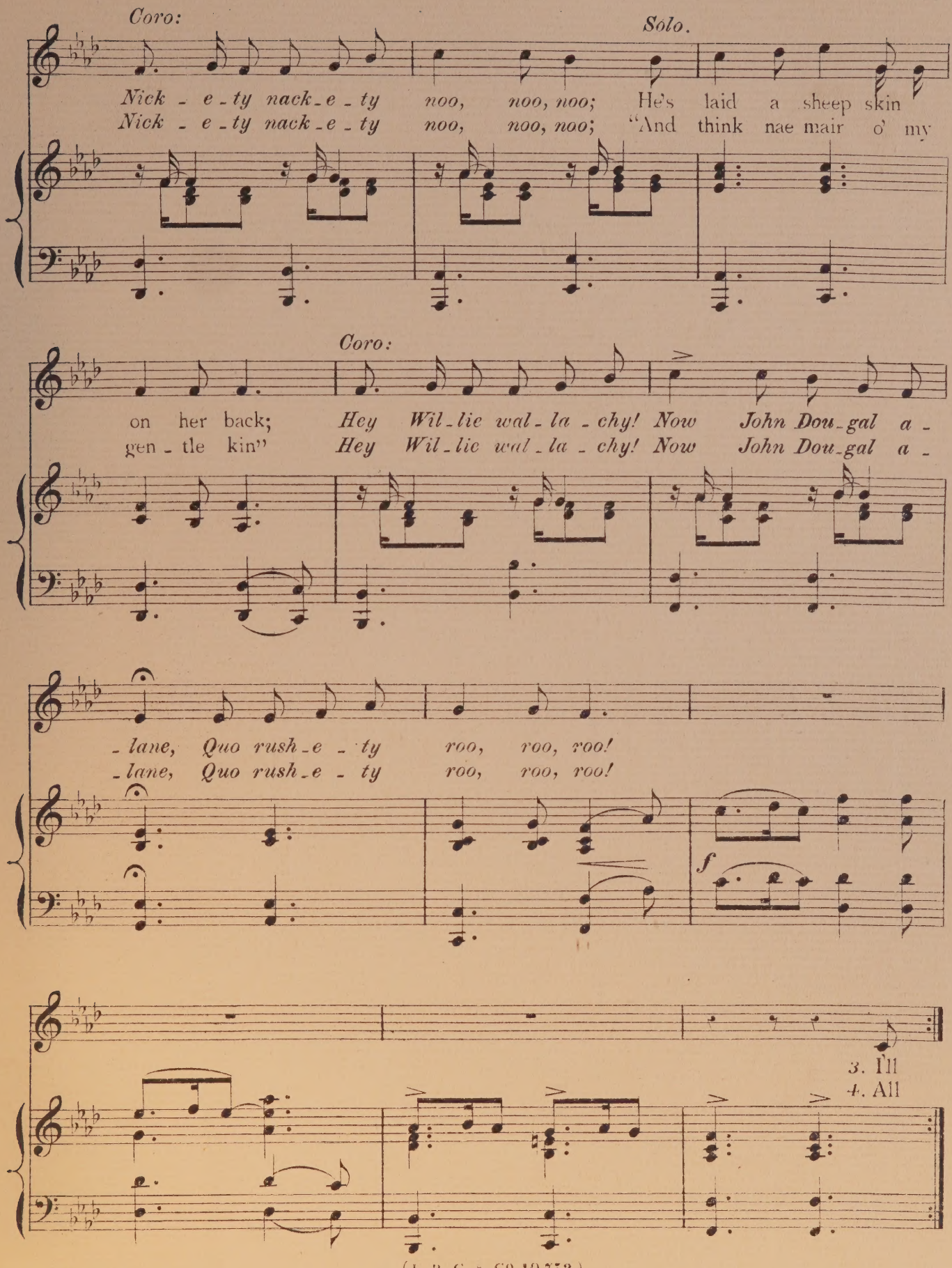
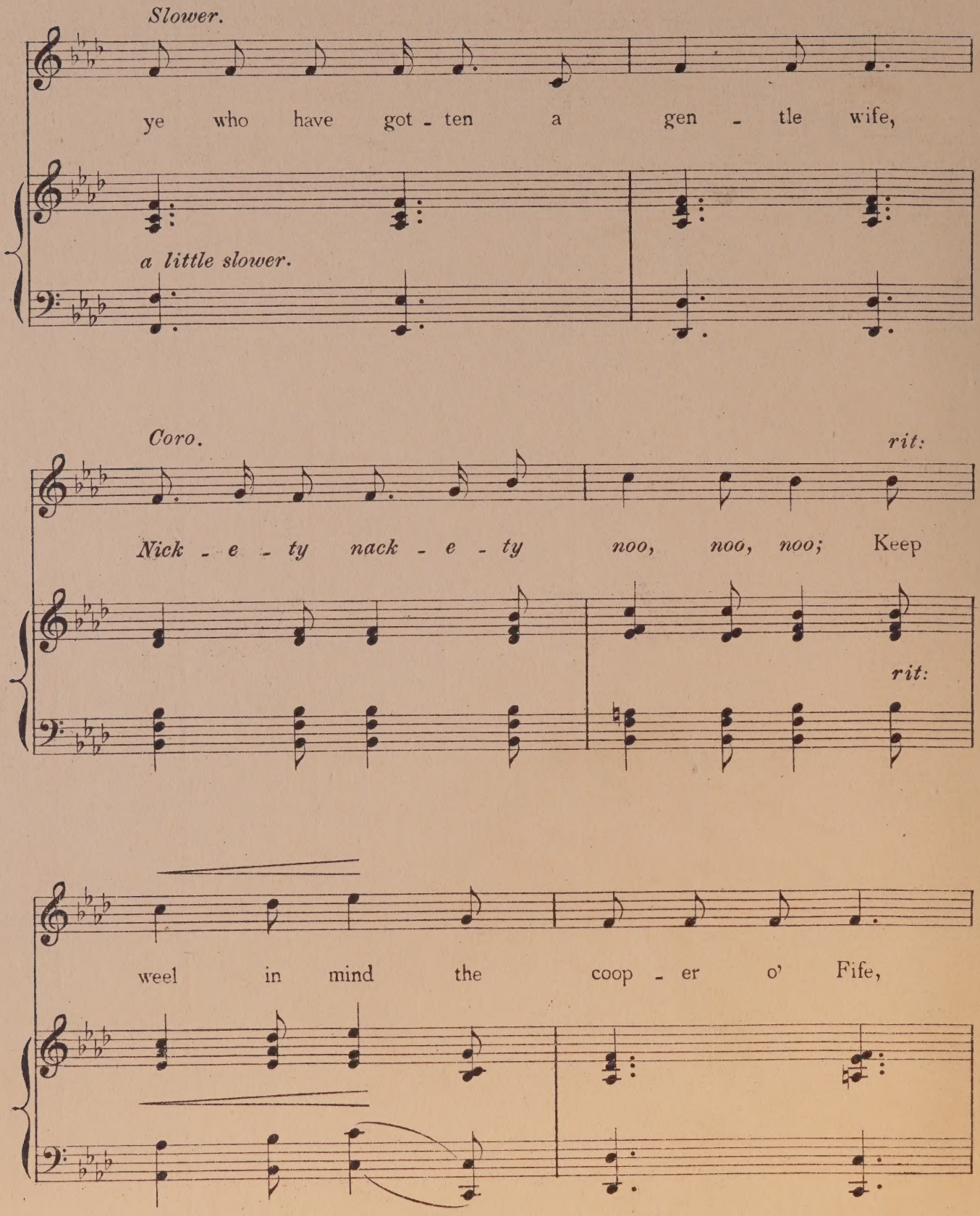
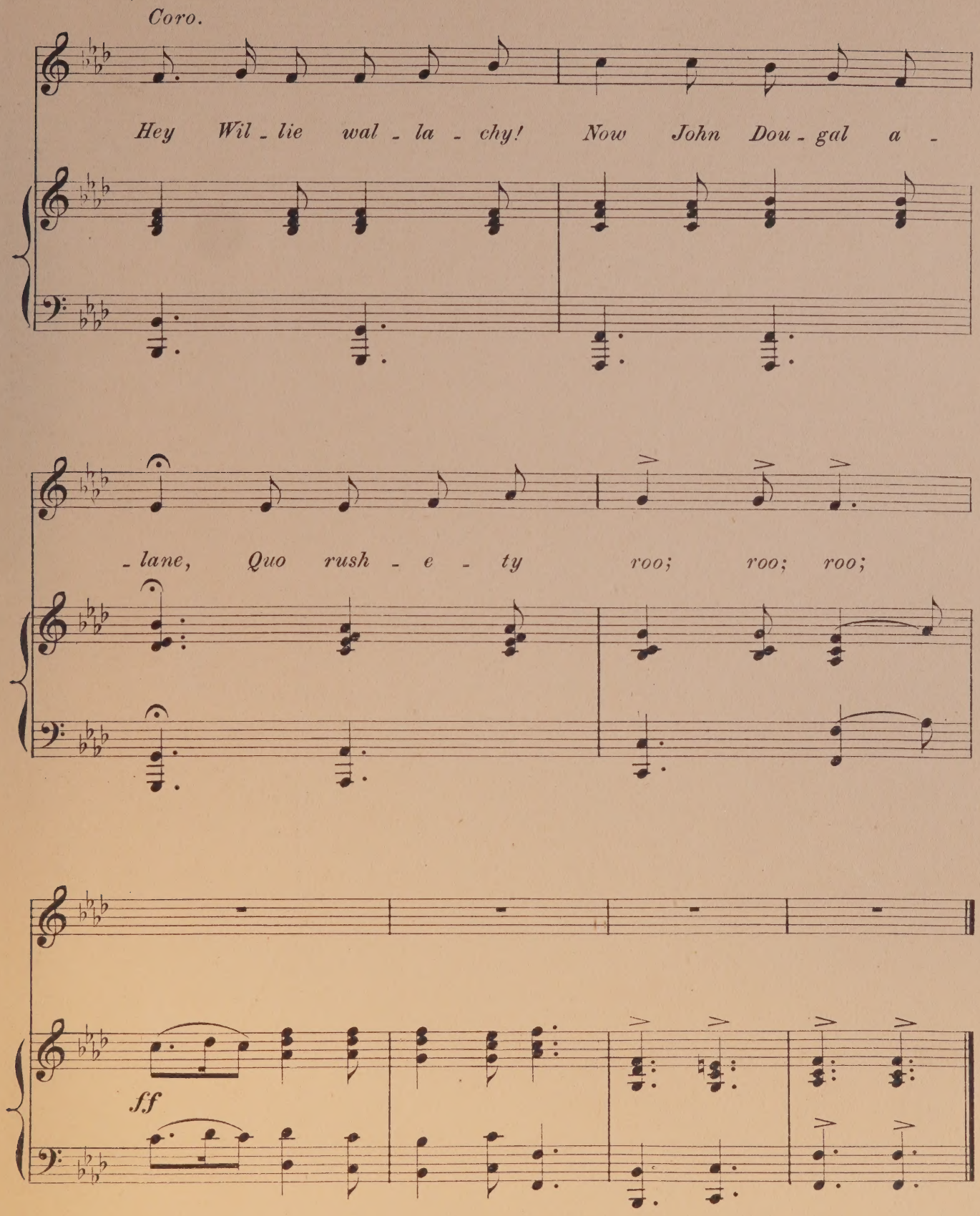

Solo.
roo roo roo. She wad - na bake, she wad - na brew;
p
Coro:
p
Solo.
Nick - e - ty, nack-e - ty, noo, noo, noo; For spoil - in' o' her come - ly hue.
p
Coro:
Hey Wil - lie wal - la - chy! Now John Dou-gal a - lane, Quorush-e-ty roo, roo, roo!
2. She
f


Coro:
f
wad - na card, she wad - na spin, Nick - e - ty nack - e - ty
no thrash you, ye're o' gen - tle kin, Nick - e - ty nack - e - ty
Solo.
noo, noo, noo, For sha - min' o' her gen - tle kin,
noo, noo, noo, f But I will lea-ther my ain sheep skin,
p rit:
Coro:
Hey Wil - lie wal - la - chy! Now John Dou-gal a - lane, Quo rush-e - ty
Hey Wil - lie wal - la - chy; Now John Dou-gal a - lane, Quo rush-e - ty
in time.
Solo.
roo, roo, roo; The coop - er's a - wa to his wool pack
roo, roo, roo; "Oh! I will bake and brew, and spin,
p


Coro:
Solo.
Nick - e - ty nack - e - ty noo, noo, noo; He's laid a sheep skin
Nick - e - ty nack - e - ty noo, noo, noo; "And think nae mair o' my
Coro:
on her back; Hey Wil - lie wal - la - chy! Now John Dou - gal a -
gen - tle kin" Hey Wil - lie wal - la - chy! Now John Dou - gal a -
- lane, Quo rush - e - ty roo, roo, roo!
- lane, Quo rush - e - ty roo, roo, roo!
f
3. I'll
4. All


Slower.
ye who have got - ten a gen - tle wife,
a little slower.
Coro.
rit:
Nick - e - ty nack - e - ty noo, noo, noo; Keep
rit:
weel in mind the coop - er o' Fife,


Coro.
Hey Wil - lie wal - la - chy! Now John Dou - gal a -
- lane, Quo rush - e - ty roo; roo; roo;
ff

THE COOPER O' FIFE.

THERE was a wee cooper wha lived in Fife,
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo!
And he has gotten a gentle wife,
Hey Willie Wallachy!
Now John Dougal alane,
Quo' rushety roo, roo, roo!

She wadna' bake, she wadna' brew,
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo!
For spoilin' o' her comely hue.
Hey Willie, &c.

She wadna' card, she wadna' spin,
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo!
For shamin' o' her gentle kin.
Hey Willie, &c.

Cooper's awa to his wool pack,
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo!
And he's laid a sheepskin on her back.
Hey Willie, &c.

"I'll no thrash you, you're o' gentle kin,"
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo!
"But I will leather my ain sheepskin."
Hey Willie, &c.

"Oh! I will bake, and brew and spin,"
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo!
"And think nae mair o' my gentle kin."
Hey Willie, &c.

All ye who hae gotten a gentle wife,
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo!
Keep weel in mind the wee cooper o' Fife.
Hey Willie Wallachy!
Now John Dougal alane,
Quo' rushety roo, roo, roo!

Old Fife Ballad.

The Bonnie wee Rose.

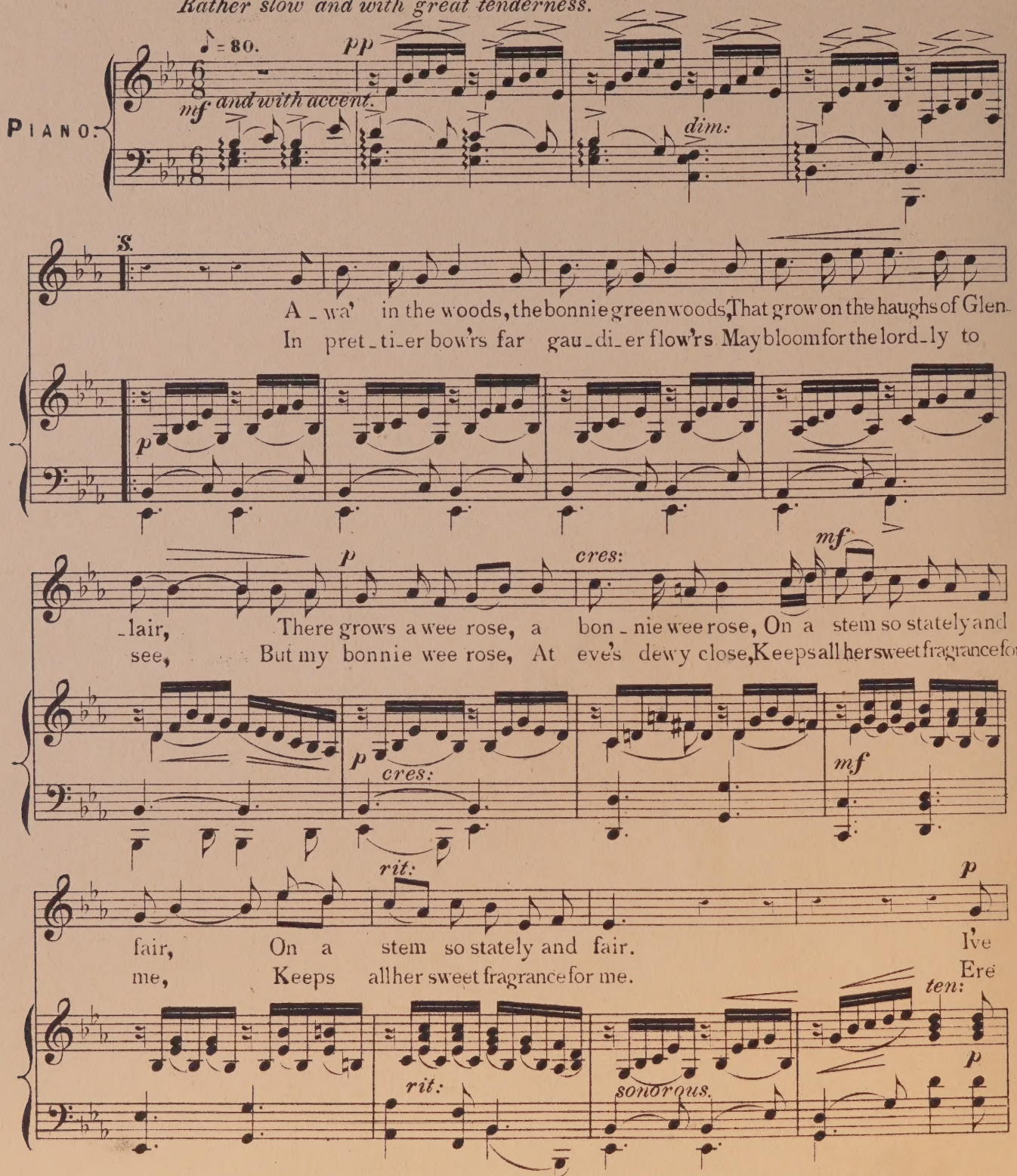
XX.

THE BONNIE WEE ROSE.

Words by
J. Stewart.

Music by
Malcolm Lawson.

Rather slow and with great tenderness.


♪ = 80.
pp
mf and with accent.
dim:
PIANO.
S.
A - wa' in the woods, the bonnie green woods, That grow on the haughs of Glen-
In pret - ti - er bow'rs far gau - di - er flow'rs May bloom for the lord - ly to
p
-lair, There grows a wee rose, a bon - nie wee rose, On a stem so stately and
see, But my bonnie wee rose, At eve's dewy close, Keeps all her sweet fragrance for
p
cres:
mf
p
cres:
mf
rit:
p
fair, On a stem so stately and fair. I've
me, Keeps all her sweet fragrance for me. Ere
rit:
sonorous.
ten:
p

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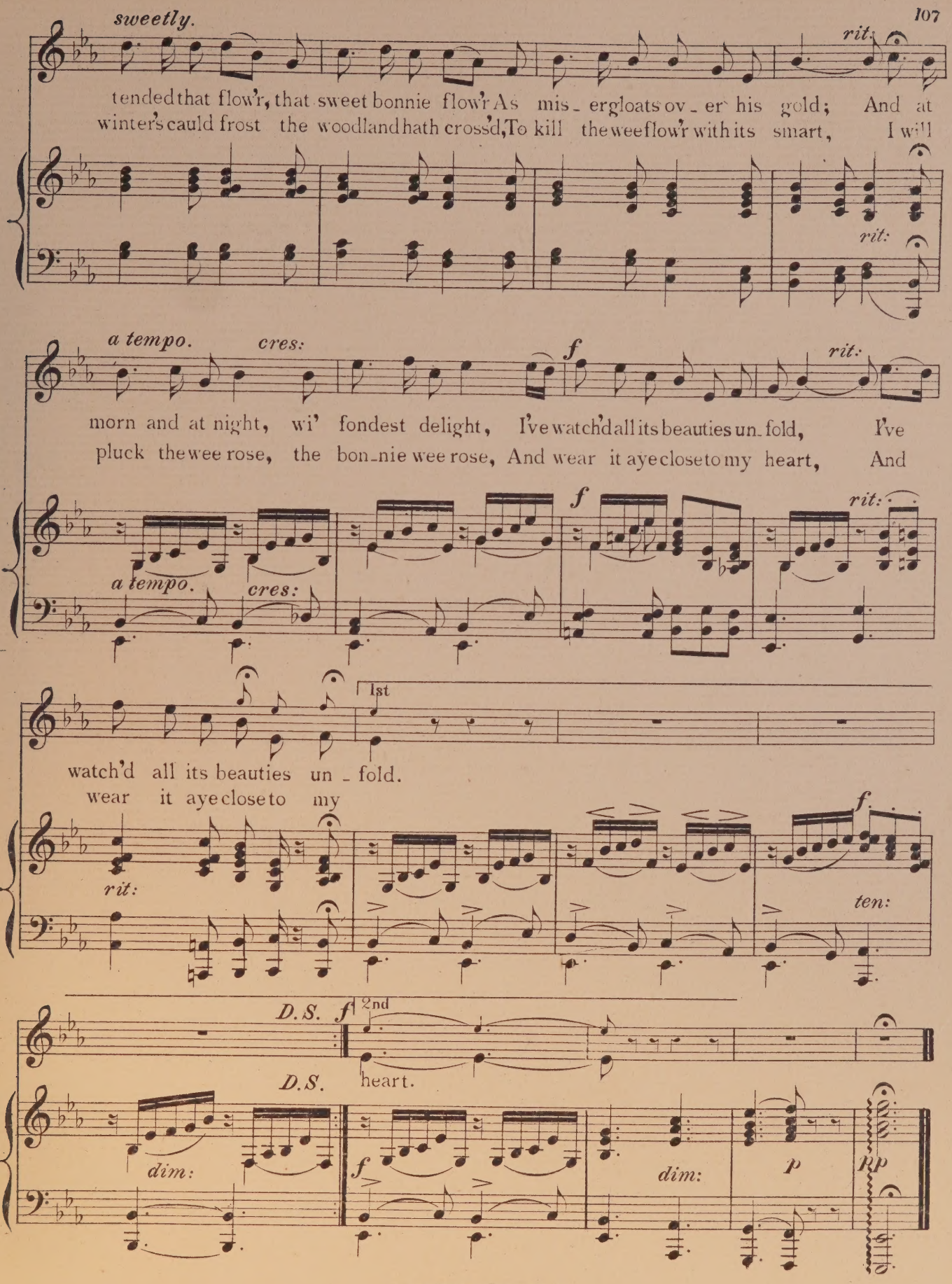

sweetly.
rit:
tended that flow'r, that sweet bonnie flow'r As mis_ergloats ov_er his gold; And at
winter's cauld frost the woodland hath cross'd, To kill the wee flow'r with its smart, I will
rit:
a tempo.
cres:
f
rit:
morn and at night, wi' fondest delight, I've watch'd all its beauties un_fold, I've
pluck the wee rose, the bon_nie wee rose, And wear it aye close to my heart, And
f
rit:
a tempo.
cres:
1st
watch'd all its beauties un_fold.
wear it aye close to my
rit:
f
ten:
D.S.
f
2nd
heart.
D.S.
dim:
f
dim:
p
RP

THE BONNIE WEE ROSE.

AWA' in the woods, the bonnie green woods,
That grow on the haughs of Glenlair,
There grows a wee rose, a bonnie wee rose,
On a stem so stately and fair.

I've tended that flow'r, that sweet bonnie flow'r,
As miser gloats over his gold;
And at morn, and at night, wi' fondest delight
I've watched all its beauties unfold.

In prettier bow'rs, far gaudier flow'rs
May bloom for the lordly to see;
But my bonnie wee rose, at eve's dewy close,
Keeps all her sweet fragrance for me.

Ere winter's cauld frost the woodland hath cross'd,
To kill the wee flow'r with its smart,
I will pluck the wee rose, the bonnie wee rose,
And wear it aye close to my heart.

J. STEWART.

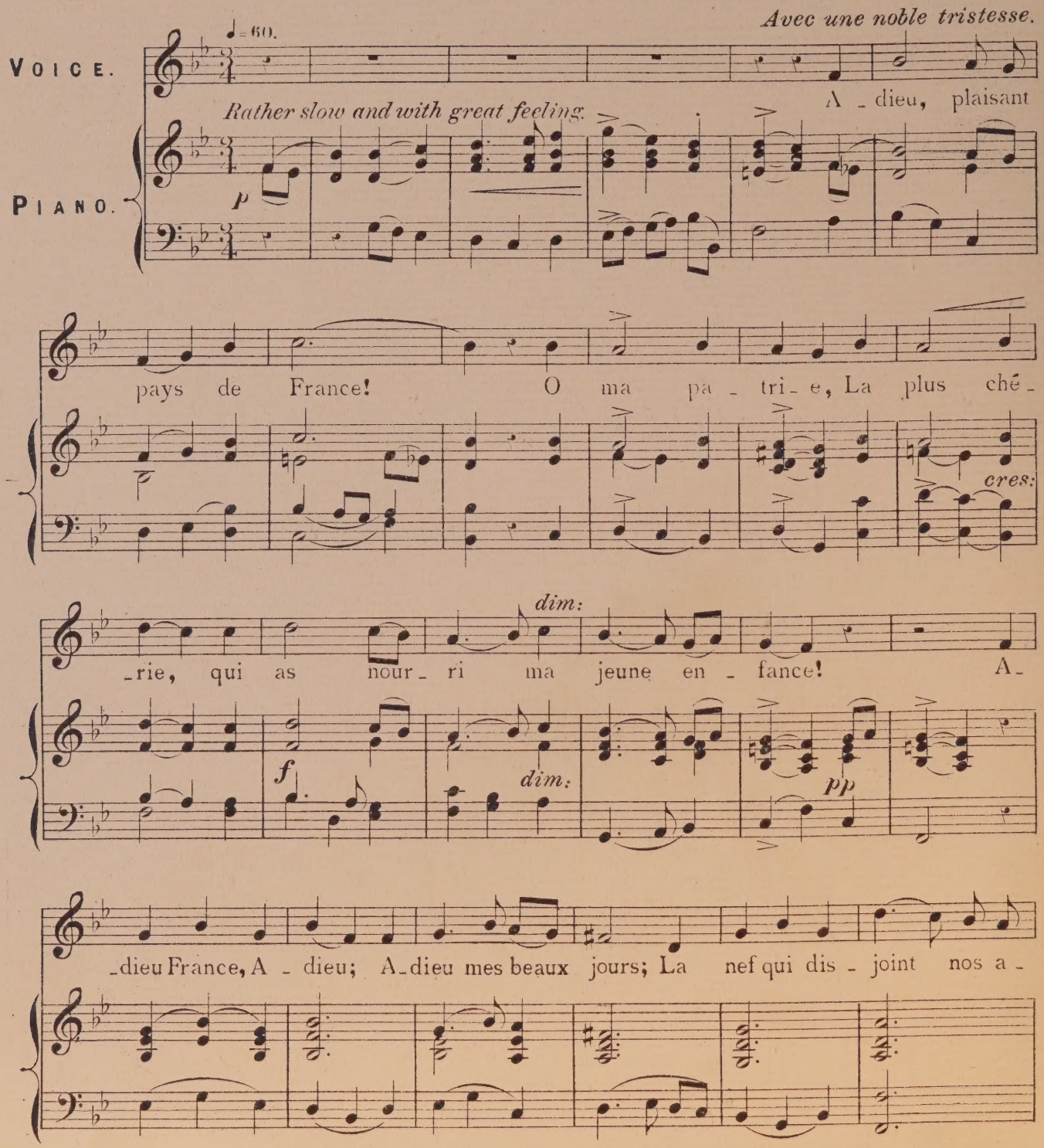
L'Adieu de Marie Stuart.

XXI.

L'ADIEU DE MARIE STUART.

The Words attributed to
Mary of Scotland.

Music, in the style of the period,
by Malcolm Lawson.


Avec une noble tristesse.
♩= 60.
Voice.
Piano.
Rather slow and with great feeling.
p
A - dieu, plaisant
pays de France! O ma pa - tri - e, La plus ché -
cres:
- rie, qui as nour - ri ma jeune en - fance! A -
dim:
f
dim:
pp
- dieu France, A - dieu; A - dieu mes beaux jours; La nef qui dis - joint nos a -

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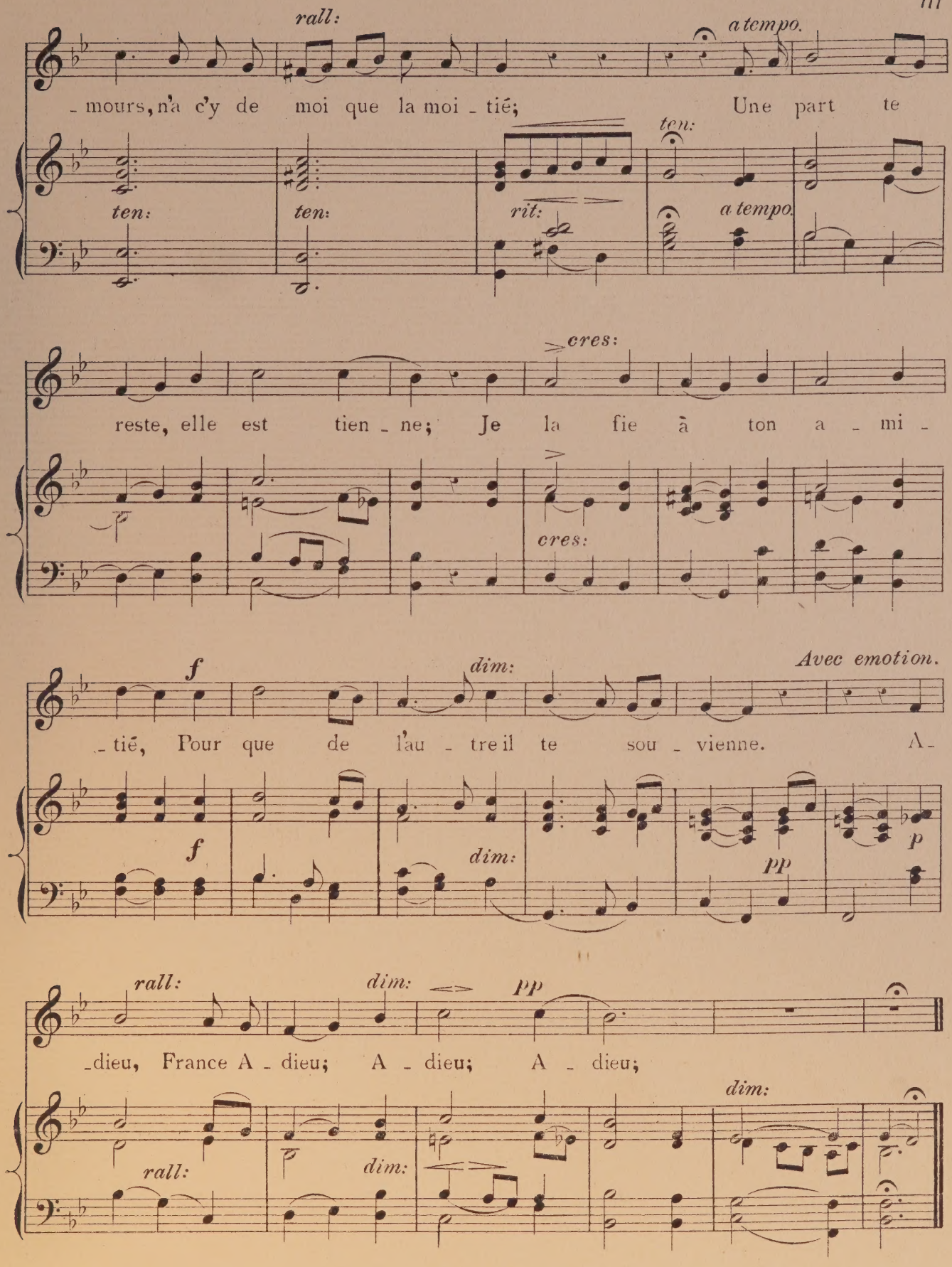
rall:
a tempo.
- mours, n'a c'y de moi que la moi - tié; Une part te
ten:
ten:
ten:
rit:
a tempo.
cres:
reste, elle est tien - ne; Je la fie à ton a - mi -
cres:
f
dim:
Avec emotion.
- tié, Pour que de l'au - tre il te sou - vienne. A -
f
dim:
pp
p
rall:
dim:
pp
- dieu, France A - dieu; A - dieu; A - dieu;
dim:
rall:
dim:

L'ADIEU DE MARIE STUART.

ADIEU, plaisant pays de France,
O ma patrie,
La plus chérie,
Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance!

Adieu, France, adieu mes beaux jours;
La nef qui disjoint nos amours,
N'a c'y de moi que la moitié;
Une part te reste. elle est tienne;
Je la fie à ton amitié,
Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne.

Attributed to MARY OF SCOTLAND.

Tarry Woo.

(CARDING SONG.)

XXII.

*TARRY WOO'.

A Carding Song.

DUET OR 2 PART CHORUS.

Words Anon.

Old Highland air arranged by MALCOLM LAWSON.

Quick and with monotonous precision. ♩ = 72.

PIANO.

f

1. Tar - ry woo', Oh! Tar - ry woo', Tar - ry woo' is ill to spin;
2. Sing, my bon - nie, harmless sheep that feed up-on the mountain steep;

1. Tar - ry woo', Oh! Tar - ry woo', Tar - ry woo' is ill to spin;
2. Sing, my bon - nie, harmless sheep that feed up-on the mountain steep;

p

Card it well, Oh card it well, Card it well ere
Bleat - ing sweet - ly as ye go, Through the win - ter's

Card it well, Oh card it well, Card it well ere
Bleat - ing sweet - ly as ye go, Through the win - ter's

* This is said to be the only song habitually sung by Sir Walter Scott.

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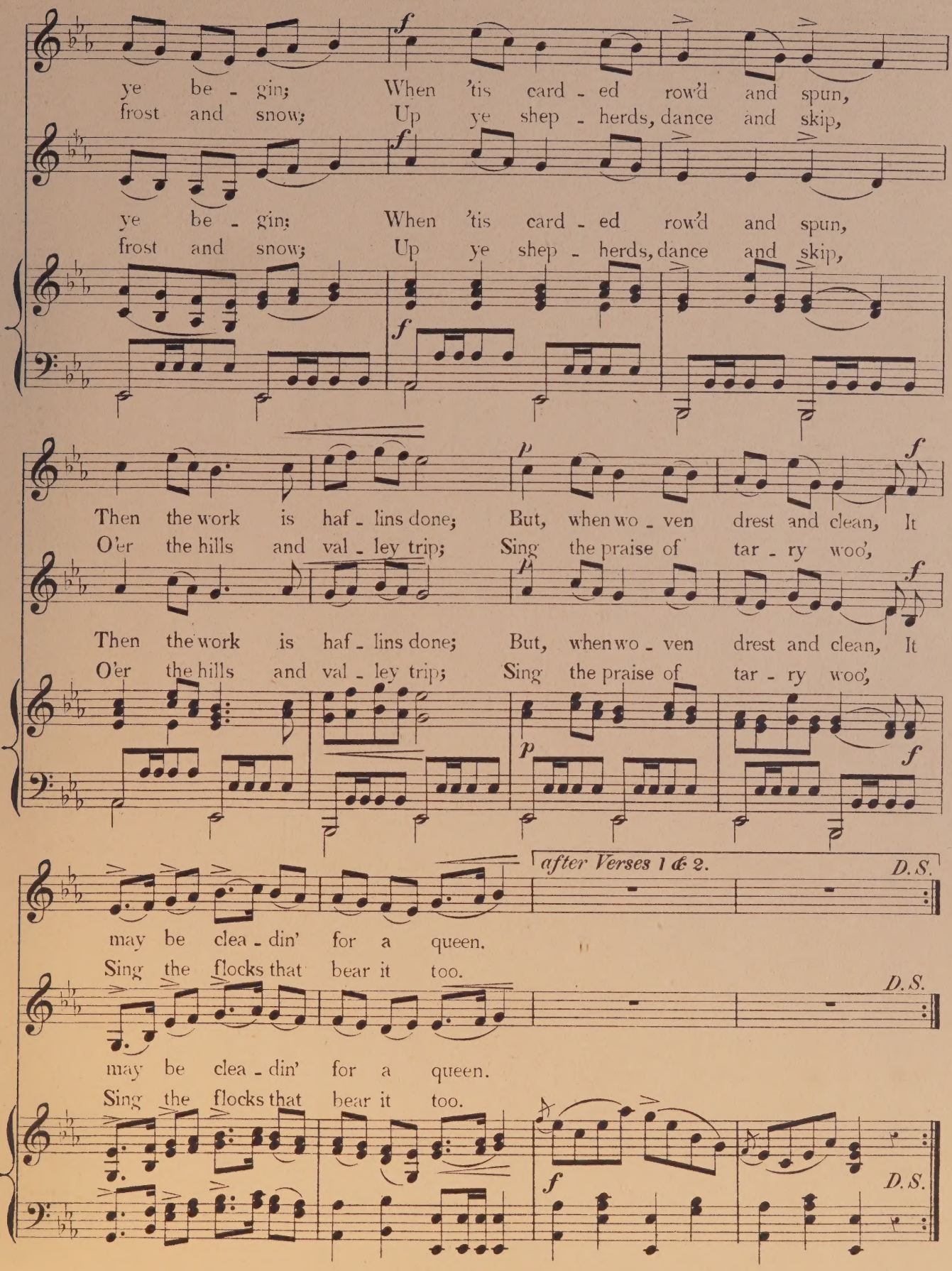
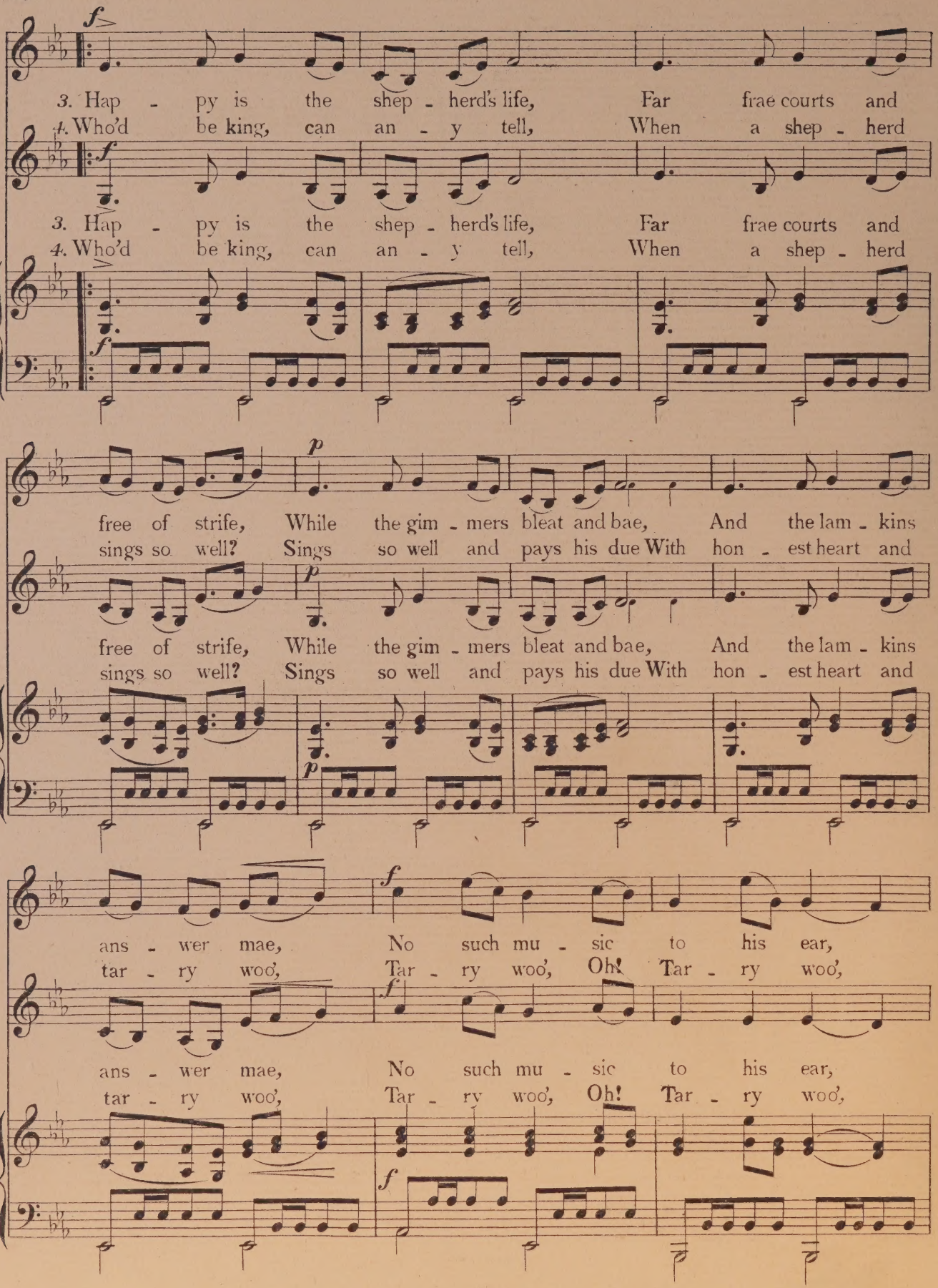
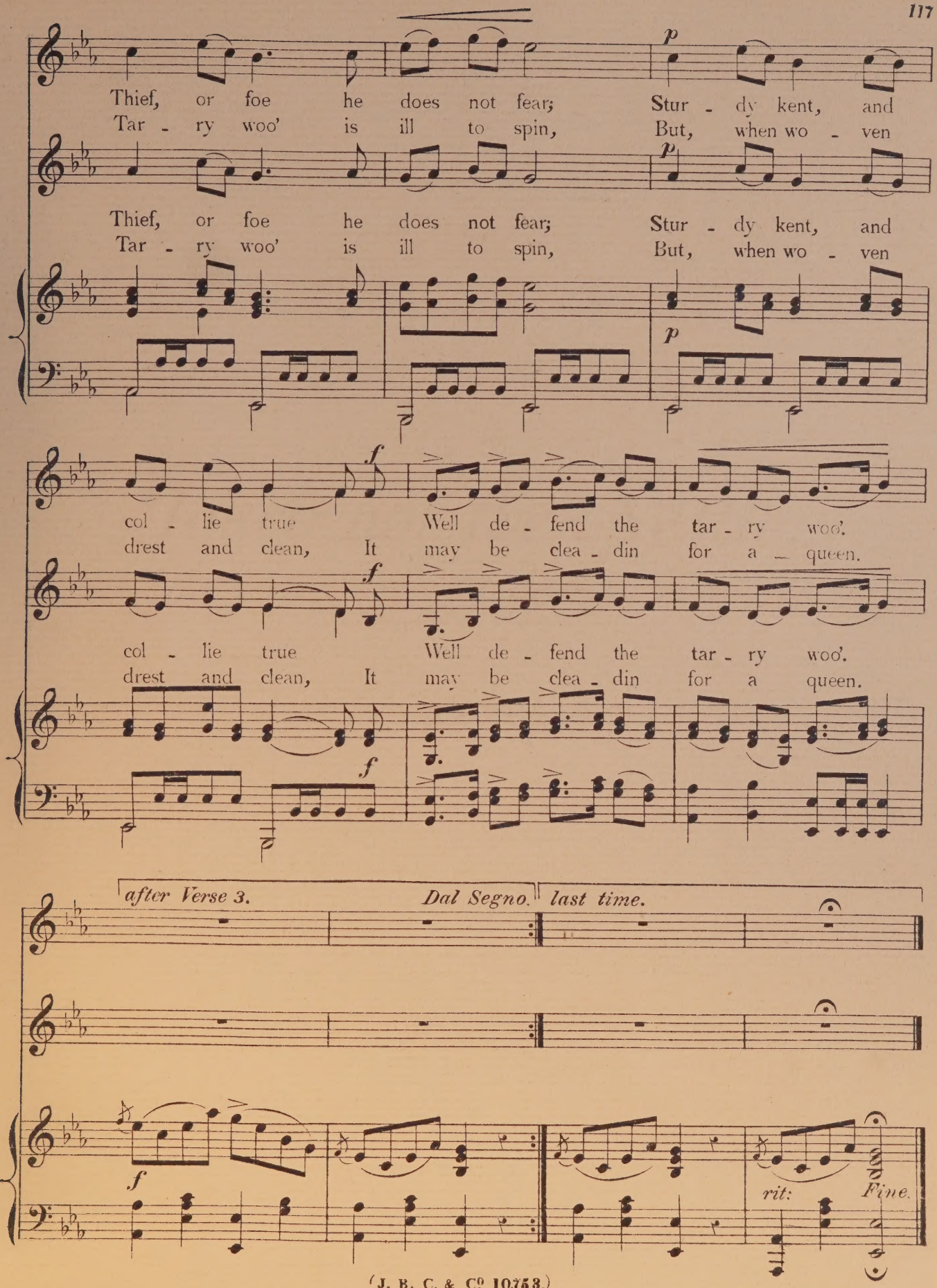

ye be - gin; When 'tis card - ed row'd and spun,
frost and snow; Up ye shep - herds, dance and skip,
ye be - gin; When 'tis card - ed row'd and spun,
frost and snow; Up ye shep - herds, dance and skip,
Then the work is haf - lins done; But, when wo - ven drest and clean, It
O'er the hills and val - ley trip; Sing the praise of tar - ry woo',
Then the work is haf - lins done; But, when wo - ven drest and clean, It
O'er the hills and val - ley trip; Sing the praise of tar - ry woo',
after Verses 1 & 2.
D.S.
may be clea - din' for a queen.
Sing the flocks that bear it too.
D.S.
may be clea - din' for a queen.
Sing the flocks that bear it too.
D.S.


3. Hap - py is the shep - herd's life, Far frae courts and
4. Who'd be king, can an - y tell, When a shep - herd
3. Hap - py is the shep - herd's life, Far frae courts and
4. Who'd be king, can an - y tell, When a shep - herd
free of strife, While the gim - mers bleat and bae, And the lam - kins
sings so well? Sings so well and pays his due With hon - est heart and
free of strife, While the gim - mers bleat and bae, And the lam - kins
sings so well? Sings so well and pays his due With hon - est heart and
ans - wer mae, No such mu - sic to his ear,
tar - ry woo', Tar - ry woo', Oh! Tar - ry woo',
ans - wer mae, No such mu - sic to his ear,
tar - ry woo', Tar - ry woo', Oh! Tar - ry woo',


Thief, or foe he does not fear; Stur - dy kent, and
Tar - ry woo' is ill to spin, But, when wo - ven
Thief, or foe he does not fear; Stur - dy kent, and
Tar - ry woo' is ill to spin, But, when wo - ven
col - lie true Well de - fend the tar - ry woo'.
drest and clean, It may be clea - din for a queen.
col - lie true Well de - fend the tar - ry woo'.
drest and clean, It may be clea - din for a queen.
after Verse 3.
Dal Segno.
last time.
rit:
Fine.

TARRY WOO'.

(CARDING SONG.)

TARRY woo', O tarry woo'!
Tarry woo' is ill to spin;
Card it well, card it well,
Card it well ere ye begin.
When it's carded, row'd and spun,
Then the work is halflins done;
But when woven, dressed and clean,
It may be cleadin' for a queen.

Sing, my bonnie, harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountain steep,
Bleating sweetly as we go
Through the winter's frost and snow.
Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valley trip;
Sing the praise of tarry woo',
Sing the flocks that bear it too.

Happy is the shepherd's life,
Far frae courts and free of strife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae;
No such music to his ear!
Thief or fox he does not fear,
Sturdy kent or collie true
Well defend the tarry woo'.

Who'd be king, can ony tell,
When a shepherd sings sae well?
Sings sae well, and pays his due
With honest heart and tarry woo',
Tarry woo', O tarry woo'!
Tarry woo' is ill to spin,
But when woven, dress'd and clean,
It may be cleadin' for a queen.

Anonymous.

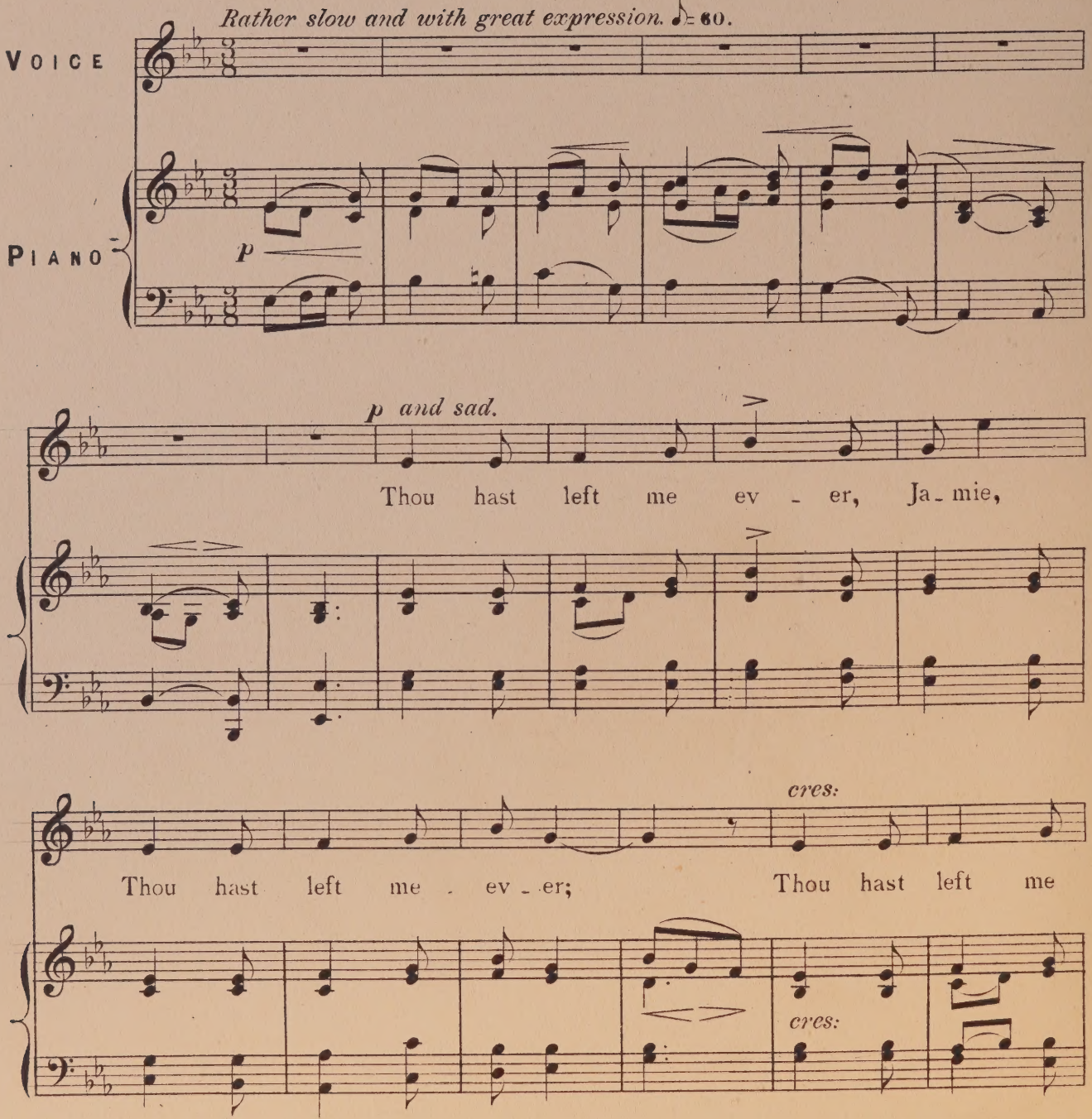
Thou hast left me ever,
Jamie.

XXIII.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

Words by
ROBERT BURNS.

Old Gaelic air arranged
by MALCOLM LAWSON.



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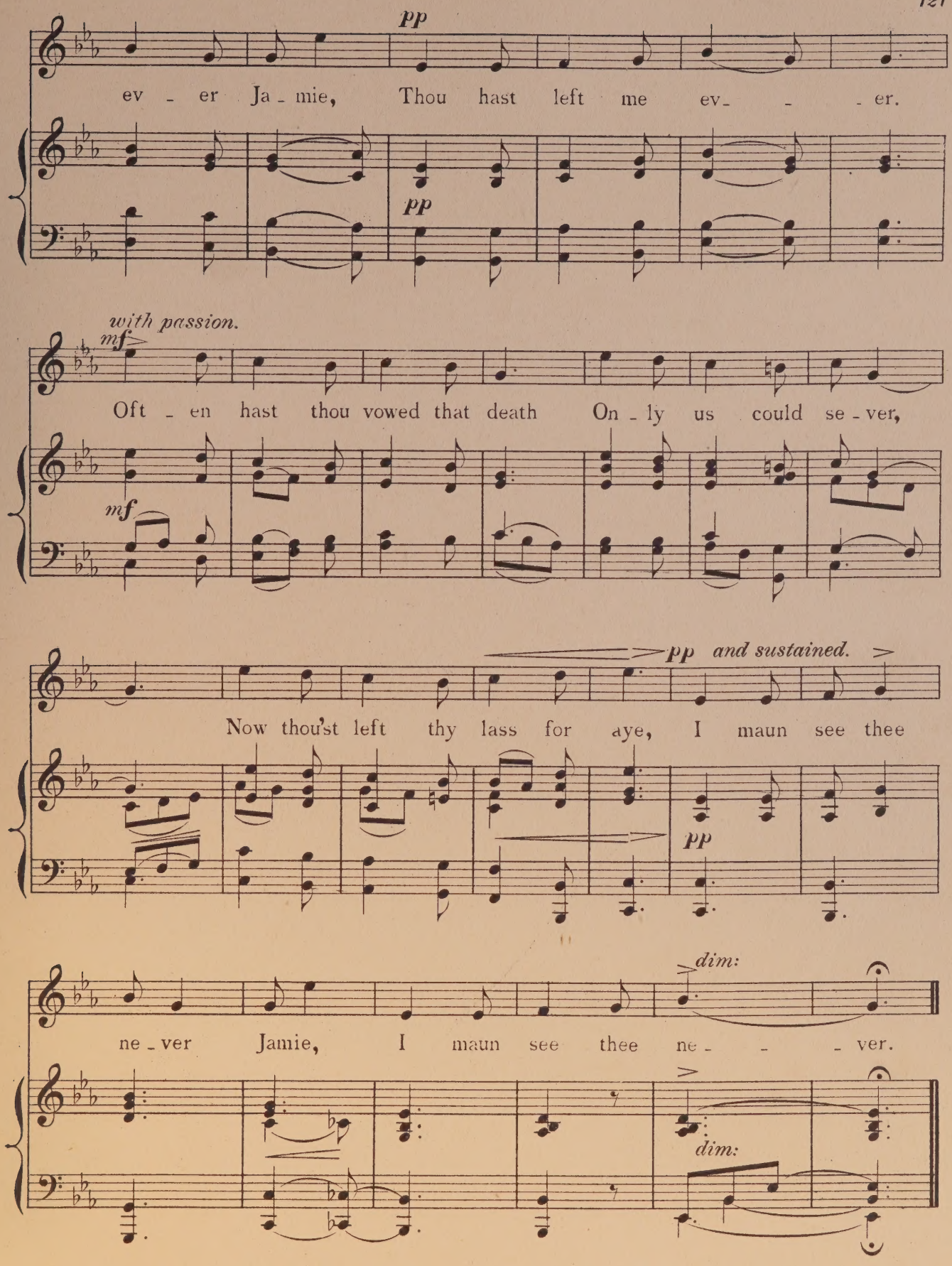
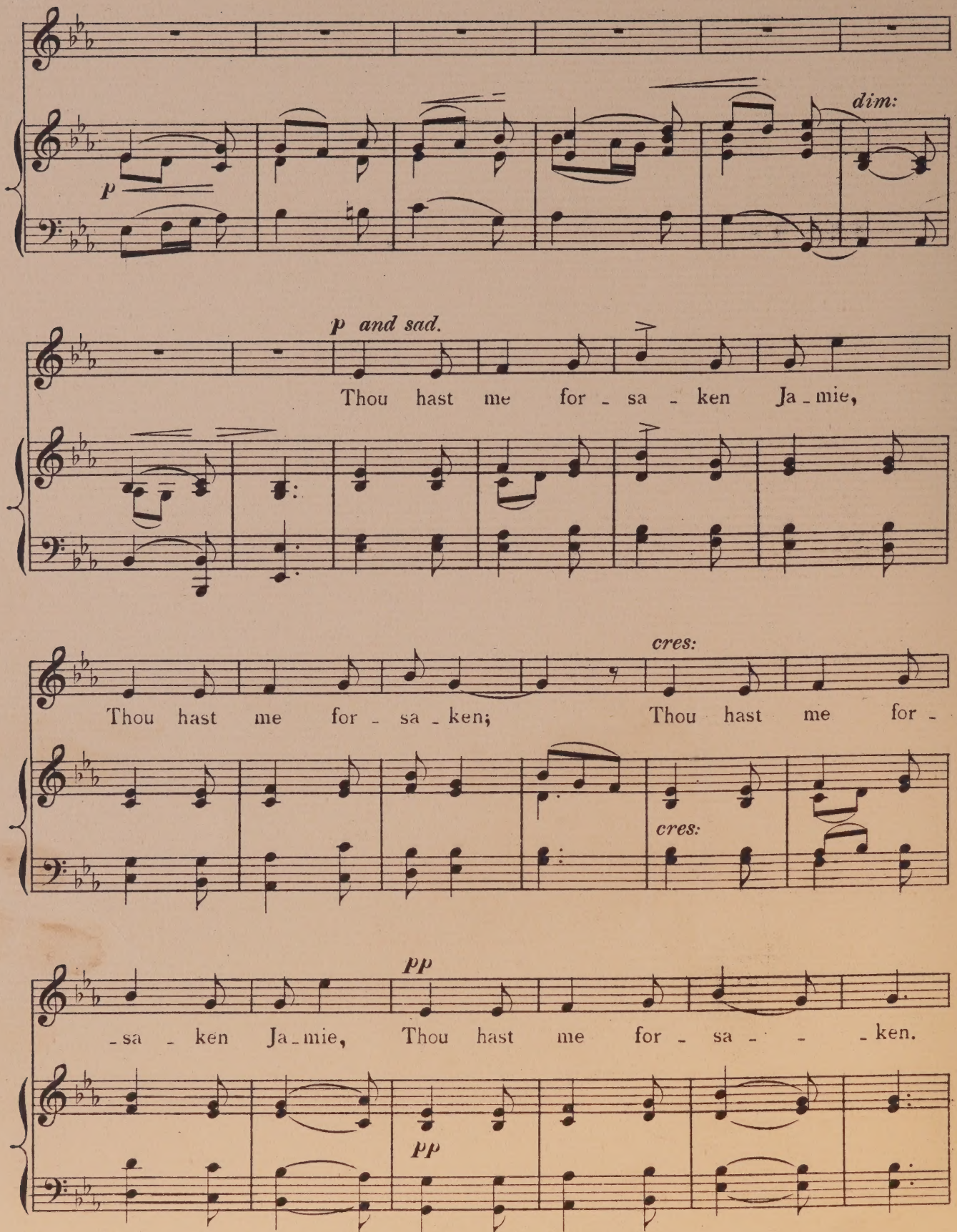
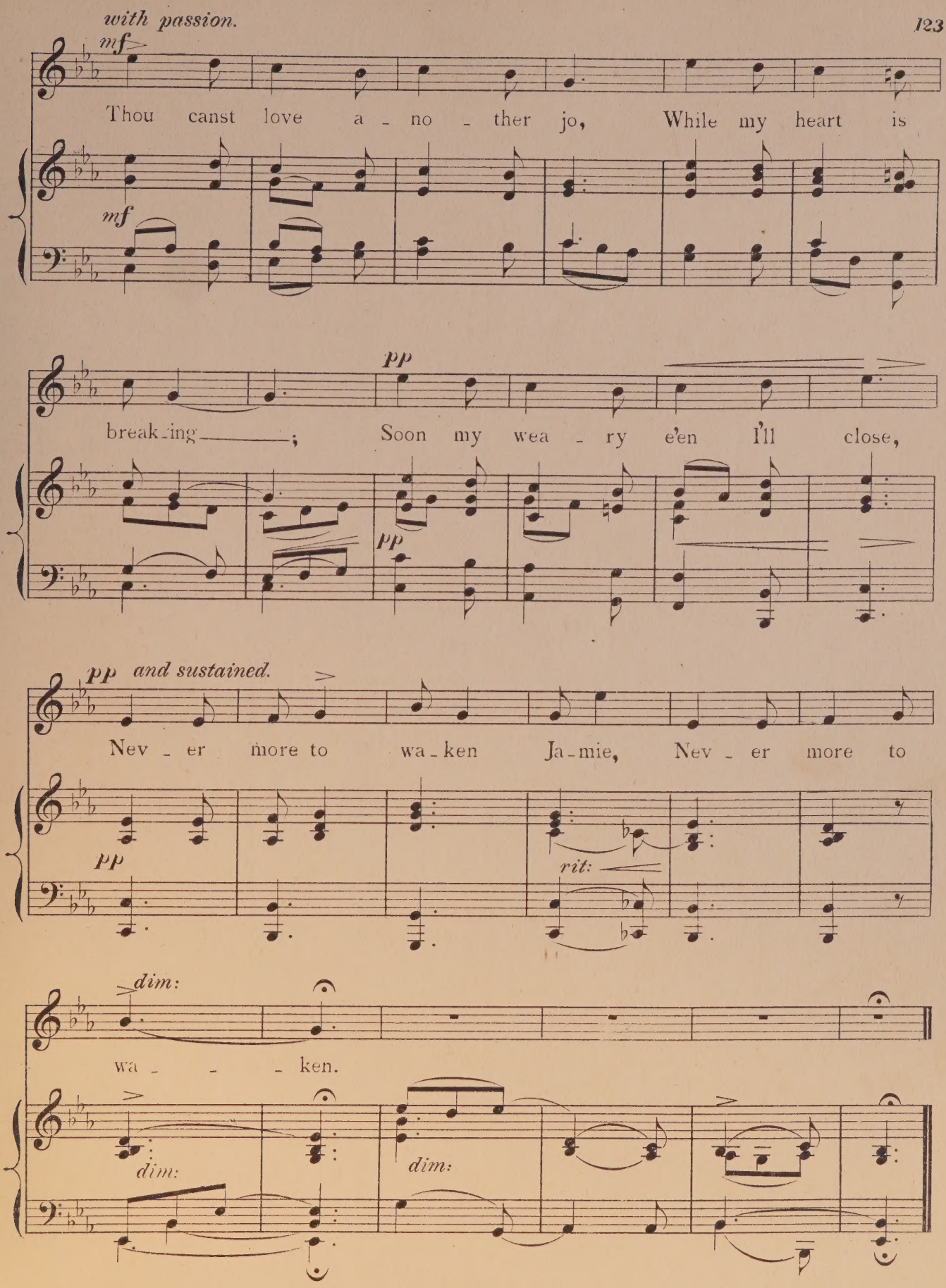

pp
ev - er Ja - mie, Thou hast left me ev - - er.
pp
with passion.
mf
Oft - en hast thou vowed that death On - ly us could se - ver,
mf
pp and sustained.
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye, I maun see thee
pp
dim:
ne - ver Jamie, I maun see thee ne - - - ver.
dim:


dim:
p
p and sad.
Thou hast me for - sa - ken Ja - mie,
cres:
Thou hast me for - sa - ken; Thou hast me for -
cres:
pp
- sa - ken Ja - mie, Thou hast me for - sa - - - ken.
pp


with passion.
mf
Thou canst love a - no - ther jo, While my heart is
mf
pp
break-ing ——— ; Soon my wea - ry e'en I'll close,
pp
pp and sustained.
Nev - er more to wa-ken Ja-mie, Nev - er more to
pp
rit:
dim:
wa - - - ken.
dim:
dim:

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever.
Often hast thou vowed that death
Only should us sever,
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—
I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I maun see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken.
Thou can'st love another jo,
While my heart is breaking;
Soon my weary e'en I'll close,
Never more to waken, Jamie,
Never more to waken.

ROBERT BURNS.

The Lad with the Curly Black Hair.

(AN GILLIE DUBH CIAR DHUBH.)

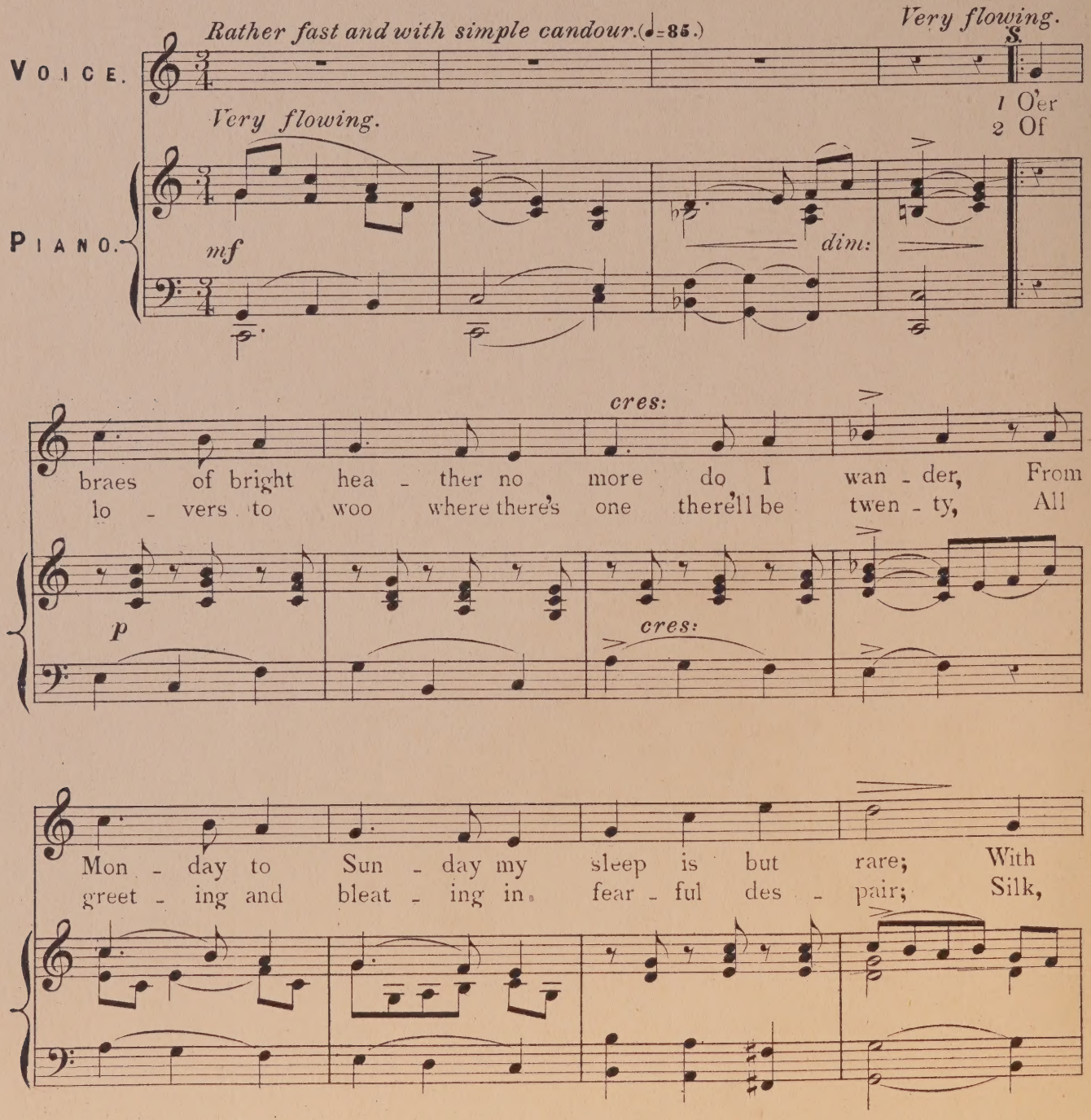
XXIV.

THE LAD WITH THE CURLY BLACK HAIR.

(An Gillie dubh ciar dhubh.)

The Words from the Gaelic, by
HAROLD BOULTON.

The Music on an old Gaelic air by
MALCOLM LAWSON.


Rather fast and with simple candour. (♩=85.)
Very flowing.
S.
VOICE.
PIANO.
Very flowing.
1 O'er
2 Of
mf
dim:
cres:
braes of bright hea - ther no more do I wan - der, From
lo - vers to woo where there's one there'll be twen - ty, All
p
cres:
Mon - day to Sun - day my sleep is but rare; With
greet - ing and bleat - ing in fear - ful des - pair; Silk,

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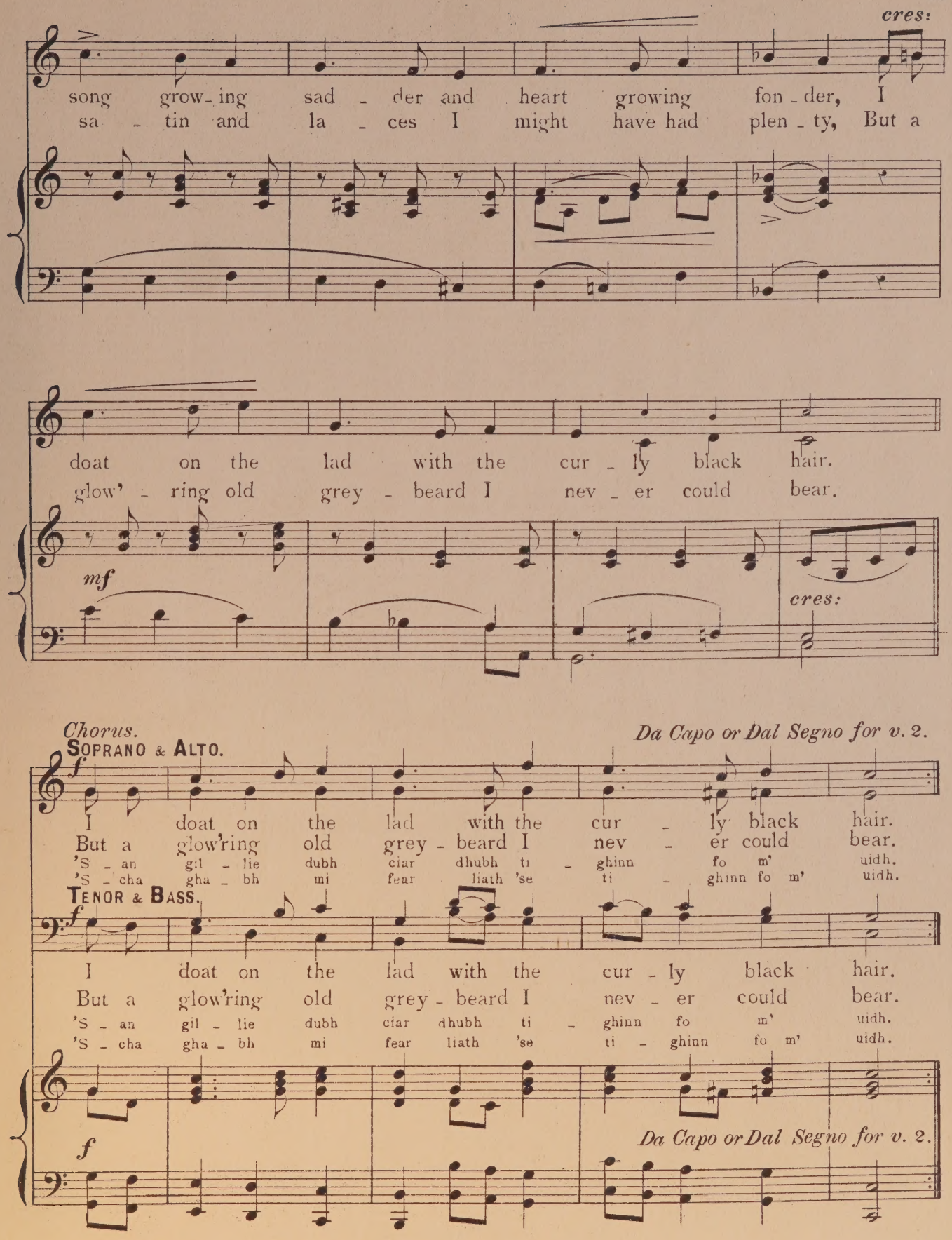
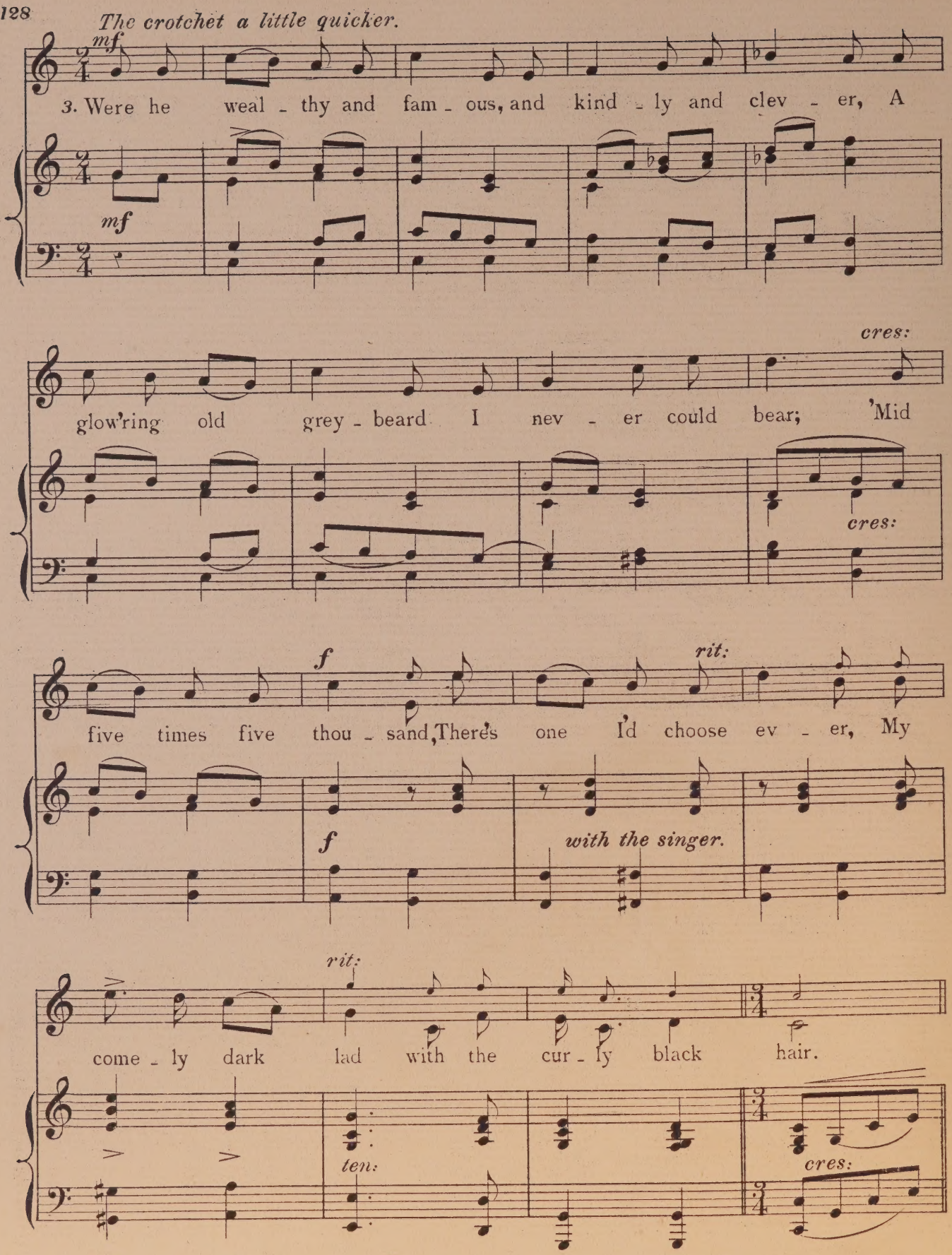
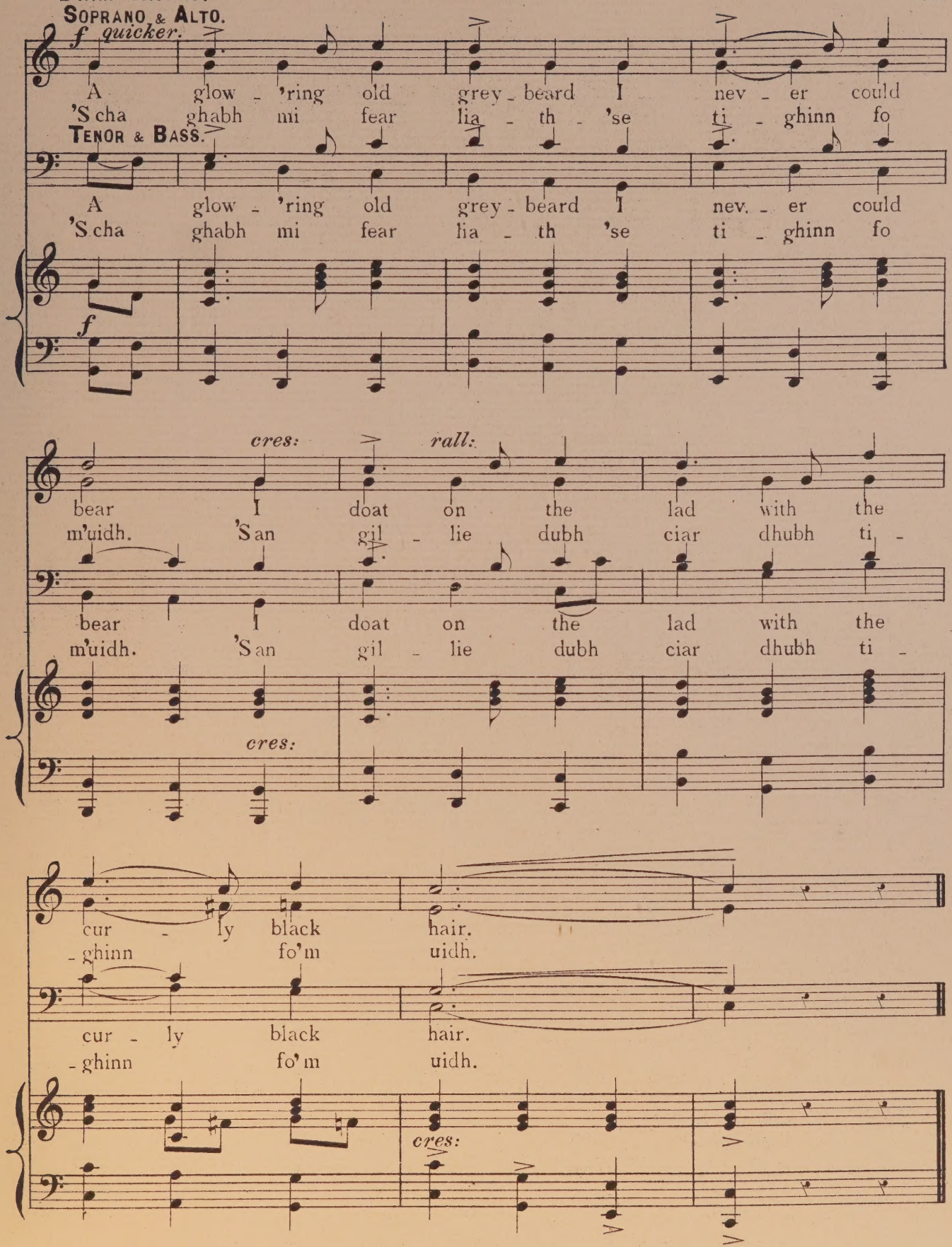

cres:
song grow_ing sad - der and heart growing fon - der, I
sa - tin and la - ces I might have had plen - ty, But a
doat on the lad with the cur - ly black hair.
glow' - ring old grey - beard I nev - er could bear.
mf
cres:
Chorus.
Da Capo or Dal Segno for v. 2.
SOPRANO & ALTO.
I doat on the lad with the cur - ly black hair.
But a glow'ring old grey - beard I nev - er could bear.
'S - an gil - lie dubh ciar dhubh ti - ghinn fo m' uidh.
'S - cha gha - bh mi fear liath 'se ti - ghinn fo m' uidh.
TENOR & BASS.
I doat on the lad with the cur - ly black hair.
But a glow'ring old grey - beard I nev - er could bear.
'S - an gil - lie dubh ciar dhubh ti - ghinn fo m' uidh.
'S - cha gha - bh mi fear liath 'se ti - ghinn fo m' uidh.
Da Capo or Dal Segno for v. 2.


The crotchet a little quicker.
mf
3. Were he weal - thy and fam - ous, and kind - ly and clev - er, A
mf
cres:
glow'ring old grey - beard I nev - er could bear; 'Mid
cres:
f
rit:
five times five thou - sand, There's one I'd choose ev - er, My
f
with the singer.
rit:
come - ly dark lad with the cur - ly black hair.
ten:
cres:


SOPRANO & ALTO.
f quicker.
A glow - 'ring old grey - beard I nev - er could
'S cha ghabh mi fear lia - th - 'se ti - ghinn fo
TENOR & BASS.
A glow - 'ring old grey - beard I nev - er could
'S cha ghabh mi fear lia - th 'se ti - ghinn fo
f
cres:
rall:
bear I doat on the lad with the
m'uidh. 'San gil - lie dubh ciar dhubh ti -
bear I doat on the lad with the
m'uidh. 'San gil - lie dubh ciar dhubh ti -
cres:
cur - ly black hair.
- ghinn fo'm uidh.
cur - ly black hair.
- ghinn fo'm uidh.
cres:

THE LAD WITH THE CURLY BLACK HAIR.

(AN GILLIE DUBH CIAR DHUBH.)

O'ER braes of bright heather no more do I wander,
From Monday to Sunday my sleep it is spare;
With song growing sadder, and heart growing fonder,
I doat on the lad with the curly black hair.

Chorus. I doat on the lad, &c.

Gaelic. 'S an gillie dubh ciar dhubh tighinn fo m' uidh.

Of lovers to woo where there's one there'll be twenty,
All greeting and bleating in fearful despair;
Silk, satin and laces, I might have had plenty,
But a glow'ring old greybeard I never could bear.

Chorus. But a glow'ring, &c.

Gaelic. 'S cha ghabh mi fear liath 's e tighinn fo m' uidh

My comely dark lad, I adore thee so madly,
I'd camp in a desert if thou would be there;
To the back of the North wind I'd follow thee gladly,
For I doat on the lad with the curly black hair.

Chorus. I doat on the lad, &c.

Gaelic. 'S an gillie dubh ciar dhubh tighinn fo m' uidh.

Were he wealthy and famous, and kindly and clever,
A glow'ring old greybeard I never could bear.
'Mid five times five thousand there's one I'd choose ever
My comely dark lad with the curly black hair.

Chorus. A glow'ring old greybeard I never could bear,
I doat on the lad with the curly black hair!

Gaelic. 'S cha ghabh mi fear liath 's e tighinn fo m' uidh,
'S an gillie dubh ciar dhubh tighinn fo m' uidh.

From the Gaelic by
HAROLD BOULTON.

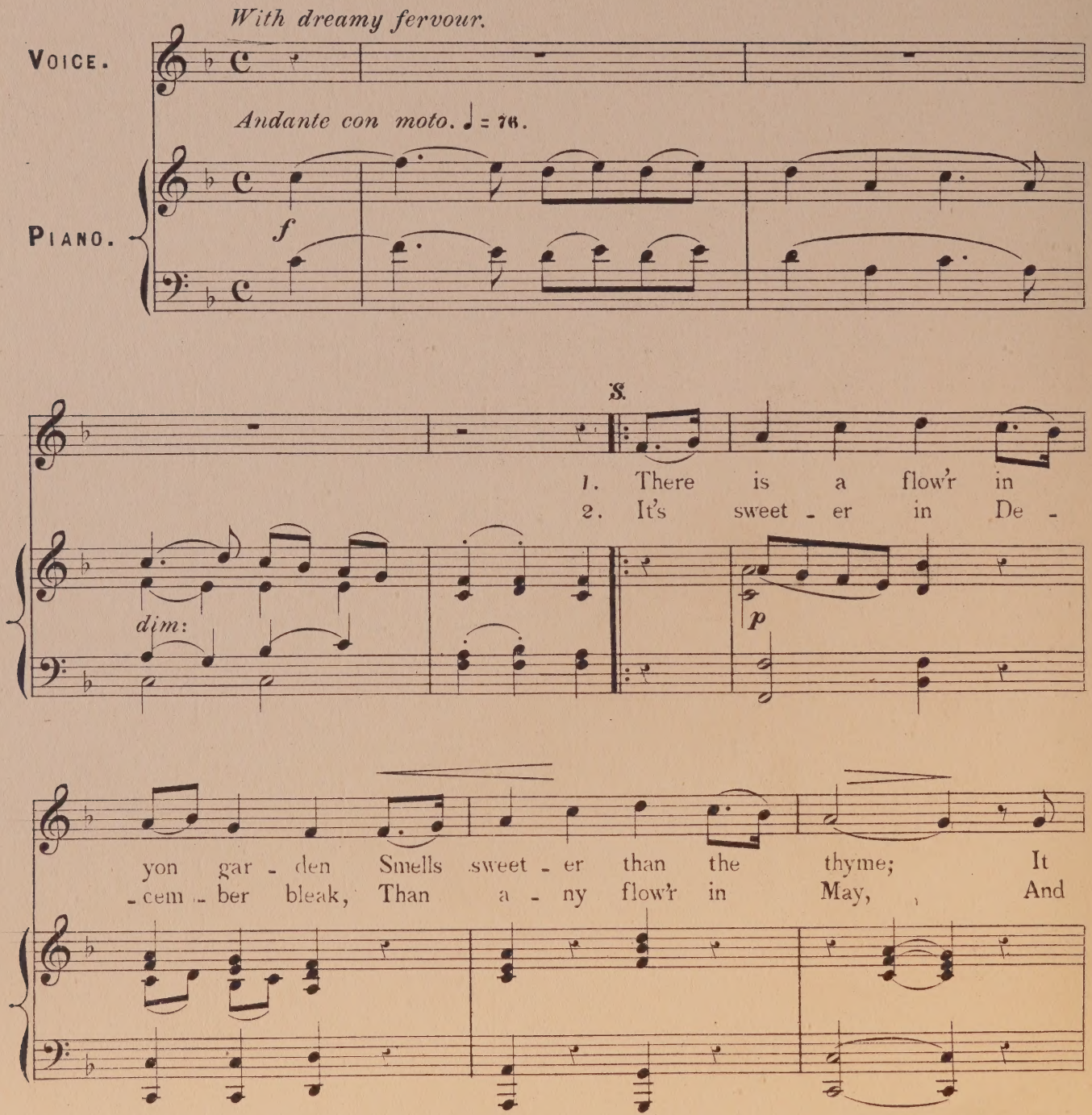
The Royal Rose.

XXV

THE ROYAL ROSE.

Words ANON.

Aberdeenshire air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.


With dreamy fervour.
VOICE.
Andante con moto. ♩ = 76.
PIANO.
f
S.
1. There is a flow'r in yon gar - den
2. It's sweet - er in De - cem - ber bleak,
dim:
p
Smells sweet - er than the thyme; It
Than a - ny flow'r in May, And

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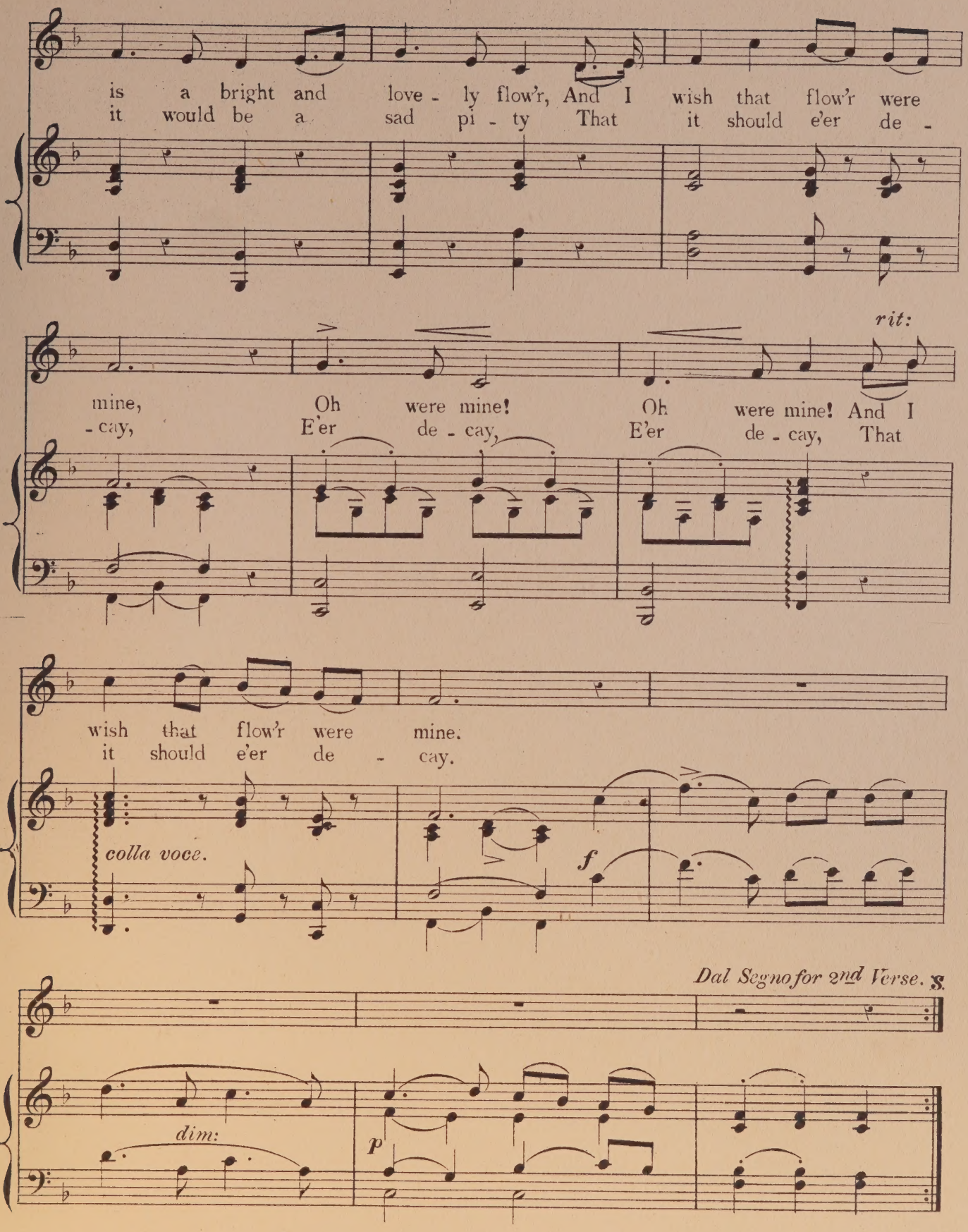
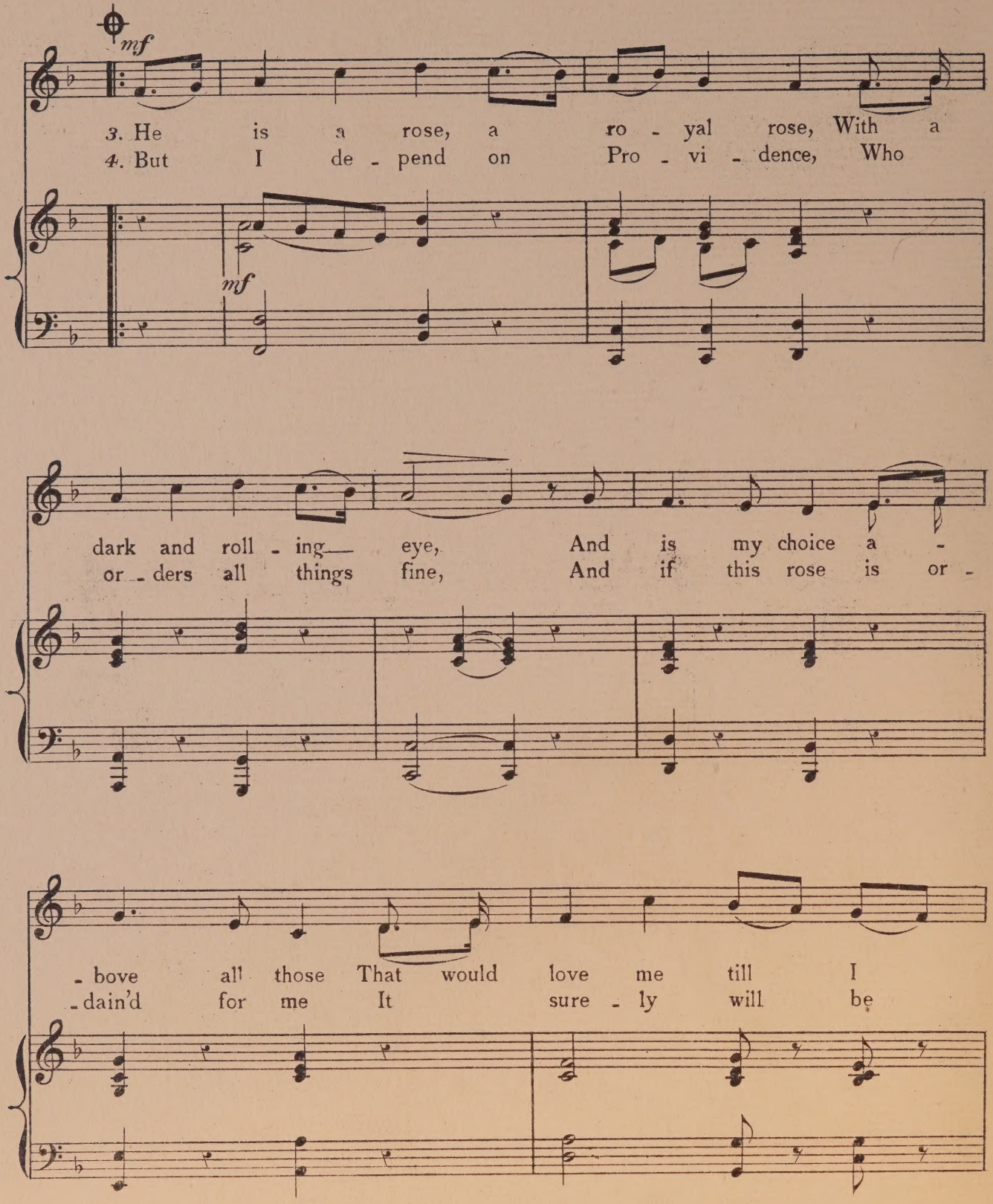
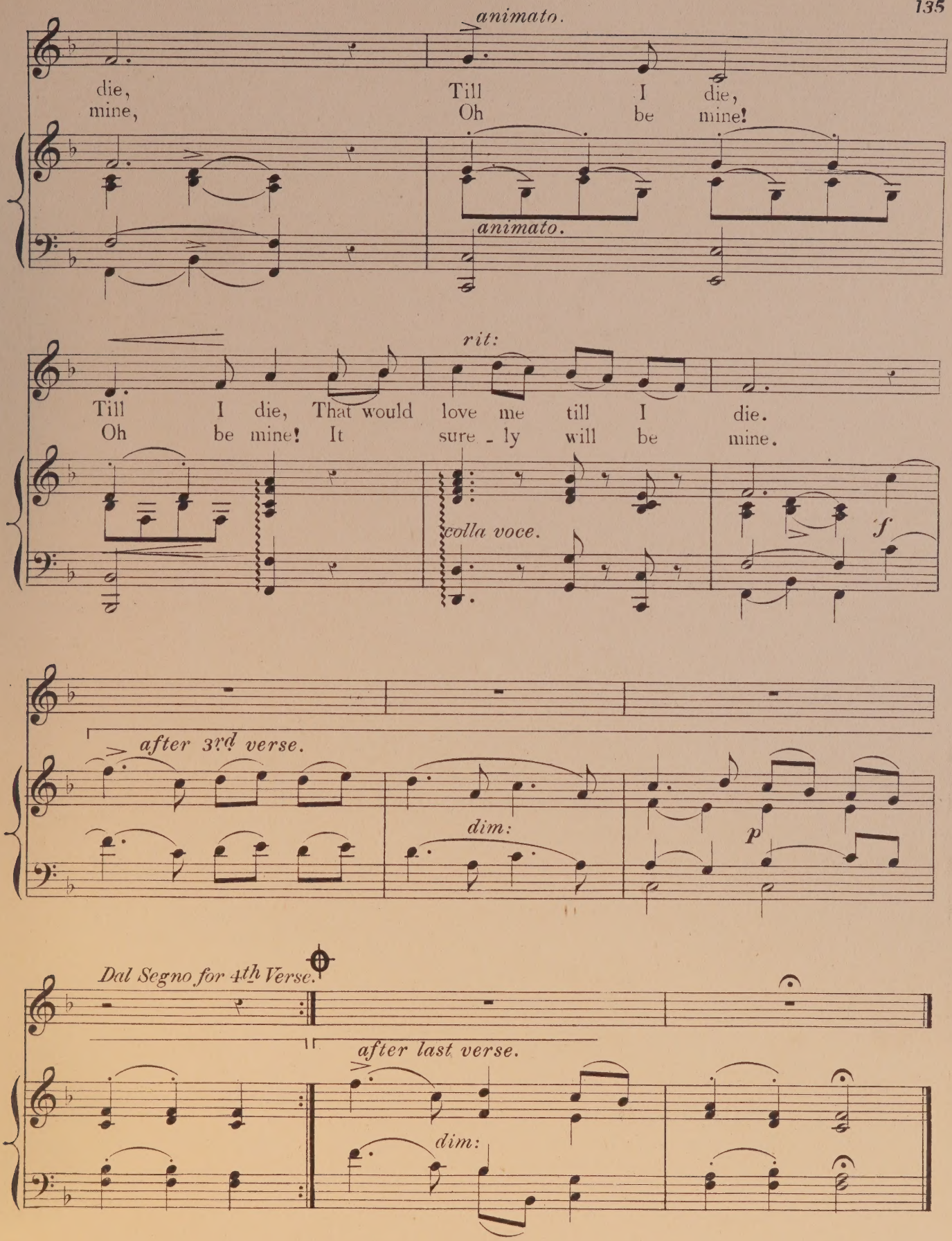

is a bright and love - ly flow'r, And I wish that flow'r were
it would be a sad pi - ty That it should e'er de -
rit:
mine, Oh were mine! Oh were mine! And I
- cay, E'er de - cay, E'er de - cay, That
wish that flow'r were mine.
it should e'er de - cay.
colla voce.
f
Dal Segno for 2nd Verse. S.
dim:
p


mf
3. He is a rose, a ro - yal rose, With a
4. But I de - pend on Pro - vi - dence, Who
mf
dark and roll - ing— eye, And is my choice a -
or - ders all things fine, And if this rose is or -
- bove all those That would love me till I
- dain'd for me It sure - ly will be


animato.
die,
mine,
Till
Oh
I die,
be mine!
animato.
rit:
Till I die, That would love me till I die.
Oh be mine! It sure - ly will be mine.
colla voce.
f
after 3rd verse.
dim:
p
Dal Segno for 4th Verse.
after last verse.
dim:

THE ROYAL ROSE.

THERE is a flower in yon garden
Smells sweeter than the thyme;
It is a bright and lovely flower,
And I wish that flower were mine.

Oh! It's sweeter in December bleak
Than any flower in May,
And it would be a sad pity
That it should ere decay.

He is a rose, a royal rose,
With a dark and rolling eye;
And is my choice above all those
That would love me till I die.

But I depend on Providence,
Who orders all things fine;
And if this rose is ordained for me,
It surely will be mine.

Anonymous.

The Sun rises bright in France.

XXVI.

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

Words by
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Old Highland Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

The Symphony slower than the song. ♩= 60.

PIANO.

ten: *pp*

p With great pity

ten:

pp

a little more animated but sad.

mf

The sun ri - - ses bright in France, and
not my ain ru - - in that
bird comes back to sum - - mer, the

ten:

mf *più animato*

fair sets he, But he's lost the blythe
sad - dens aye my e'e, But the love I left in
blos - som to the tree! But I win back, oh

cres:

look he had in my ain coun - - trie. Oh!
Gal - lo - way wi' my bon - nie bair - nies three. My
nev - - er! To my ain coun - - trie; I'm

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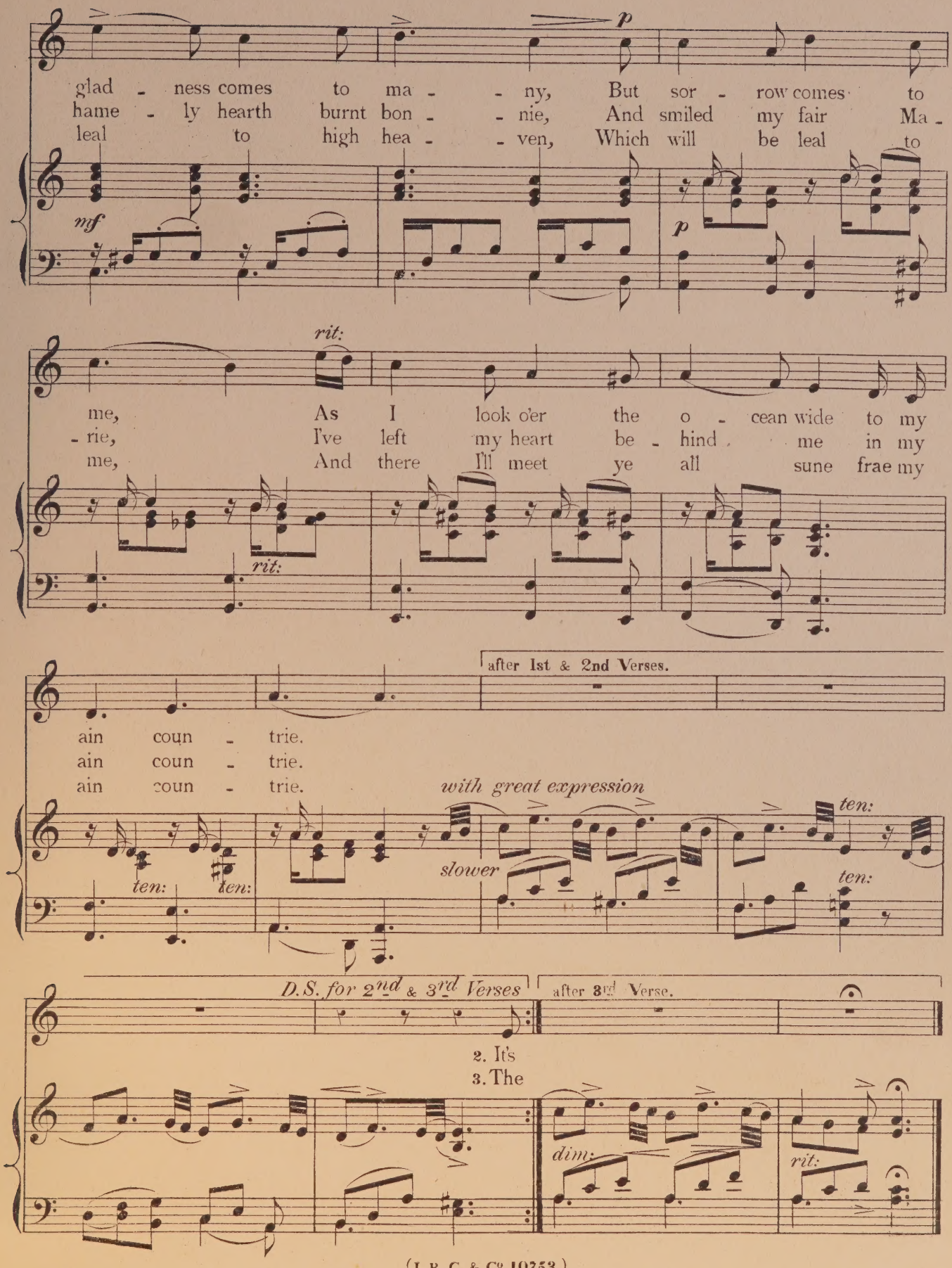

glad - ness comes to ma - - ny, But sor - row comes to
hame - ly hearth burnt bon - - nie, And smiled my fair Ma -
leal to high hea - - ven, Which will be leal to
p
mf
p
rit:
me, As I look o'er the o - cean wide to my
- rie, I've left my heart be - hind me in my
me, And there I'll meet ye all sune frae my
rit:
after 1st & 2nd Verses.
ain coun - trie.
ain coun - trie.
ain coun - trie.
with great expression
slower
ten:
ten:
ten:
ten:
D.S. for 2nd & 3rd Verses
after 3rd Verse.
2. It's
3. The
dim:
rit:

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

THE sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he,
But he has lost the blythe blink he had
In my ain countrie.
Oh! Gladness comes to many,
But sorrow comes to me
As I look o'er the wide ocean
To my ain countrie.

Oh! It's no my ain ruin
That saddens aye my e'e,
But the love I left in Galloway
Wi' bonnie bairns three.
My hamely hearth burnt bonnie,
And smiled my fair Marie;
I've left my heart behind me
In my ain countrie.

The bud comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the tree;
But I win back—oh never!
To my ain countrie.
I'm leal to high heaven,
Which will be leal to me;
And there I'll meet ye a' sune
Frae my ain countrie.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

John, the Braggart.

(BREIGEIN BINNEACH)

XXVII.

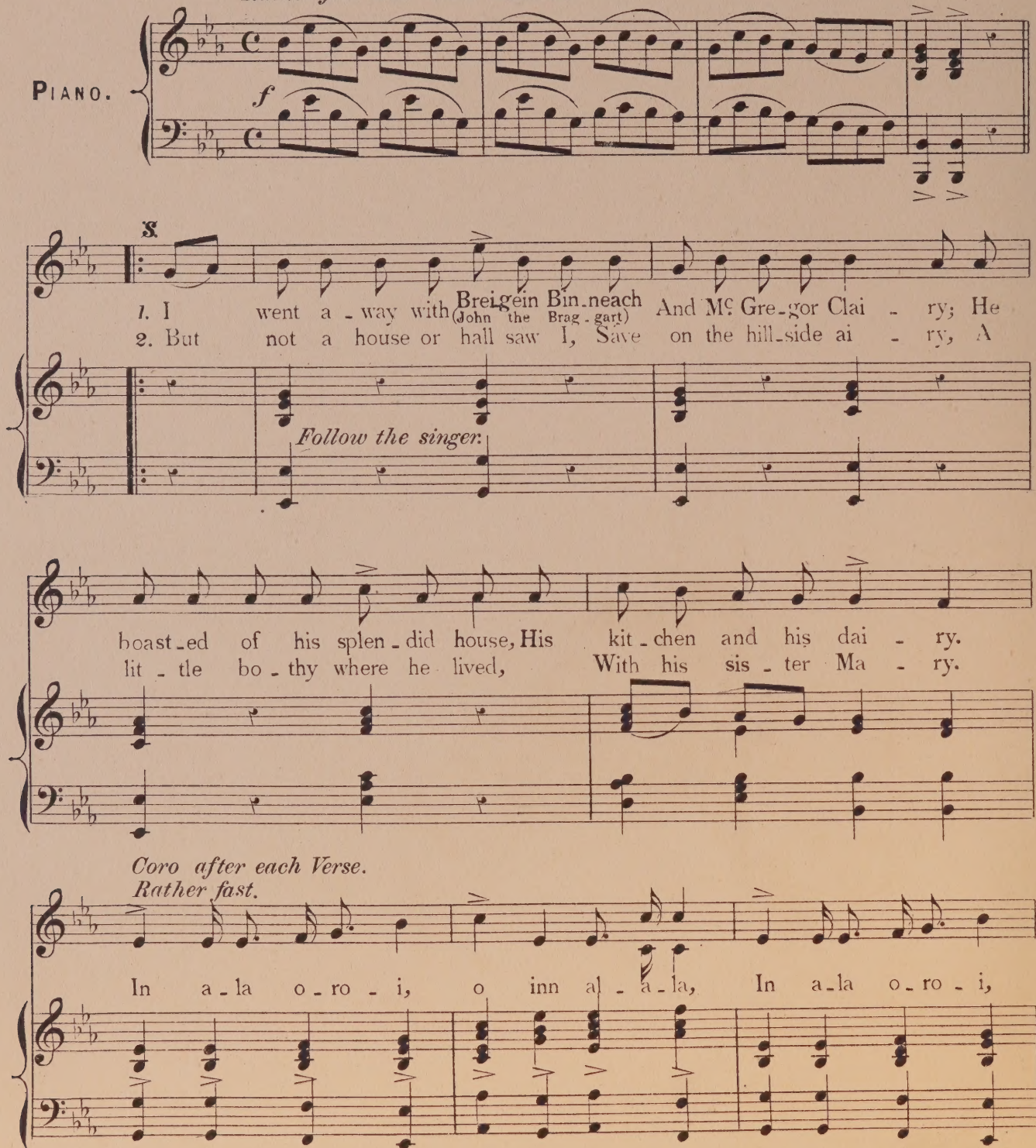
JOHN THE BRAGGART.

(BREIGEIN BINNEACH.)

*Words after the Gaelic.

An old Gaelic Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Rather fast and with humour.


PIANO.
f
1. I went a-way with Breigein Bin-neach (John the Brag-gart) And Mc. Gre-gor Clai - ry; He
2. But not a house or hall saw I, Save on the hill-side ai - ry, A
Follow the singer.
boast-ed of his splen-did house, His kit-chen and his dai - ry.
lit - tle bo - thy where he lived, With his sis - ter Ma - ry.
Coro after each Verse.
Rather fast.
In a-la o-ro - i, o inn al - a-la, In a-la o-ro - i,

* The first three verses taken by permission from "Popular Songs of the Highlands," (Glasgow, J. Muir Wood & Cº) the fourth and fifth verses by H.B.

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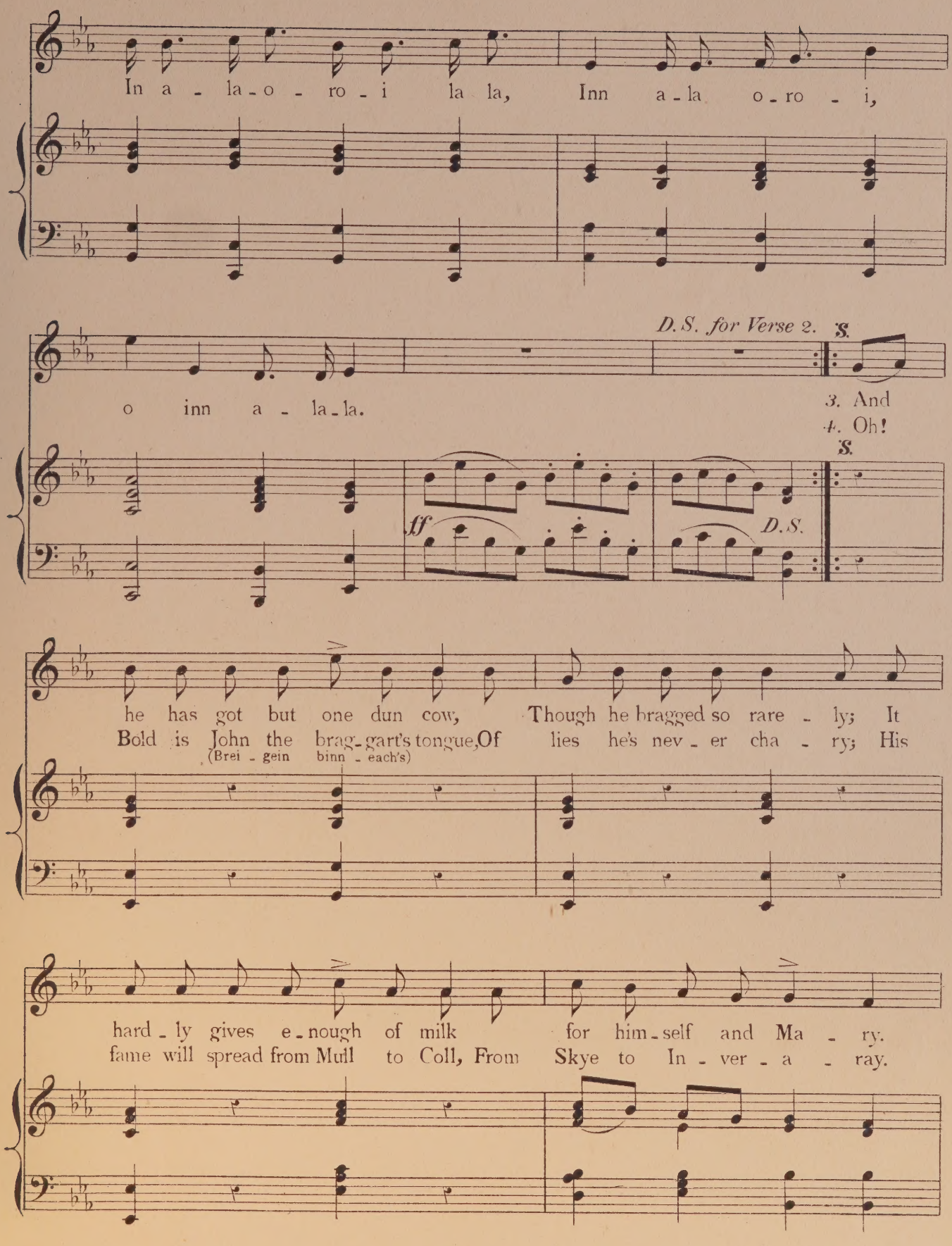

In a - la - o - ro - i la la, Inn a - la o - ro - i,
D.S. for Verse 2.
S.
o inn a - la - la.
3. And
4. Oh!
S.
ff
D.S.
he has got but one dun cow, Though he bragged so rare - ly; It
Bold is John the brag - gart's tongue, Of lies he's nev - er cha - ry; His
(Brei - gein binn - each's)
hard - ly gives e - nough of milk for him - self and Ma - ry.
fame will spread from Mull to Coll, From Skye to In - ver - a - ray.

Coro after each Verse.

Rather faster.

f

In a - la o - ro - i, o inn a - la - a, In a - la o - ro - i,

f

In a - la o - ro - i la la, Inn a - la o - ro - i, o inn a - la - la!

D. S. for Verse 4.

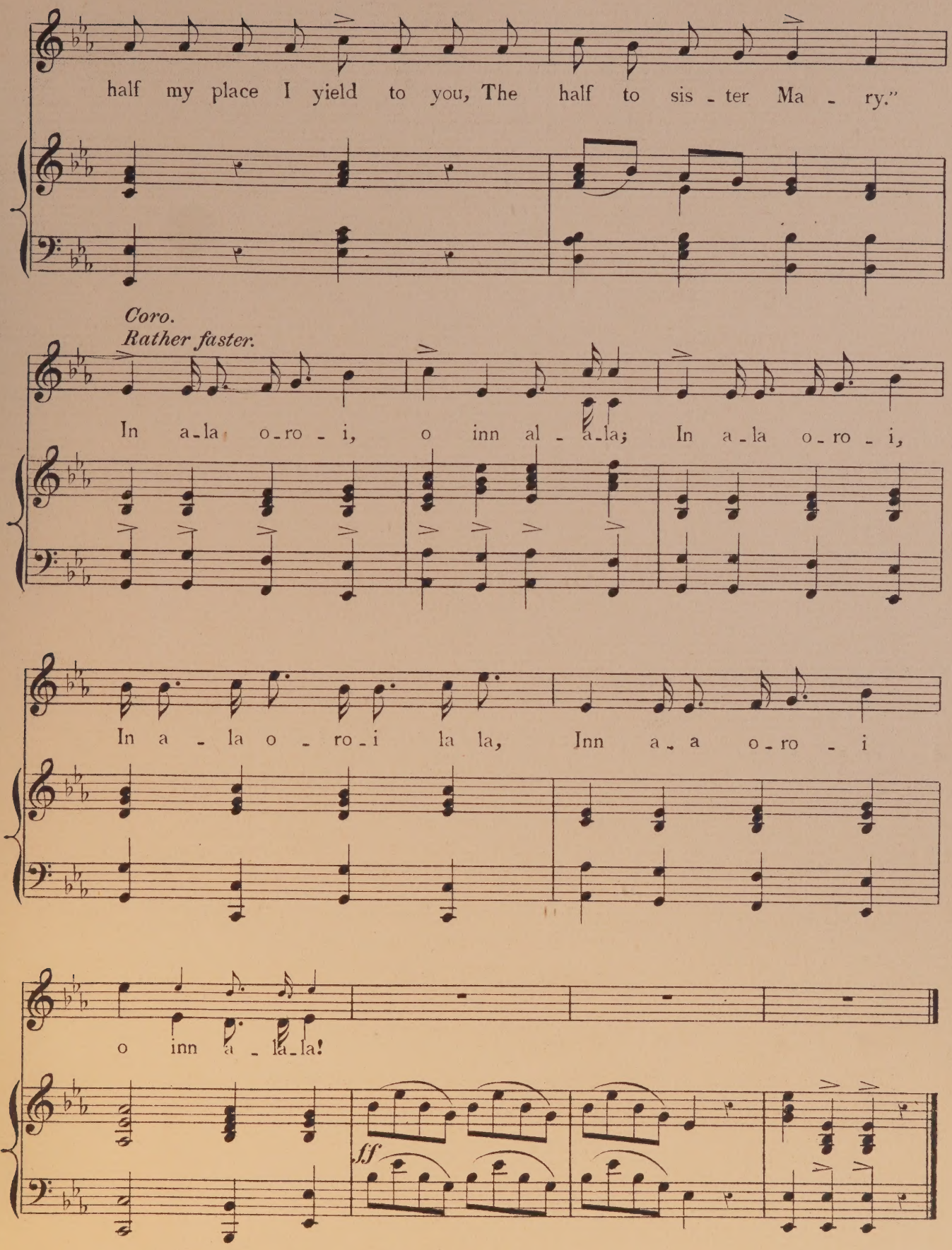
5. Till

ff

ff D. S.

when he dies the Prince of lies Says "John you've beat me fair - ly, The

Follow the singer.


half my place I yield to you, The half to sis - ter Ma - ry."
Coro.
Rather faster.
In a-la o-ro - i, o inn al - a-la; In a-la o-ro - i,
In a - la o - ro-i la la, Inn a-a o-ro - i
o inn a - la-la!
ff

JOHN THE BRAGGART.

(BREIGEIN BINNEACH.)

I WENT away with breigein binneach
And Macgregor Clairy;
He boasted of his splendid house,
His kitchen and his dairy.
Inn ala oroi,
O inn ala la!

But not a house or hall saw I,
Save, on the hillside airy,
A little bothy, where he lived
With his sister Mary.
Inn ala oroi, &c.

He has got but one dun cow,
Though he bragged so rarely;
It hardly gives enough of milk
For himself and Mary.
Inn ala oroi, &c.

Oh! Bold is John the braggart's tongue,
Of lies he's never chary;
His fame will spread from Mull to Coll,
From Skye to Inverary.
Inn ala oroi, &c.

Till when he dies, the Prince of lies
Says, "John, you've beat me fairly;
The half my place I yield to you,
The half to sister Mary."
Inn ala oroi, &c.

The first three verses taken by permission from
"Popular Songs of the Highlands," Muir, Wood & Co., Glasgow;
the fourth and fifth by H. B.

Lady Anne Bothwell's Lullaby.

XXVIII.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LULLABY.

Traditional words (17th century)
Adapted for singing.

Adapted and arranged from old Northern Air by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Rather slow and rocking (♪ = 76.)
VOICE.
PIANO.
Ba -
Would
Ba -
mp
very smooth and tender.
ten:
Ped
-loo my babe, lie still and sleep, It grieves me sair to
I had been in yon dark field, Where he lay dy - ing
-loo my babe, I'll weep for thee; Too soon, a - las! Thou'lt
p The chords in the right hand arpeggioed yet held.
simile.
see thee weep; If thou be si - lent, I'll be glad, Thy
'neath his shield; Thy fa - ther's star for aye hath set, Thy
weep for me. Thy griefs are grow - ing to a sum, God
ten:

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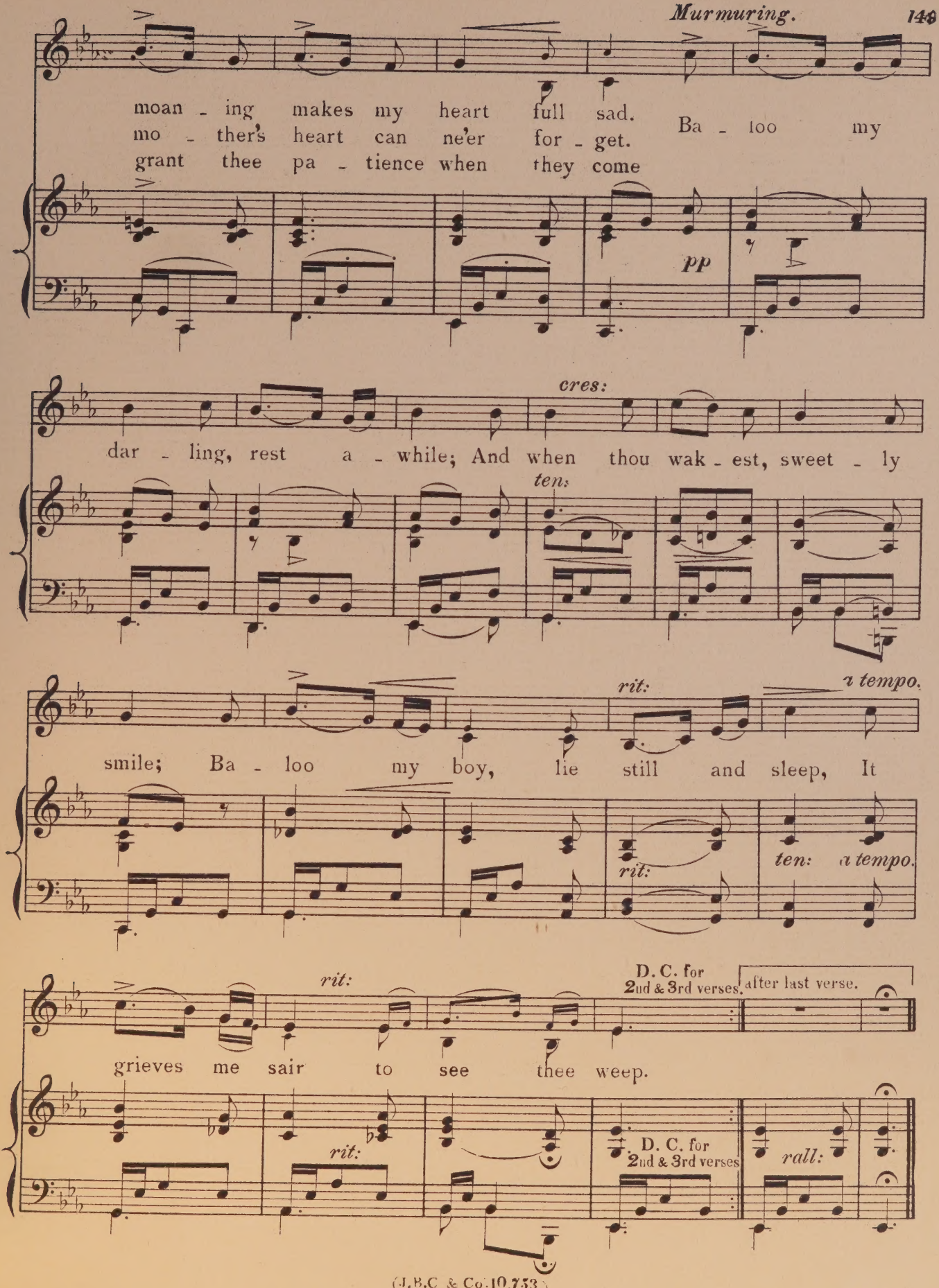

moan - ing makes my heart full sad. Ba - loo my
mo - ther's heart can ne'er for - get.
grant thee pa - tience when they come
pp
cres:
dar - ling, rest a - while; And when thou wak - est, sweet - ly
ten:
rit:
a tempo.
smile; Ba - loo my boy, lie still and sleep, It
rit:
ten: a tempo.
rit:
D. C. for 2nd & 3rd verses.
after last verse.
grieves me sair to see thee weep.
rit:
D. C. for 2nd & 3rd verses
rall:

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LULLABY.

BALOO, my babe, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to see thee weep;
If thou be silent I'll be glad,
Thy moaning makes my heart full sad.

Baloo, my darling, rest awhile,
And when thou wakest sweetly smile!
Baloo, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to see thee weep.

Would I had been in yon dark field,
Where he lay dying 'neath his shield;
Thy father's star for aye hath set,
Thy mother's heart can ne'er forget.

Baloo, my darling, &c.

Baloo, my babe, I'll weep for thee,
Too soon alas, thou'lt weep for me;
Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
God grant thee patience when they come.

Baloo, my darling, &c.

Traditional Words
(17th Century), adapted for singing.

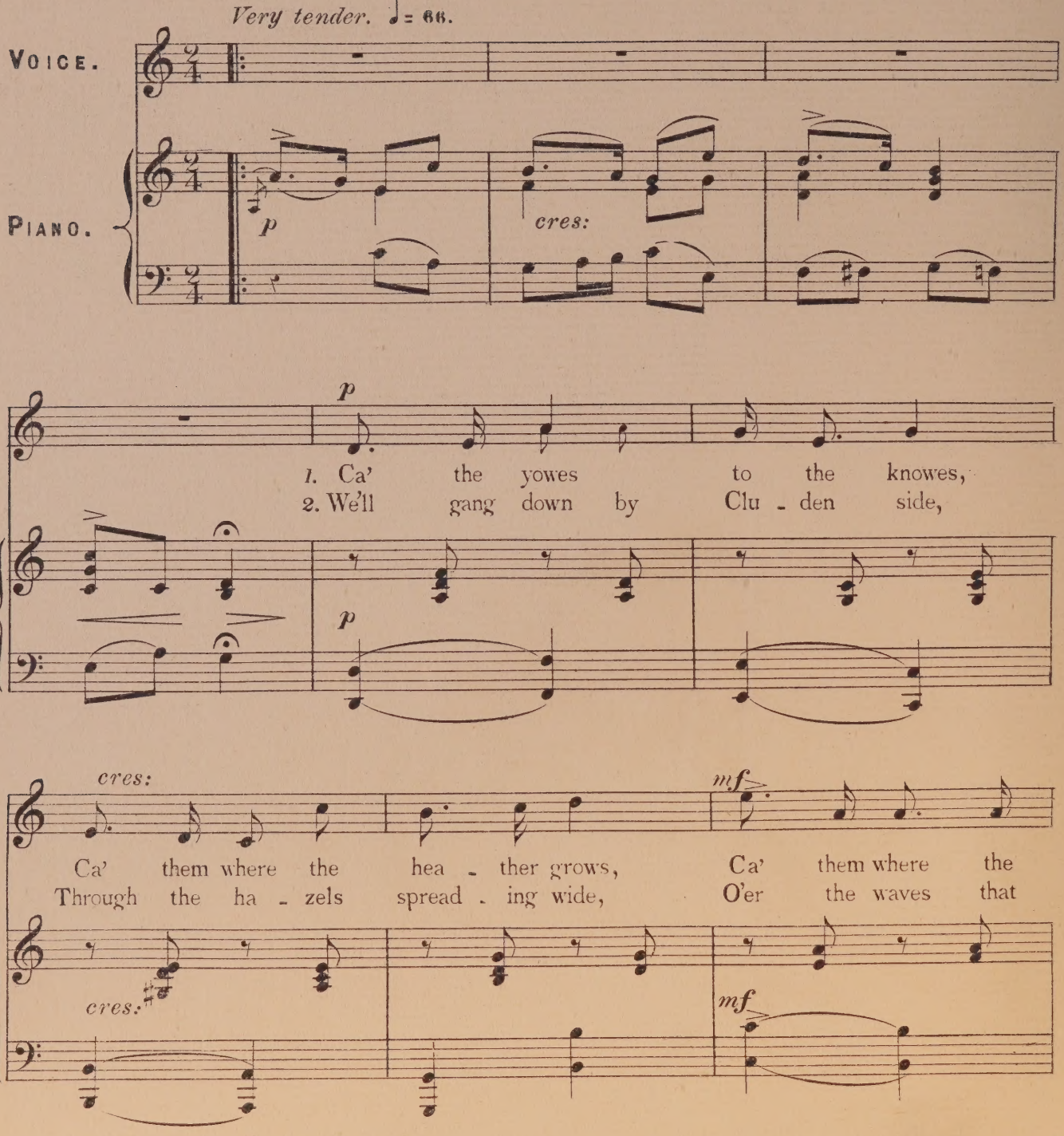
Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes.

XXIX.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

Words by ROBERT BURNS.

Ancient Pastoral air arranged by MALCOLM LAWSON.



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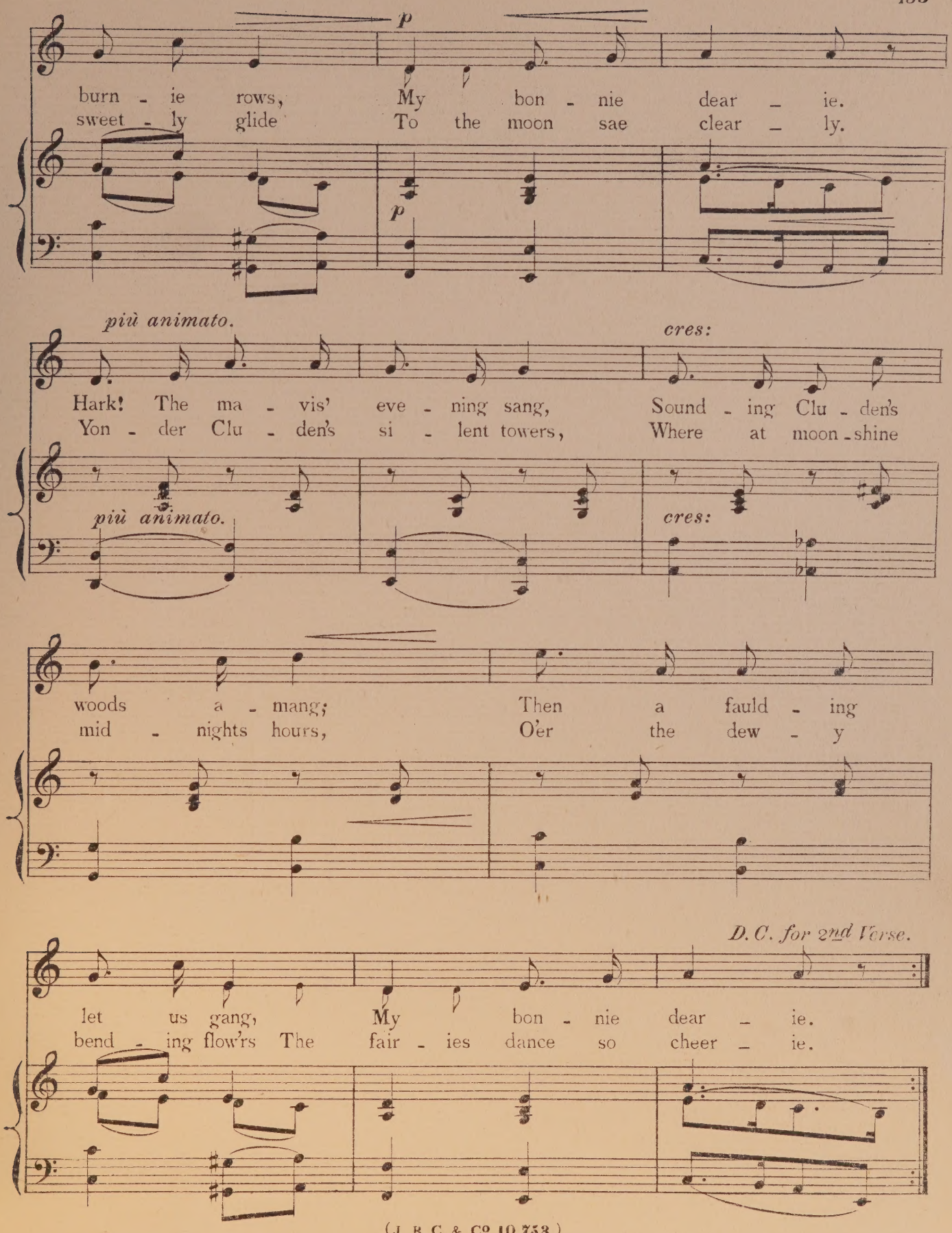
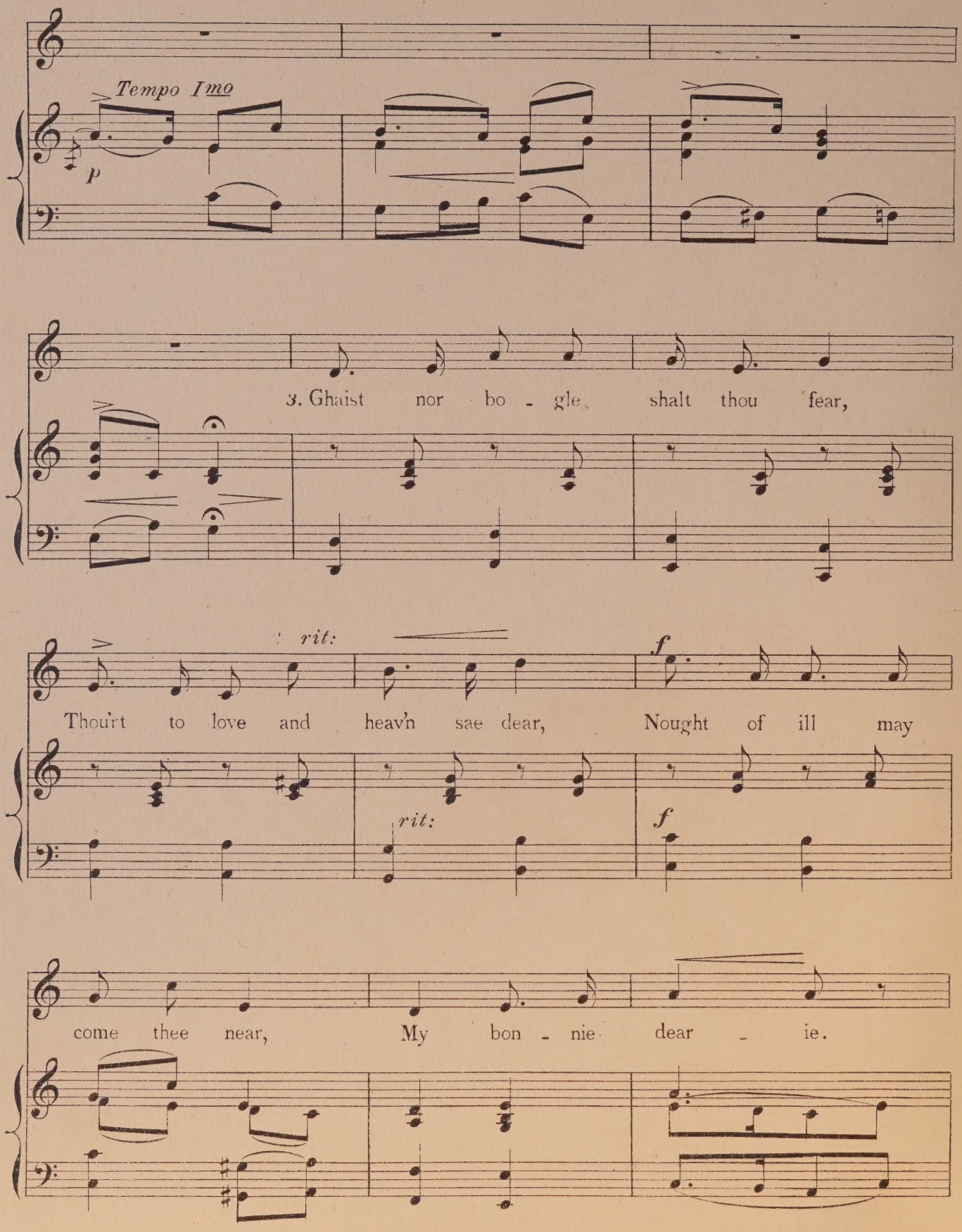
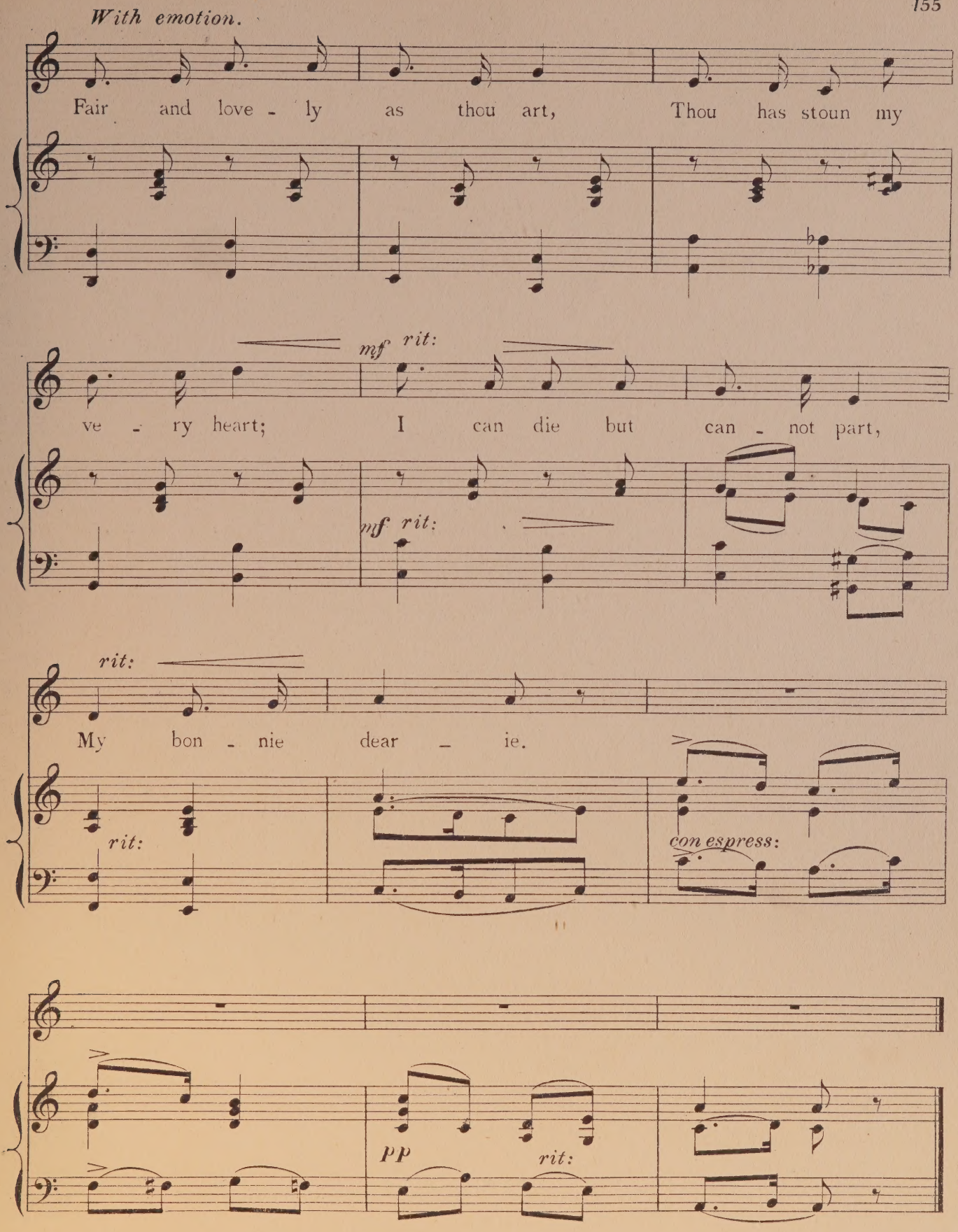

p
burn - ie rows, My bon - nie dear - ie.
sweet - ly glide To the moon sae clear - ly.
p
più animato.
cres:
Hark! The ma - vis' eve - ning sang, Sound - ing Clu - den's
Yon - der Clu - den's si - lent towers, Where at moon - shine
più animato.
cres:
woods a - mang; Then a fauld - ing
mid - nights hours, O'er the dew - y
D. C. for 2nd Verse.
let us gang, My bon - nie dear - ie.
bend - ing flow'rs The fair - ies dance so cheer - ie.


Tempo I^mo
p
3. Ghaist nor bo - gle shalt thou fear,
rit:
f
Thou'rt to love and heav'n sae dear, Nought of ill may
rit:
f
come thee near, My bon - nie dear - ie.


With emotion.
Fair and love - ly as thou art, Thou has stoun my
mf rit:
ve - ry heart; I can die but can - not part,
mf rit:
rit:
My bon - nie dear - ie.
rit:
con espress:
PP
rit:

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

CA' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.
Hark the mavis' evening sang,
Sounding Cluden's woods amang;
Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gang down by Cluden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.
Yonder Cluden's silent towers
Where, at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers
The fairies dance sae cheerie.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear;
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stoun my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

ROBERT BURNS.

The Fairy of Ben-a'-vreek.

(CAILLEACH BEINN A' BHRIC.)

XXX.

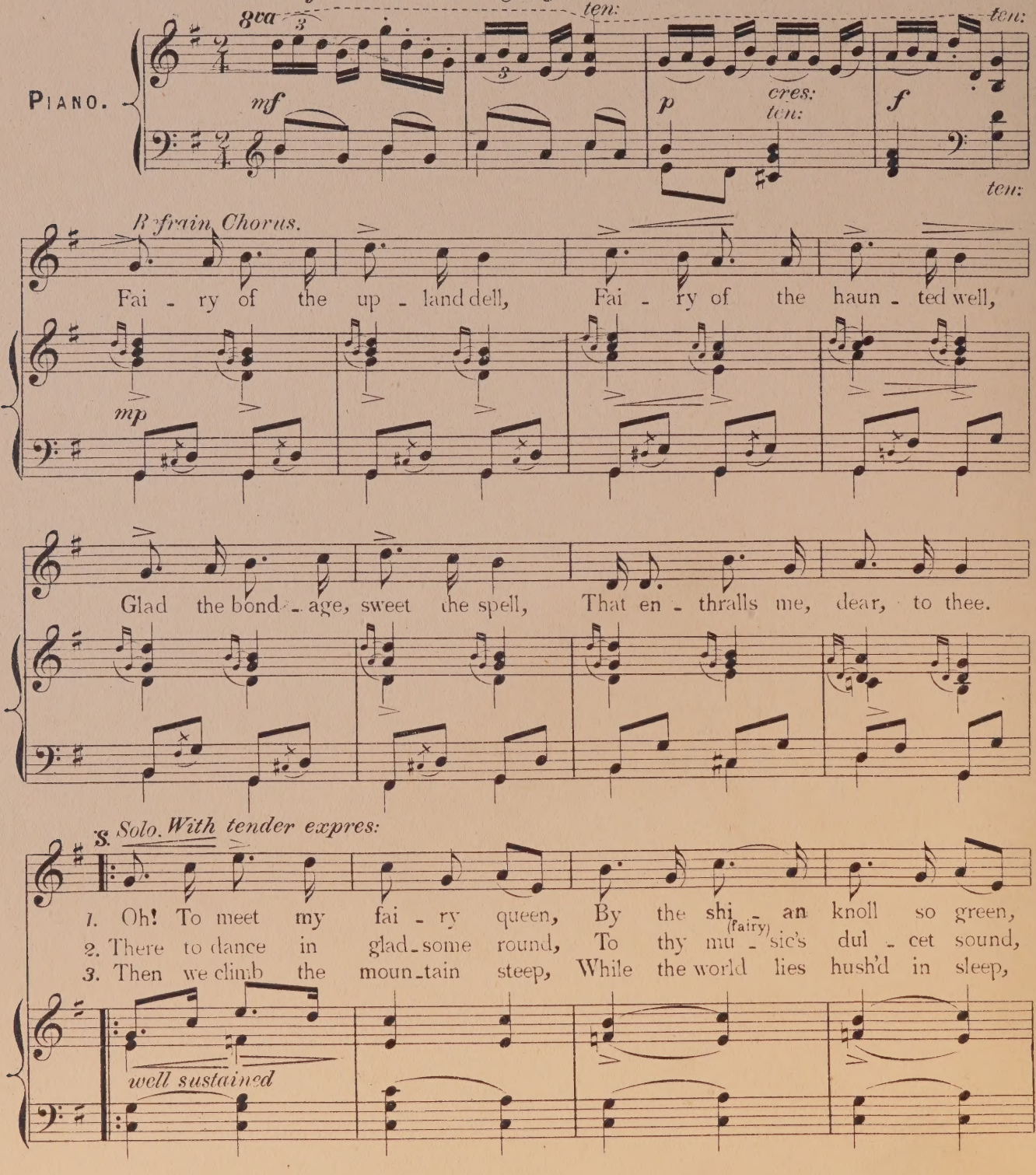
THE FAIRY OF BEN A' VREEK.

(CAILLEACH BEINN A' BHRIC.)

Words from the Gaelic by
REV. A. STEWART. LLD. "NETHER LOCHABER."

Old Highland Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Rather fast and with a light grace. ♪ = 88.


8va
ten:
ten:
PIANO.
mf
p
cres:
ten:
f
ten:
Refrain Chorus.
Fai - ry of the up - land dell, Fai - ry of the haun - ted well,
mp
Glad the bond - age, sweet the spell, That en - thralls me, dear, to thee.
S. Solo. With tender expres:
1. Oh! To meet my fai - ry queen, By the shi - an knoll so green,
2. There to dance in glad - some round, To thy mu - (fairy) sic's dul - cet sound,
3. Then we climb the moun - tain steep, While the world lies hush'd in sleep,
well sustained

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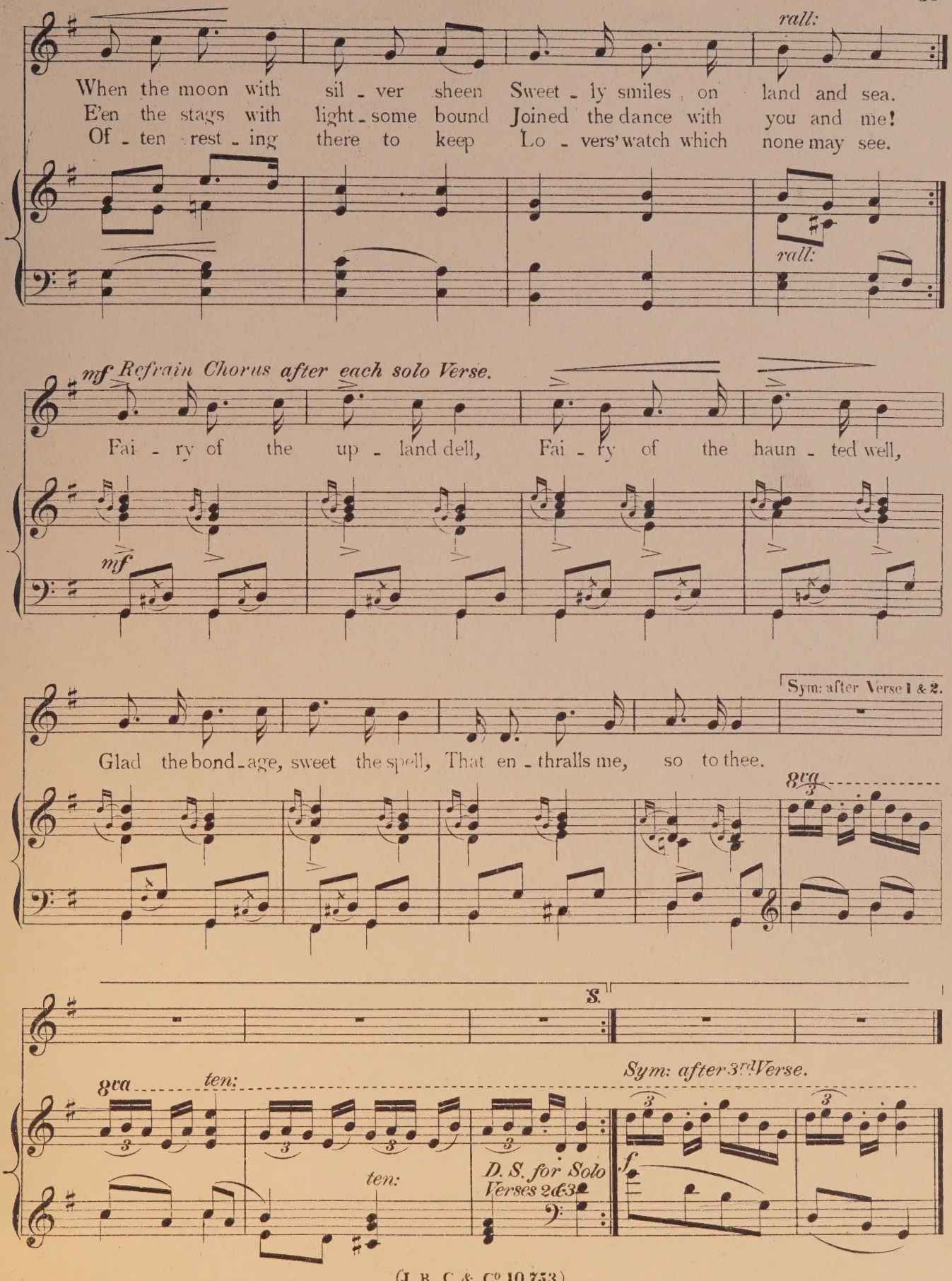
rall:
When the moon with sil - ver sheen Sweet - ly smiles on land and sea.
E'en the stags with light - some bound Joined the dance with you and me!
Of - ten rest - ing there to keep Lo - vers' watch which none may see.
rall:
mf Refrain Chorus after each solo Verse.
Fai - ry of the up - land dell, Fai - ry of the haun - ted well,
mf
Sym: after Verse 1 & 2.
Glad the bond - age, sweet the spell, That en - thralls me, so to thee.
8va
S.
8va
ten:
Sym: after 3rd Verse.
ten:
D. S. for Solo Verses 2 & 3
f

THE FAIRY OF BEN-A'-VREEK.

(CAILLEACH BEINN-A'-BHRIC.)

FAIRY of the upland dell,
Fairy of the haunted well,
Glad the bondage, sweet the spell
That enthralls me, dear, to thee!

Oh! To meet my fairy queen
By the Shian-knoll so green,
When the moon with silver sheen
Sweetly smiles on land and sea.
Fairy of the, &c

There to dance in gladsome round
To thy music's dulcet sound—
E'en the stags with lightsome bound
Joined the dance with you and me!
Fairy of the, &c.

Then we wander through the brake,
Then we sail upon the lake,
Smooth thy waters fair Loch Treig
To my fairy-love and me.
Fairy of the, &c.

Then we climb the mountain steep,
While the world lies hushed in sleep,
Often resting there to keep
Lovers' watch which none may see.
Fairy of the, &c.

All the cattle on the hill
Know my love and love her still;
She may milk them at her will
In a golden pail for me.
Fairy of the, &c.

By Ben-a'-Vreek and Corrie Sheen,
In our shieling mossy green,
I will meet my fairy queen
But in an hour that none may see.
Fairy of the, &c.

From the Gaelic by
REV. A. STEWART, LL.D.,
"Nether Lochaber."

Touch not the Nettle.

XXXI.

TOUCH NOT THE NETTLE.

Words traditional.

An old Northern air arranged by
Malcolm Lawson.

With pathetic warning. ♩ = 65.
Voice.
Piano.
cantabile
dim:
ten:
p
Ped
mf
Touch not the net - tle lest hap - - ly it
Love smiles sae sweet - ly in youth's ear - ly
See how the green leaves in sum - - mer drop
ten:
pp
sting ye, Wa - - ly sae green as the
morn - - ing, Wa - - ly sae green as the
round ye, Sear in au - tumn the
sfp

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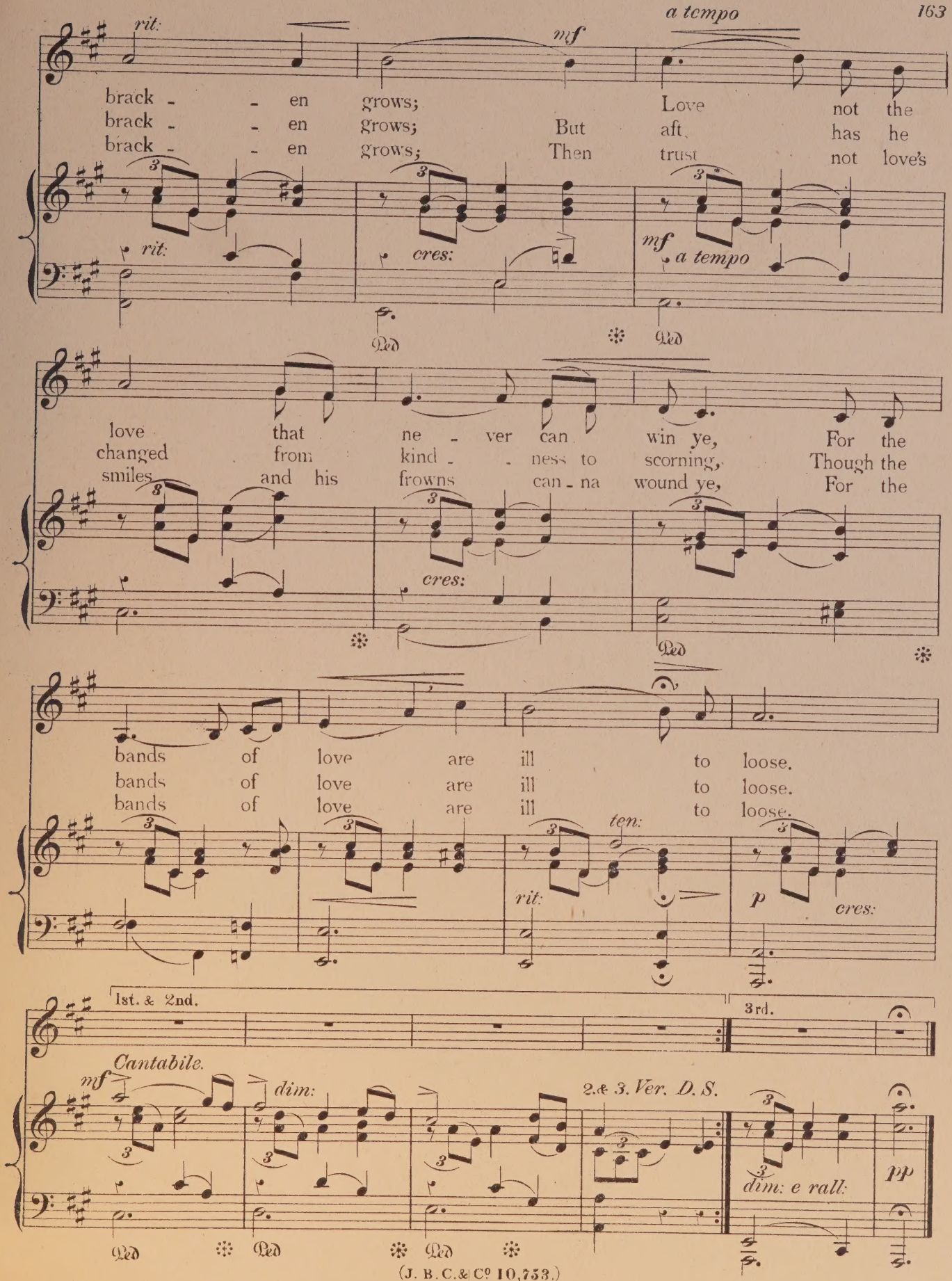
rit:
mf
a tempo
brack - - en grows; Love not the
brack - - en grows; But aft has he
brack - - en grows; Then trust not love's
rit:
cres:
mf
a tempo
Ped
Ped
love that ne - ver can win ye, For the
changed from kind - - ness to scorning, Though the
smiles and his frowns can - na wound ye, For the
cres:
Ped
bands of love are ill to loose.
bands of love are ill to loose.
bands of love are ill to loose.
ten:
rit:
p
cres:
1st. & 2nd.
3rd.
Cantabile.
mf
dim:
2. & 3. Ver. D. S.
dim: e rall:
pp
Ped
Ped
Ped

TOUCH NOT THE NETTLE.

TOUCH not the nettle lest haply it sting ye,
Waly sae green as the bracken grows;
Love not the love that never can win ye,
For the bands of love are ill to loose.

Love smiles sae sweetly in youth's early morning,
Waly sae green as the bracken grows;
But aft has he changed from kindness to scorning,
Though the bands of love are ill to loose.

See how the green leaves in summer drop round ye,
Sear in Autumn the bracken grows;
Then trust not love's smiles, and his frowns canna wound ye,
For the bands of love are ill to loose.

Traditional.

My Auld Mither.

XXXII.

MY AULD MITHER.

Old Border Ballad.

Music on old Border Air by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Rather fast. ♩ = 60.

PIANO.

Loud and complaining.

With righteous sorrow.

dim:

1. I ance was a wan - ter as hap - py's a bee, I med - dl'd wi' nane, and nane med - dl'd wi' me, I whiles had a crack o'er a cog o' guid yill, Whiles a bick - er o' swats, Whiles a heart - hee - zin gill; And I
sound may she sleep, a douce wum - min was she, Wi' her wheel and her pipe, and her cup - pie o' tea, My ing - le she keep - it as neat as a preen, And she ne'er speir'd a ques - tion as, "Whar hae ye been?" Or
mi - ther was gane, for a while I was wae, But a young man was I and a wife I maun hae; A wife soon I got and I aye hae her yet, And folk i' the warld think we un - co weel fit; But I

rall:

In time.

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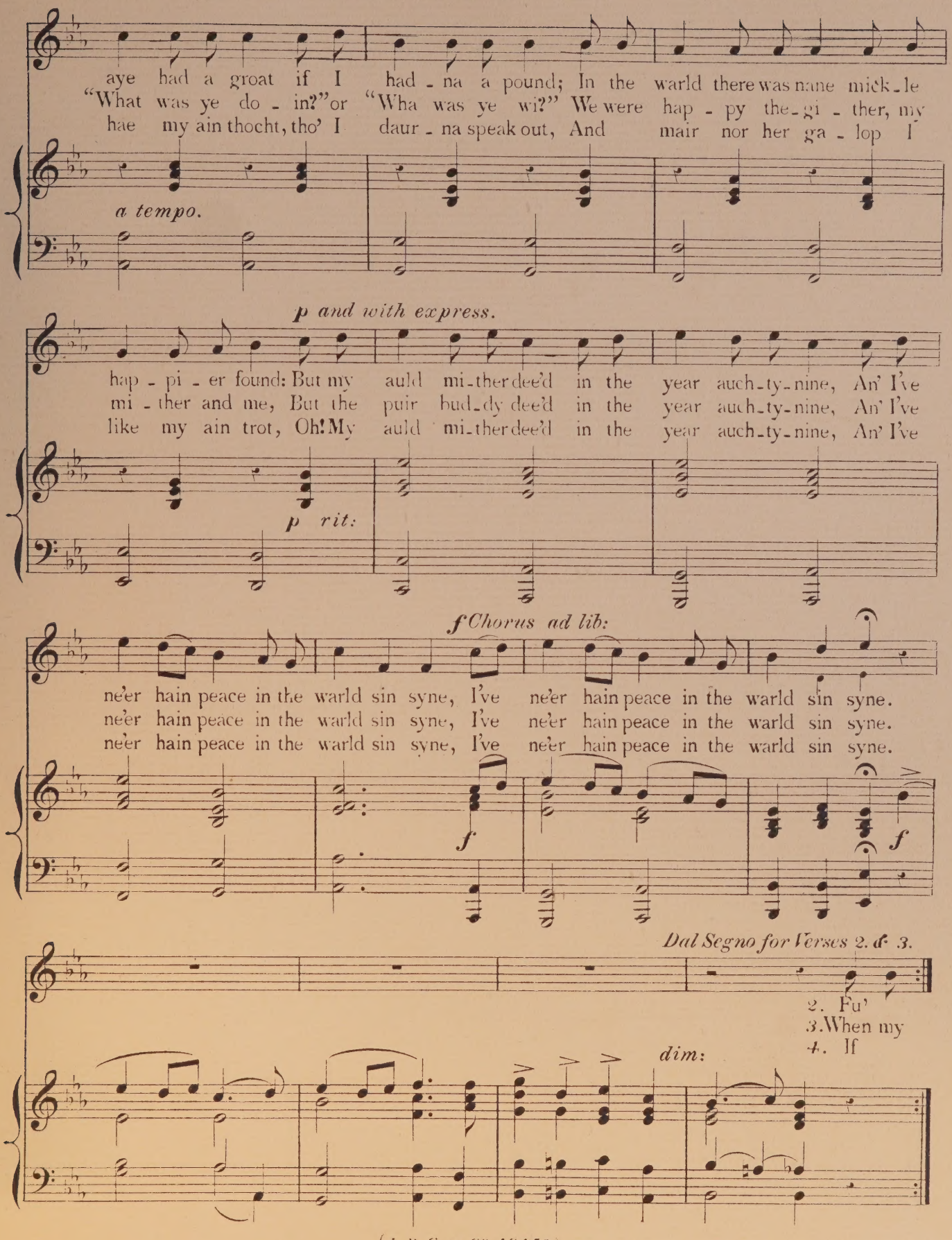
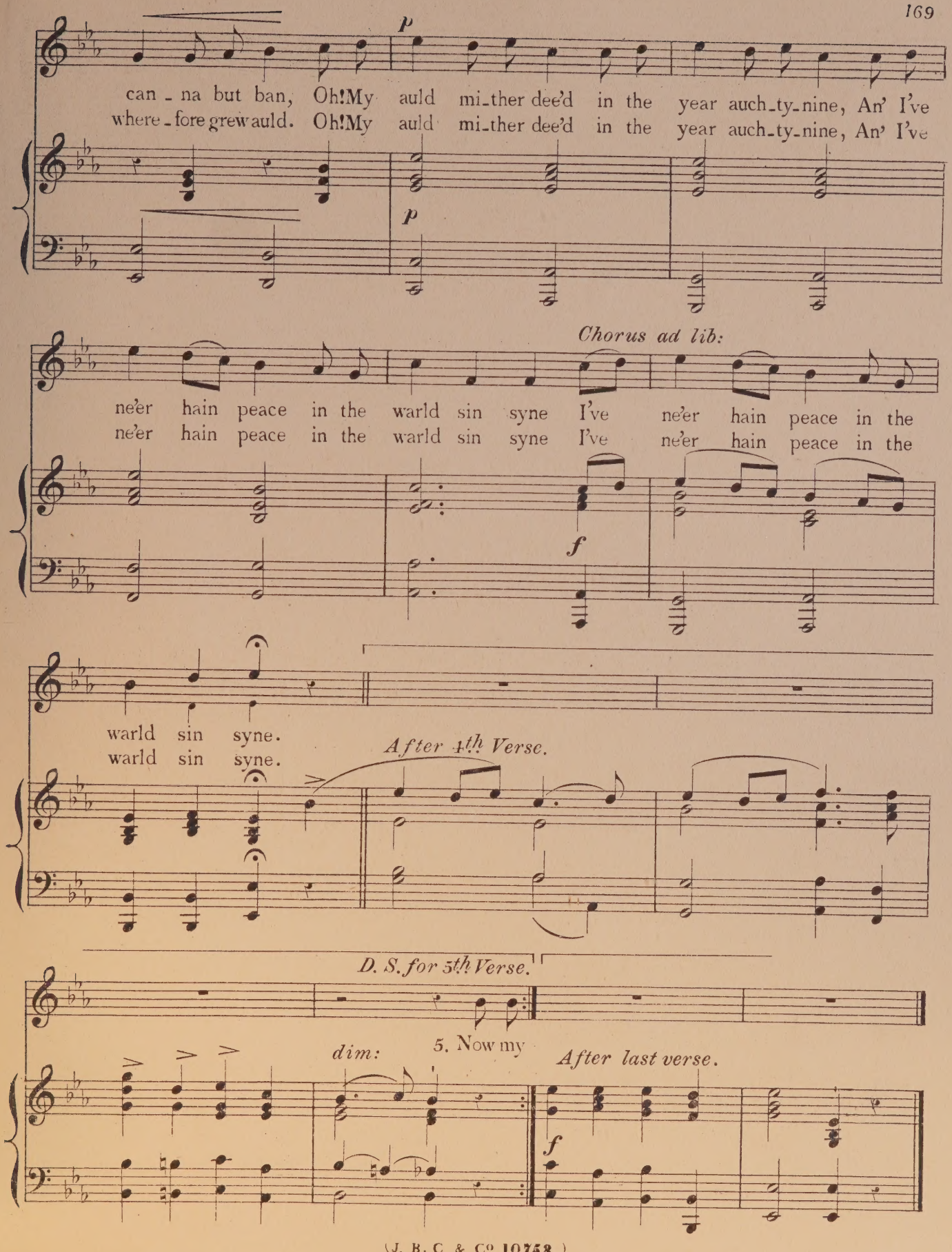

aye had a groat if I had - na a pound; In the warld there was nane mick - le
"What was ye do - in?" or "Wha was ye wi?" We were hap - py the - gi - ther, my
hae my ain thocht, tho' I daur - na speak out, And mair nor her ga - lop I
a tempo.
p and with express.
hap - pi - er found: But my auld mi - ther dee'd in the year auch - ty - nine, An' I've
mi - ther and me, But the puir bud - dy dee'd in the year auch - ty - nine, An' I've
like my ain trot, Oh! My auld mi - ther dee'd in the year auch - ty - nine, An' I've
p rit:
f Chorus ad lib:
ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne, I've ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne.
ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne, I've ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne.
ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne, I've ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne.
f
f
Dal Segno for Verses 2. & 3.
2. Fu'
3. When my
4. If
dim:

S.
4. I wi' a cro - ny be tak - ing a drap, She'll
5. gil - pie young las - sies are look - ing for men, And
yam - mer and ca' me an auld drucken chap; If an hour I bide oot, loud she'll
I'll be a grandsire or ev - er I ken; The lad - dies are think - ing o'
greet and she'll yowl, And ban a puir fel - low baith bo - dy and sowl; And
rul - ing the roast; Their fa - ther, puir bo - dy's as deaf as a post; But he
then such a wark as she's wi' her gude-man, Ye wad think I was doit - ed, I
sees their up-set - ing sae crouse and sae bauld, Oh! why did I mar - ry and


p
can - na but ban, Oh! My auld mi-ther dee'd in the year auch-ty-nine, An' I've
where - fore grew auld. Oh! My auld mi-ther dee'd in the year auch-ty-nine, An' I've
p
Chorus ad lib:
ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne I've ne'er hain peace in the
ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne I've ne'er hain peace in the
f
warld sin syne.
warld sin syne.
After 4th Verse.
D. S. for 5th Verse.
dim:
5. Now my
After last verse.
f

MY AULD MITHER.

I ANCE was a wanter as happy 's a bee,
I meddled wi' nane and nane meddled wi' me;
I whiles had a crack o'er a cog o' guid yill,
Whiles a bicker o' swats, whiles a heart-heezin gill.
And I aye had a groat if I hadna a pound,
In the warld there was nane mickle happier found;
But my auld mither dee'd in the year aughty-nine,
An' I've ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne.

Fu' sound may she sleep, a douce wummin was she,
Wi' her wheel and her pipe and her cuppie o' tea.
My ingle she keepit as neat as a preen,
And she ne'er speired a question as—"Whar hae ye been?"
Or, "What was ye doin'?" or, "Wha was ye wi'?"
We were happy thegither, my mither and me;
But the puir buddy dee d in the year aughty-nine,
And I've ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne.

When my mither was gane, for a while I was wae,
But a young man was I and a wife I maun hae.
A wife soon I got, and I aye hae her yet,
And folk i' the warld think we unco weel fit;
But I hae my ain thocht, tho' I daurna speak out,
And mair nor her galop I like my ain trot.
Oh! My auld mither dee'd in the year aughty-nine,
An' I've ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne.

If I wi' a crony be taking a drap,
She'll yammer and ca' me an auld drucken chap;
If an hour I bide oot, loud she'll greet and she'll yowl,
And ban a puir fellow baith body and sowl;
And *then* such a wark as she's wi' her gudeman,
Ye wad think I was doited, I couldna but ban.
Oh! My auld mither dee'd in the year aughty-nine,
An' I've ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne.

Our young gilpie lassies are looking for men,
And I'll be a grandsire or ever I ken;
Our laddies are thinking o' ruling the roast,
When their faither, puir buddy's, as deef as a post;
But he knows their upsetting sae crouse and sae bauld—
Oh! Why did I marry and wherefore grew auld?
Oh! My auld mither dee'd in the yea aughty-nine,
An' I've ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne.

Old Border Ballad.

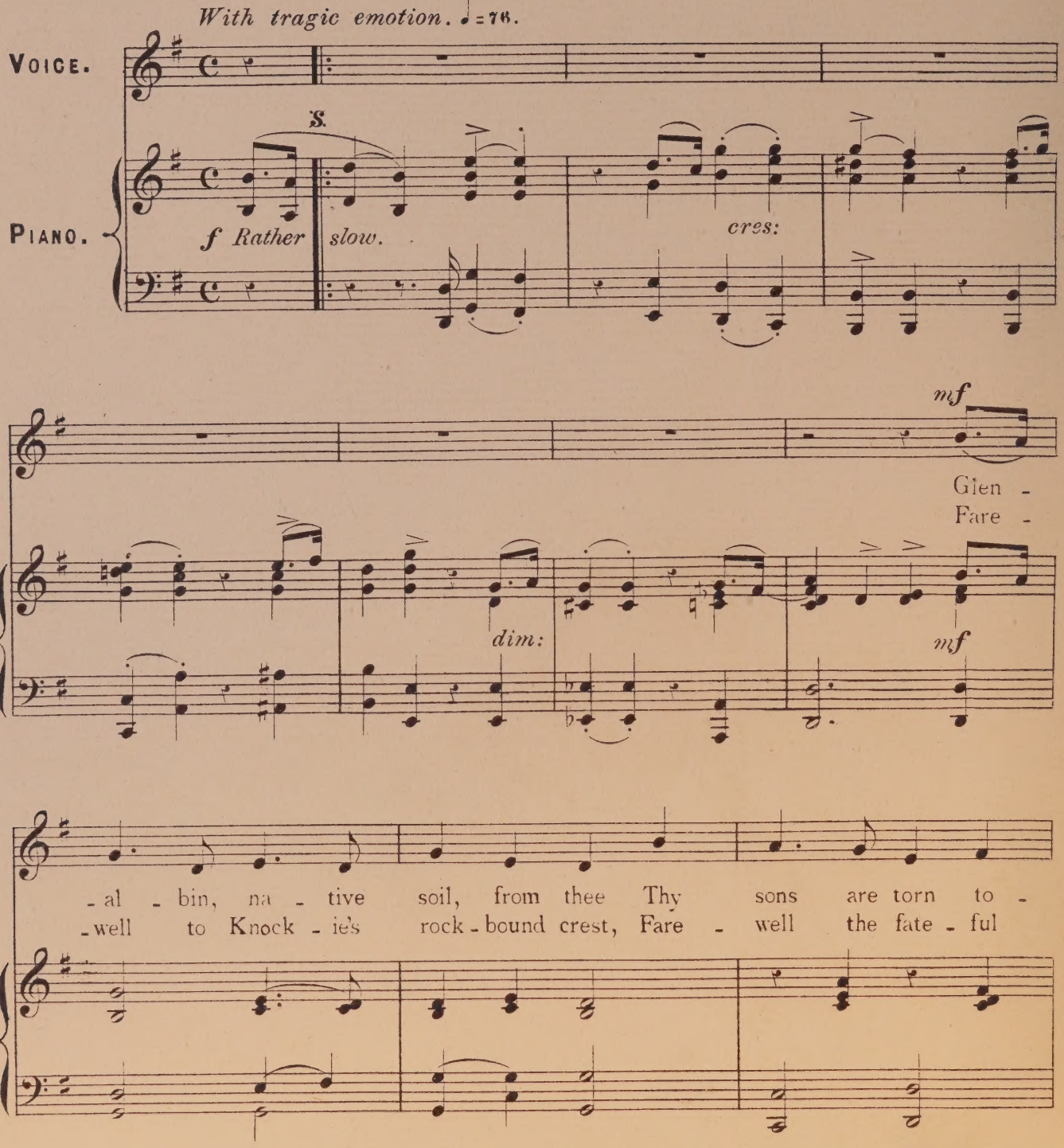
Farewell Glenalbin.

XXXIII.

FAREWELL GLENALBIN.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Music on an old Gaelic theme arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.



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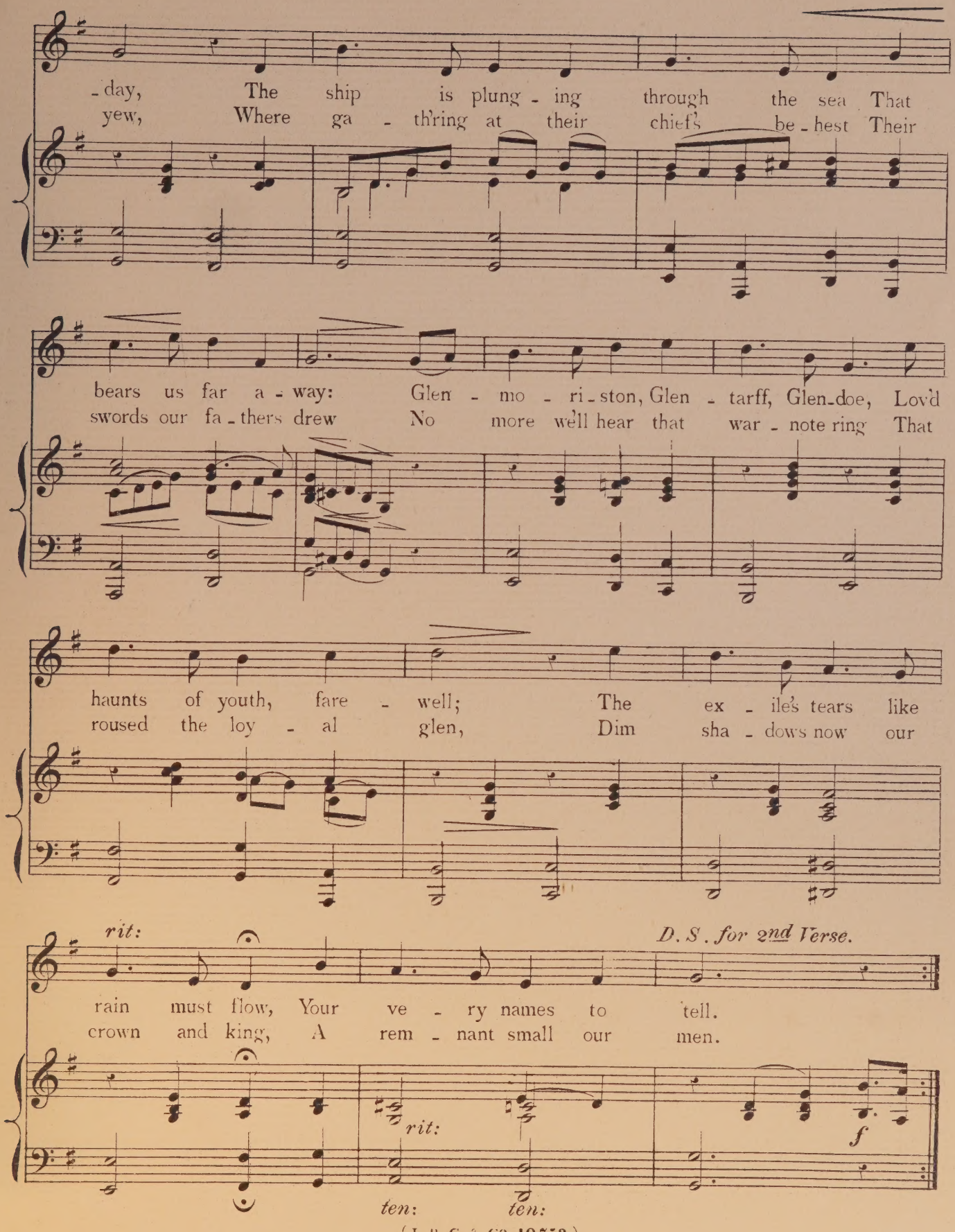
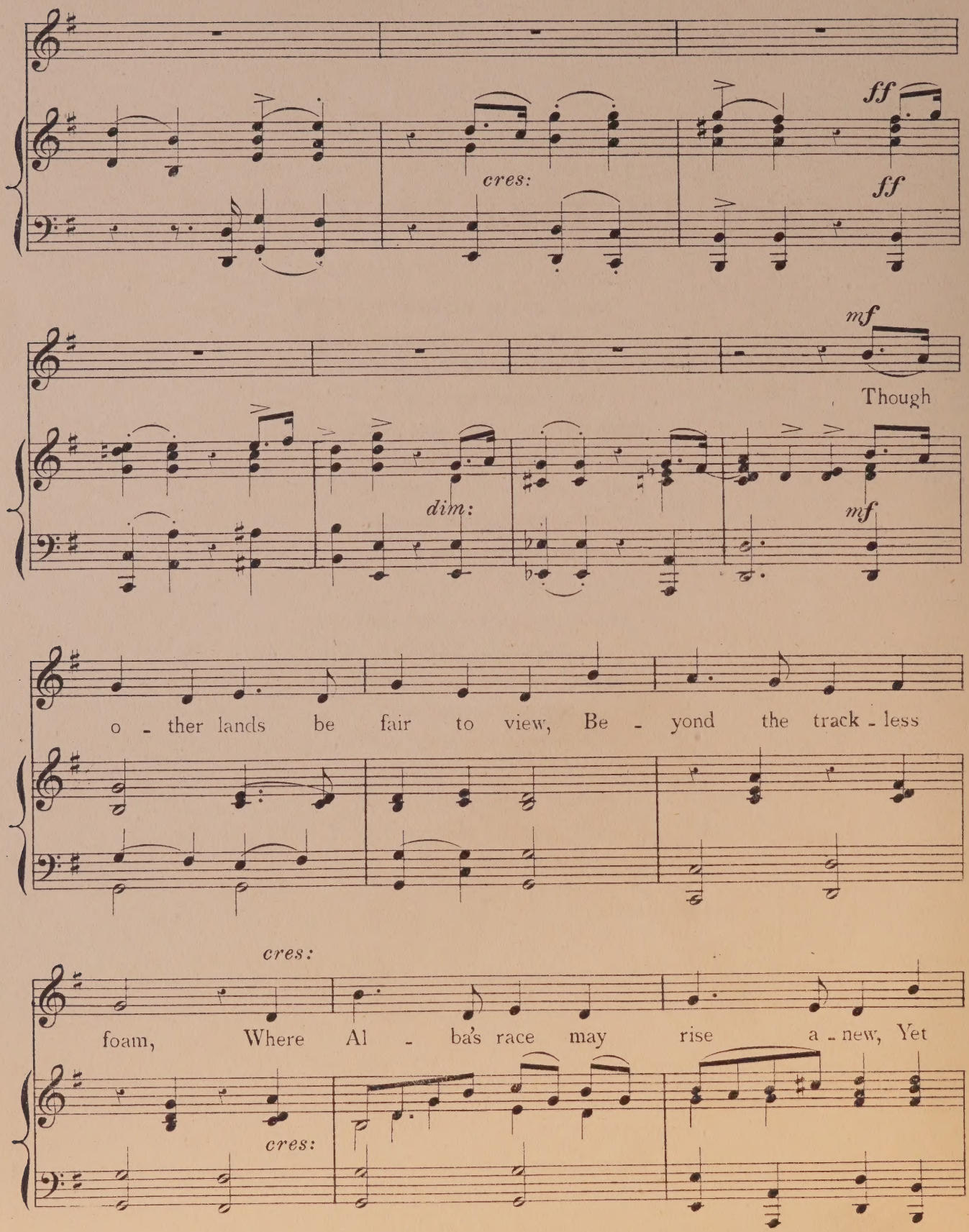
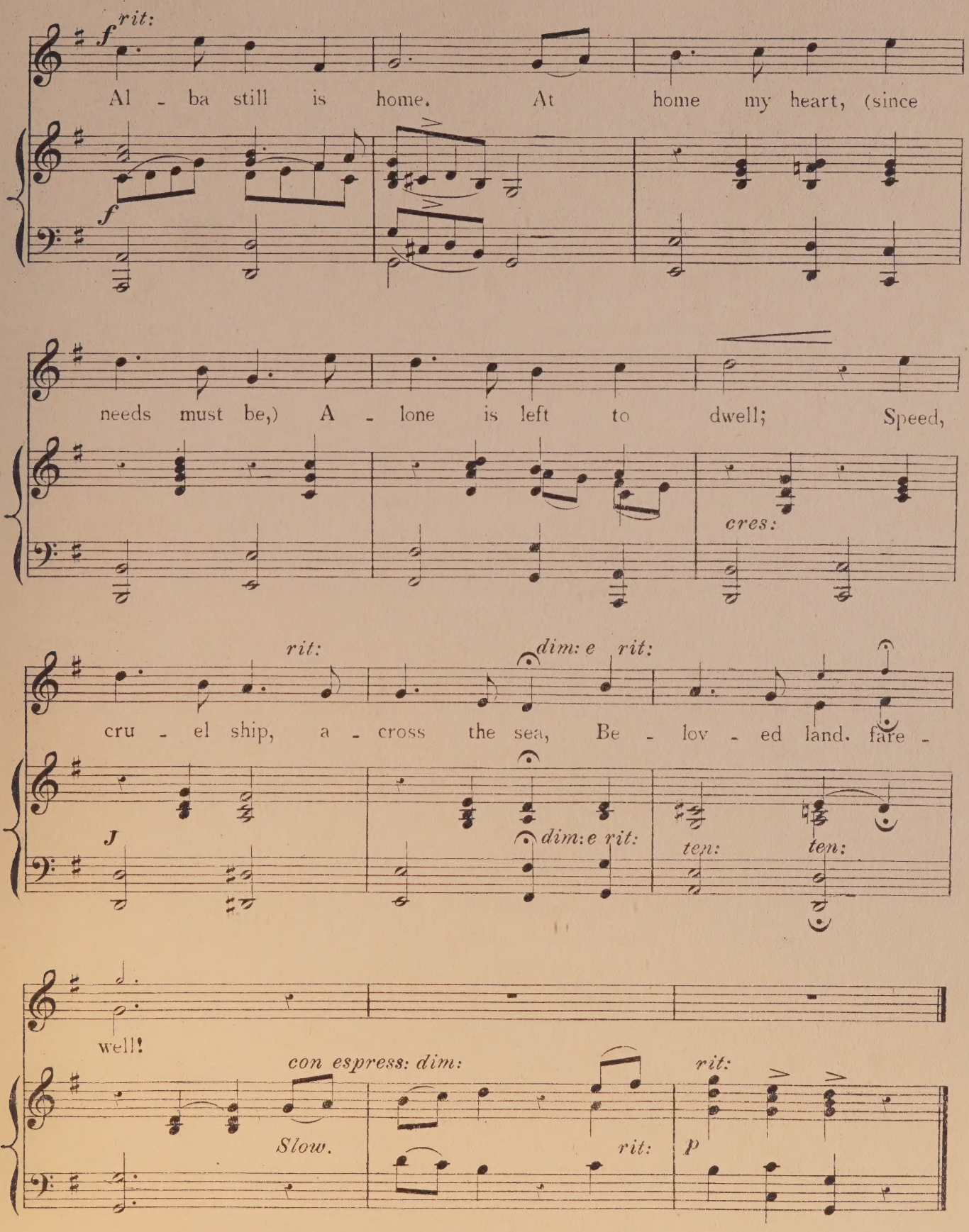

-day, The ship is plung - ing through the sea That
yew, Where ga - th'ring at their chief's be - hest Their
bears us far a - way: Glen - mo - ri - ston, Glen - tarff, Glen-doe, Lov'd
swords our fa - thers drew No more we'll hear that war - note ring That
haunts of youth, fare - well; The ex - ile's tears like
roused the loy - al glen, Dim sha - dows now our
rit:
D. S. for 2nd Verse.
rain must flow, Your ve - ry names to tell.
crown and king, A rem - nant small our men.
rit:
f
ten: ten:

(J. B. C. & Co. 10,753.)


ff
cres:
ff
mf
Though
dim:
mf
o - ther lands be fair to view, Be - yond the track - less
cres:
foam, Where Al - ba's race may rise a - new, Yet
cres:


f rit:
Al - ba still is home. At home my heart, (since
f
needs must be,) A - lone is left to dwell; Speed,
cres:
rit:
dim: e rit:
cru - el ship, a - cross the sea, Be - lov - ed land. fare -
J
dim: e rit:
ten: ten:
well!
con espress: dim:
rit:
Slow.
rit:
p

FAREWELL GLENALBIN.

GLENALBIN, native soil, from thee
Thy sons are torn to-day;
The ship is plunging through the sea
That bears us far away.
Glenmoriston, Glentarff, Glendoe,
Loved haunts of youth farewell;
The exile's tears like rain must flow
Your very names to tell.

Farewell to Knockie's rock-bound crest,
Farewell the fateful yew,
Where, gathering at their chief's behest,
Their swords our fathers drew.
No more we'll hear that war-note ring
That roused the loyal glen;
Dim shadows now our crown and king,
A remnant small our men.

Though other lands be fair to view
Beyond the trackless foam,
Where Alba's race may rise anew,
Yet Alba still is home.
At home my heart, since needs must be,
Alone is left to dwell;
Speed, cruel ship, across the sea,
Beloved land, farewell!

HAROLD BOULTON.

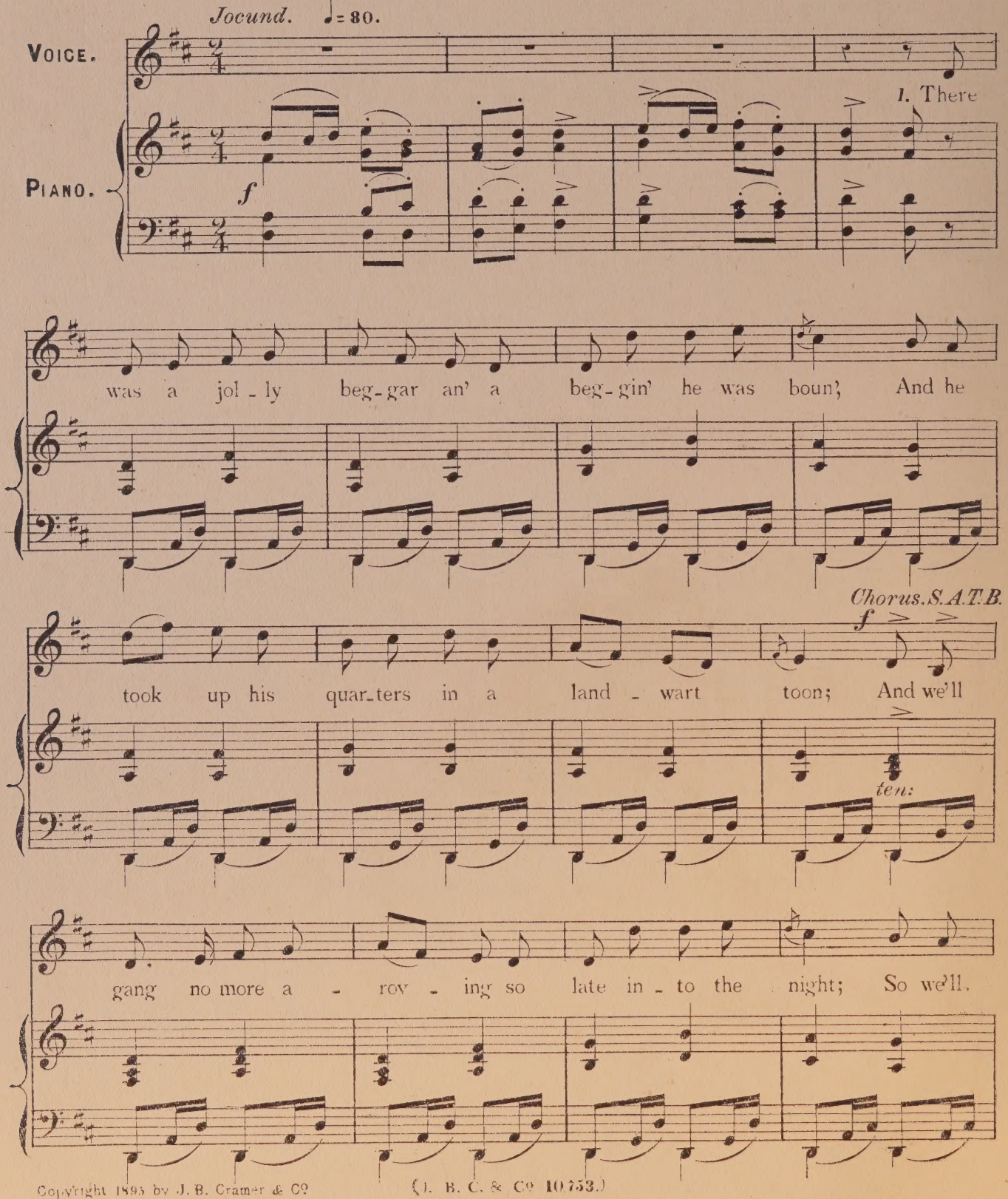
The Jolly Beggar.

XXXIV.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR

Words attributed to JAMES V. of Scotland

Old Scottish air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.


Jocund. ♩= 80.
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
1. There
was a jol - ly beg-gar an' a beg-gin' he was boun; And he
Chorus.S.A.T.B.
f
took up his quar-ters in a land - wart toon; And we'll
ten:
gang no more a - rov - ing so late in - to the night; So we'll.

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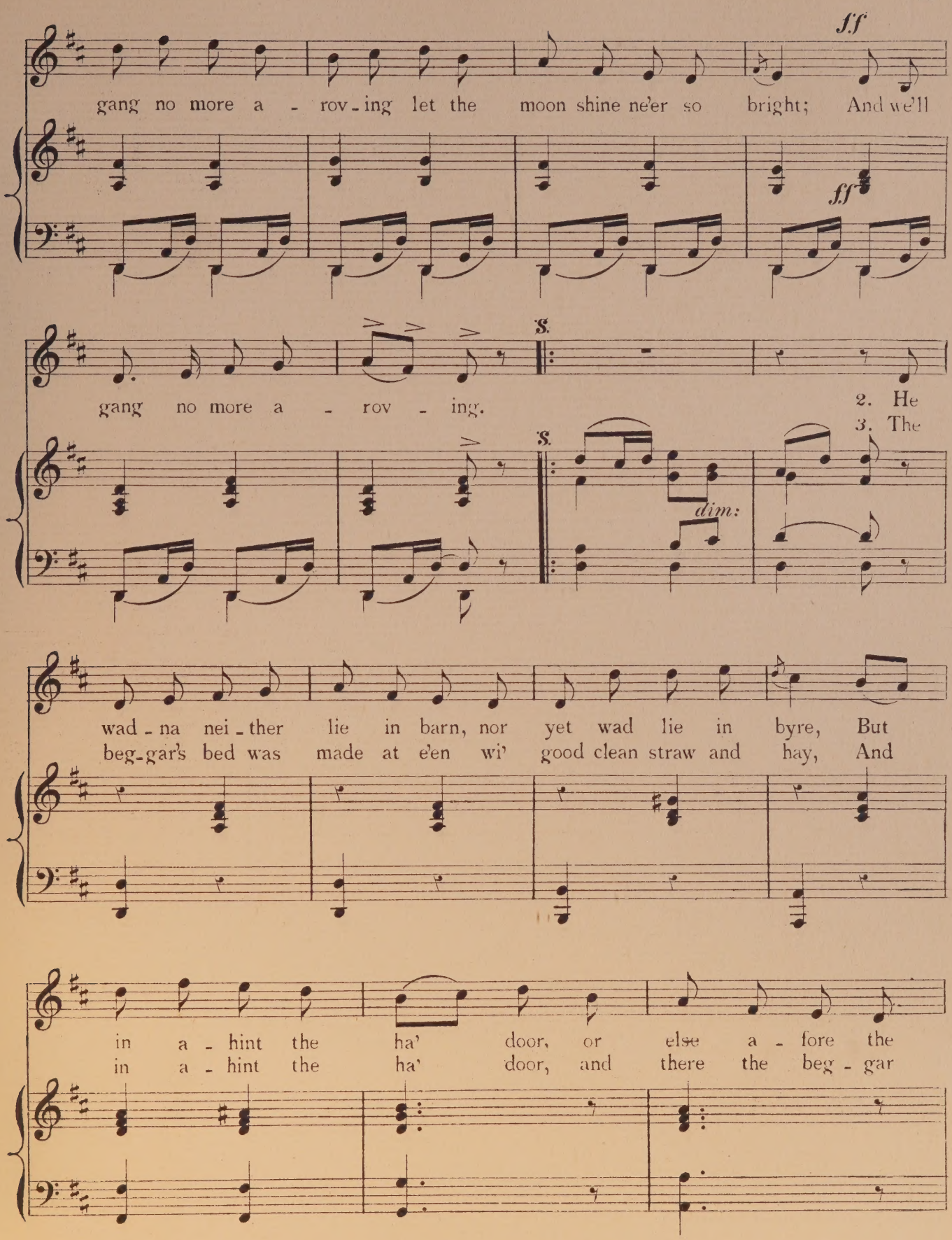
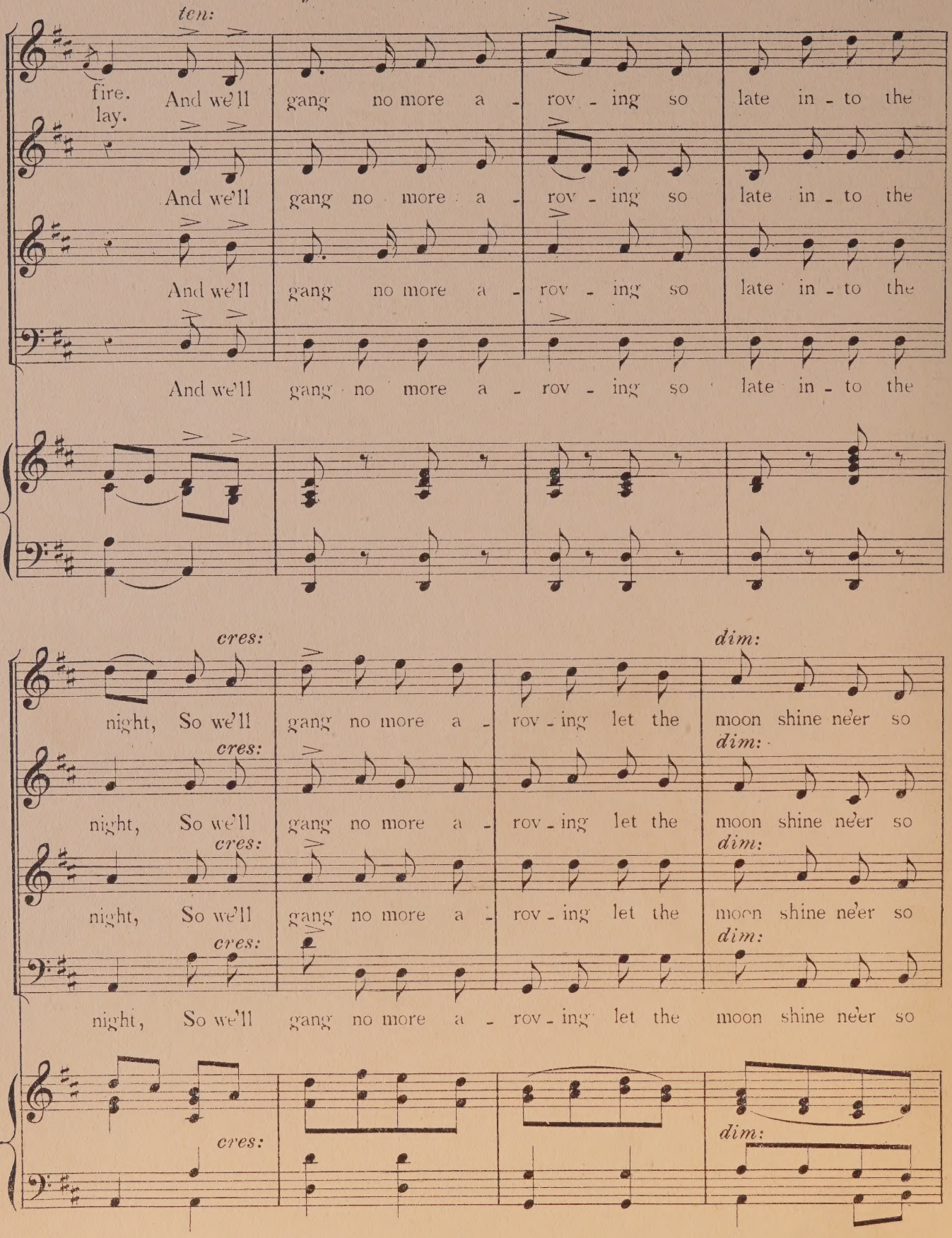
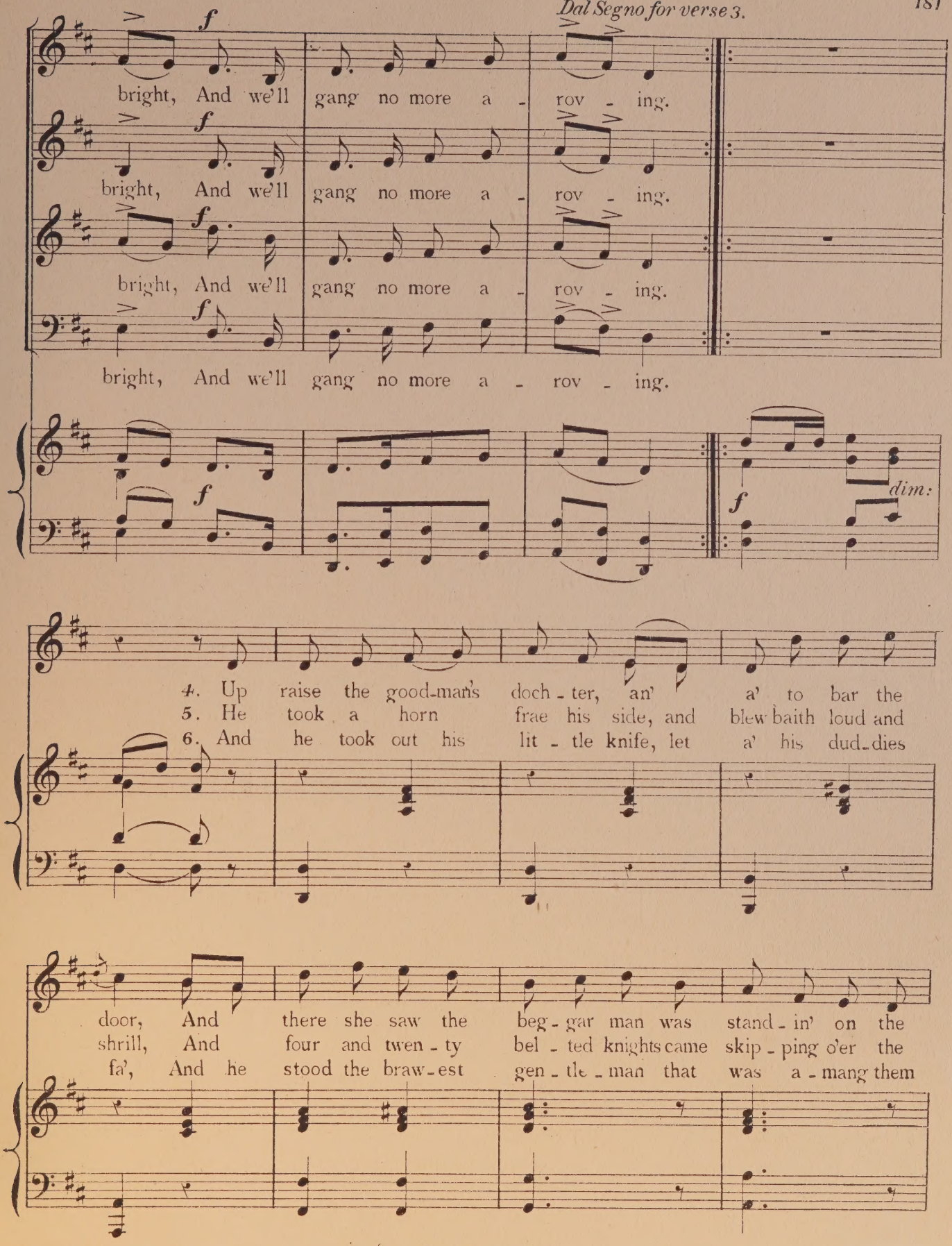

ff
gang no more a - rov - ing let the moon shine ne'er so bright; And we'll
ff
gang no more a - rov - ing.
S.
2. He
3. The
S.
dim:
wad - na nei - ther lie in barn, nor yet wad lie in byre, But
beg - gar's bed was made at e'en wi' good clean straw and hay, And
in a - hint the ha' door, or else a - fore the
in a - hint the ha' door, and there the beg - gar

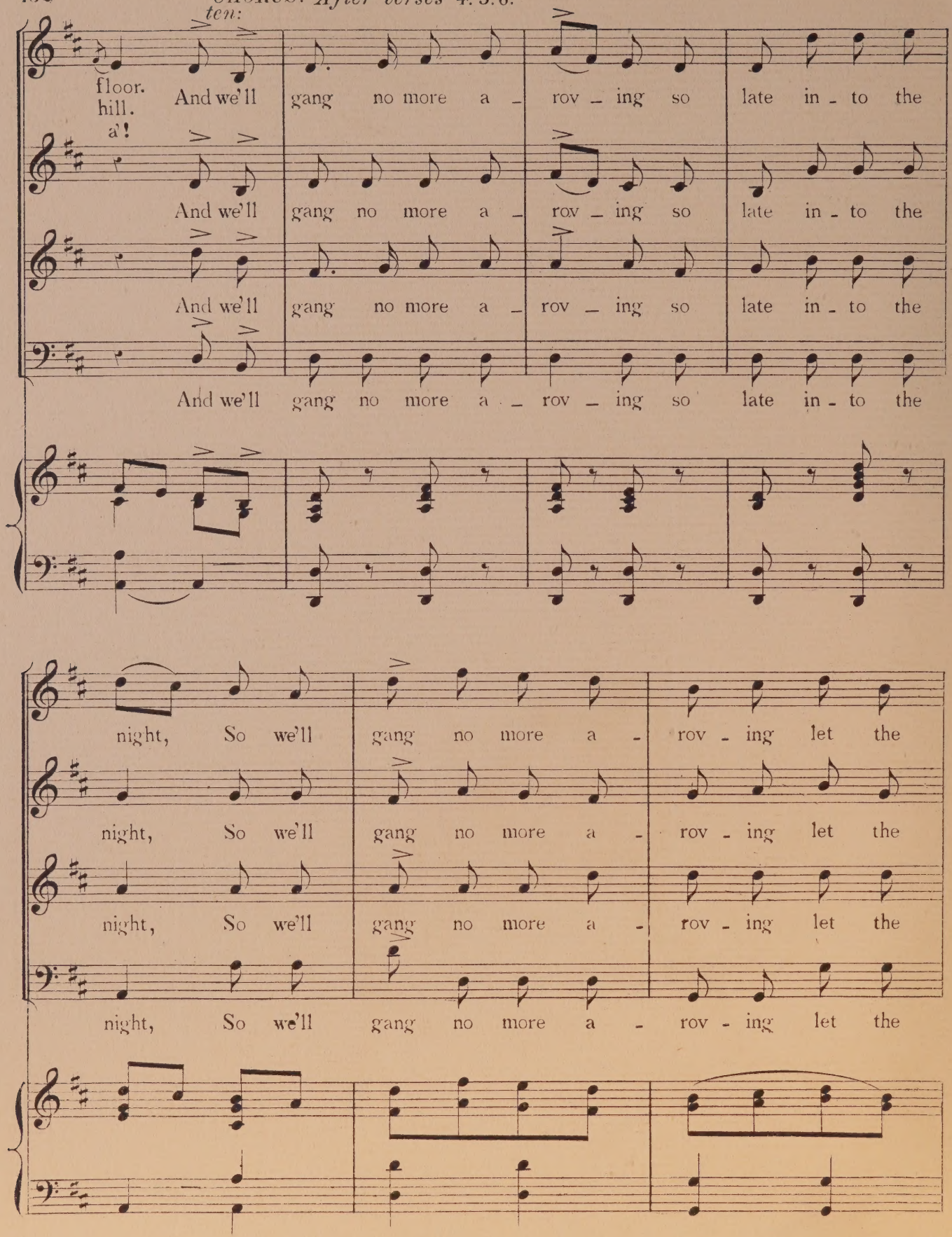
CHORUS. After verses 2. & 3.

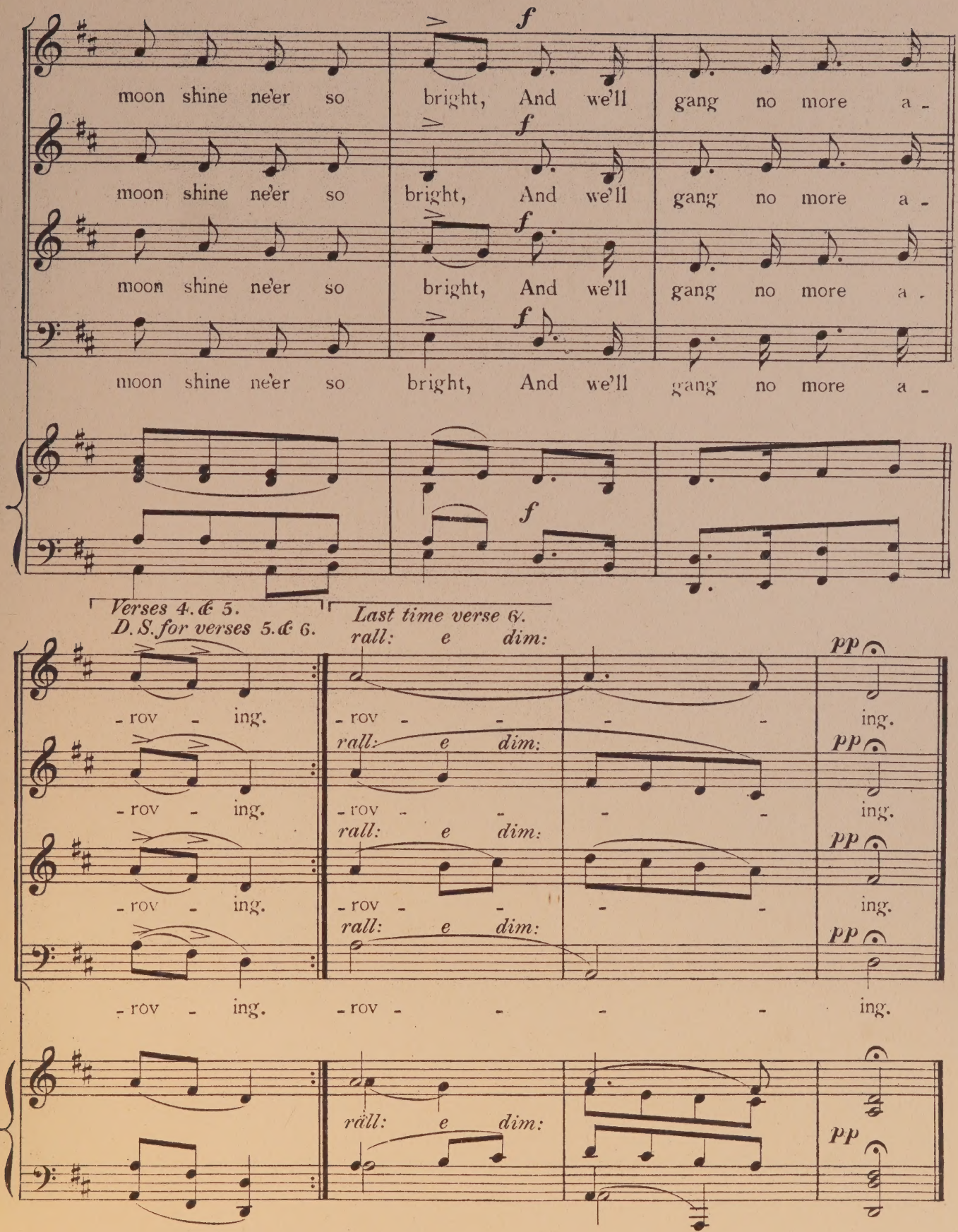

ten:
fire.
lay.
And we'll gang no more a - rov - ing so late in - to the
And we'll gang no more a - rov - ing so late in - to the
And we'll gang no more a - rov - ing so late in - to the
And we'll gang no more a - rov - ing so late in - to the
cres:
dim:
night, So we'll gang no more a - rov - ing let the moon shine ne'er so
night, So we'll gang no more a - rov - ing let the moon shine ne'er so
night, So we'll gang no more a - rov - ing let the moon shine ne'er so
night, So we'll gang no more a - rov - ing let the moon shine ne'er so

Dal Segno for verse 3.


f
bright, And we'll gang no more a - rov - ing.
bright, And we'll gang no more a - rov - ing.
bright, And we'll gang no more a - rov - ing.
bright, And we'll gang no more a - rov - ing.
f
f
dim:
4. Up raise the good-man's doch - ter, an' a' to bar the
5. He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and
6. And he took out his lit - tle knife, let a' his dud-dies
door, And there she saw the beg - gar man was stand - in' on the
shrill, And four and twen - ty bel - ted knights came skip - ping o'er the
fa', And he stood the braw-est gen - tle - man that was a - mang them

CHORUS. After verses 4. 5. 6.


ten:
floor.
hill.
a'!
And we'll gang no more a - rov - ing so late in - to the
And we'll gang no more a - rov - ing so late in - to the
And we'll gang no more a - rov - ing so late in - to the
And we'll gang no more a - rov - ing so late in - to the
night, So we'll gang no more a - rov - ing let the
night, So we'll gang no more a - rov - ing let the
night, So we'll gang no more a - rov - ing let the
night, So we'll gang no more a - rov - ing let the


moon shine ne'er so bright, And we'll gang no more a -
moon shine ne'er so bright, And we'll gang no more a -
moon shine ne'er so bright, And we'll gang no more a -
moon shine ne'er so bright, And we'll gang no more a -
f
Verses 4. & 5.
D.S. for verses 5. & 6.
Last time verse 6.
rall: e dim:
- rov - ing.
pp

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

THERE was a jolly beggar, an' a' beggin' he was boun',
And he took up his quarters in a landwart toon.
And we'll gang no more a roving
So late into the night.
So we'll gang no more a roving,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bright;
And we'll gang no more a roving!

He would neither lie in barn, nor yet would lie in byre,
But a' ahint the ha' door; or else afore the fire.
And we'll gang, &c.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en, wi' good clean straw and hay,
And in ahint the ha door, and there the beggar lay.
And we'll gang, &c.

Up raise the goodman's dochter all for to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggar man a standin' on the floor.
And we'll gang, &c.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew forth loud and shrill,
And four and twenty belted knights came skipping o'er the hill.
And we'll gang, &c.

And he took out his little knife, let a' his duddies fa';
And he was the bravest gentleman that was among them a'.
And we'll gang, &c.

Attributed to JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND.

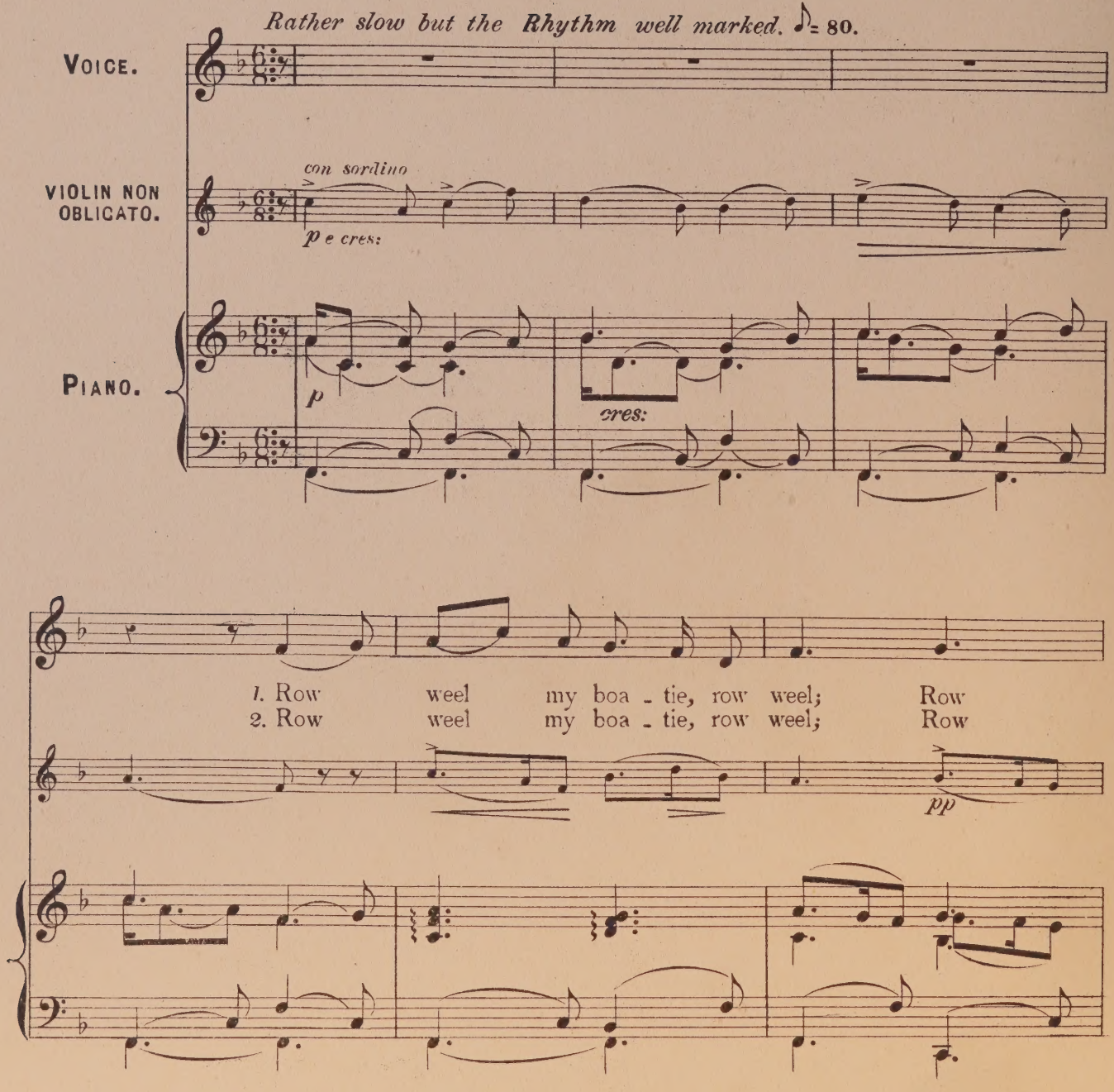
Lord Reoch's Daughter.

XXXV.

LORD REOCH'S DAUGHTER.

Words by
WALTER WEIR. (1818).
(with additional lines.)

Air by R. A. SMITH.
Arranged by MALCOLM LAWSON.



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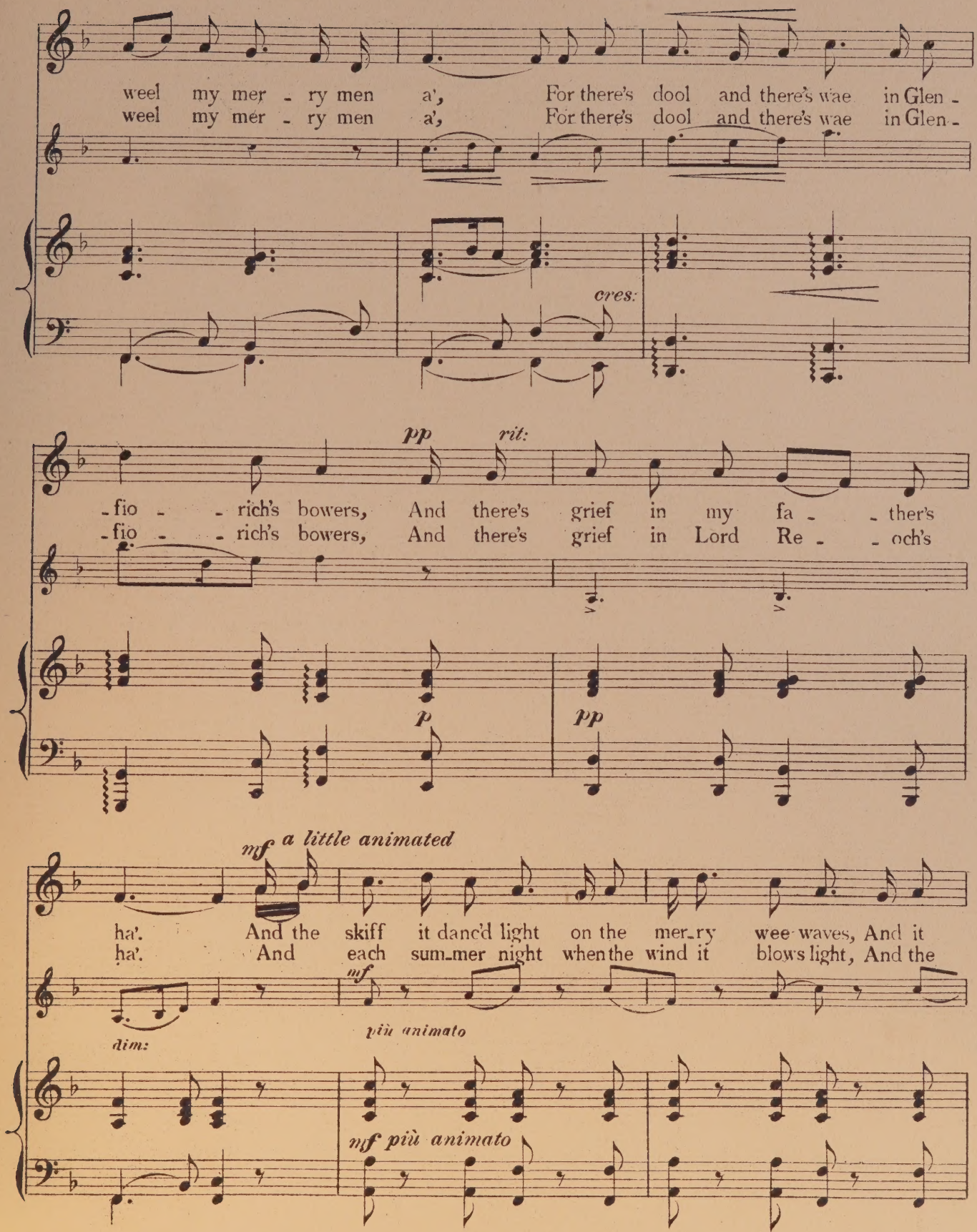
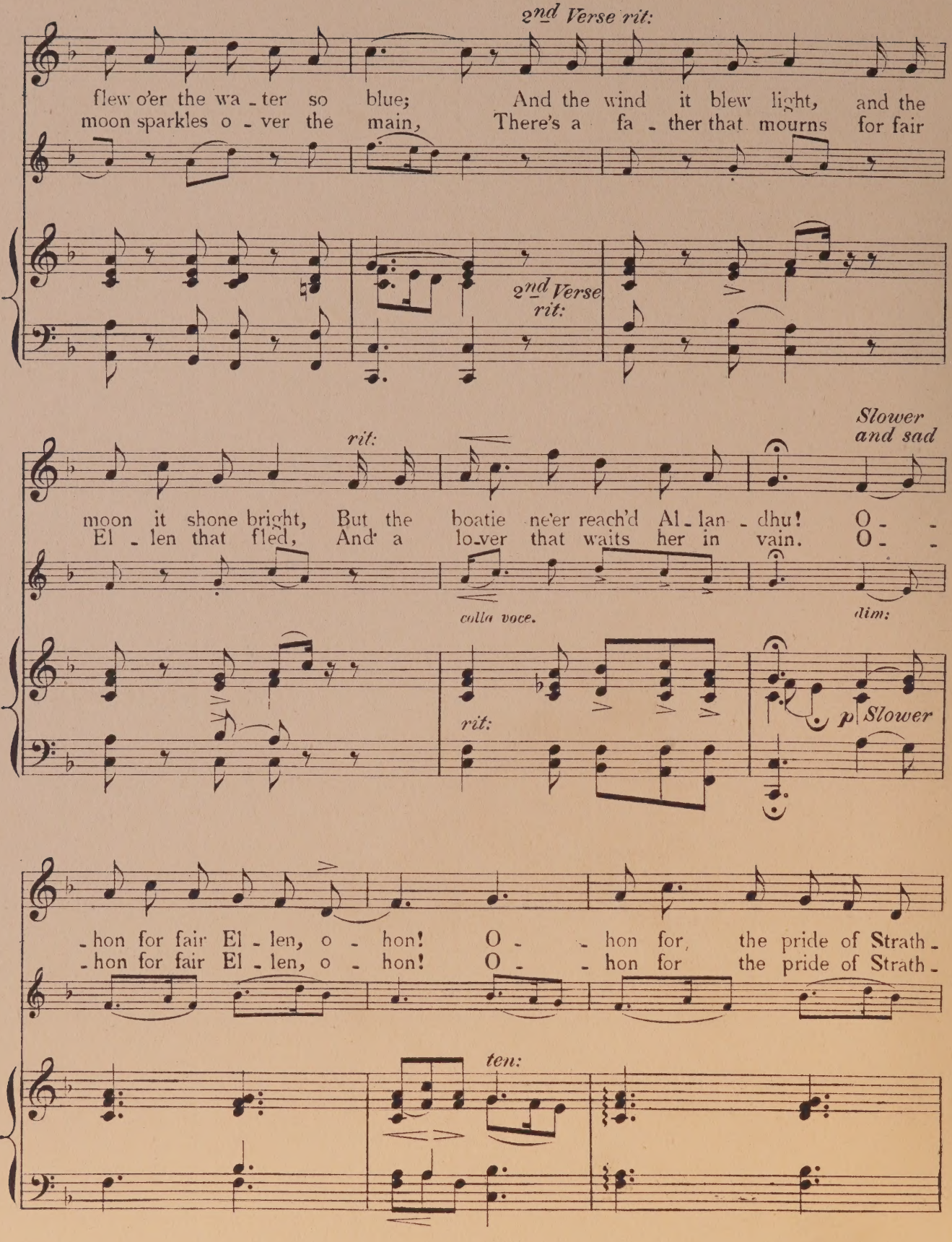
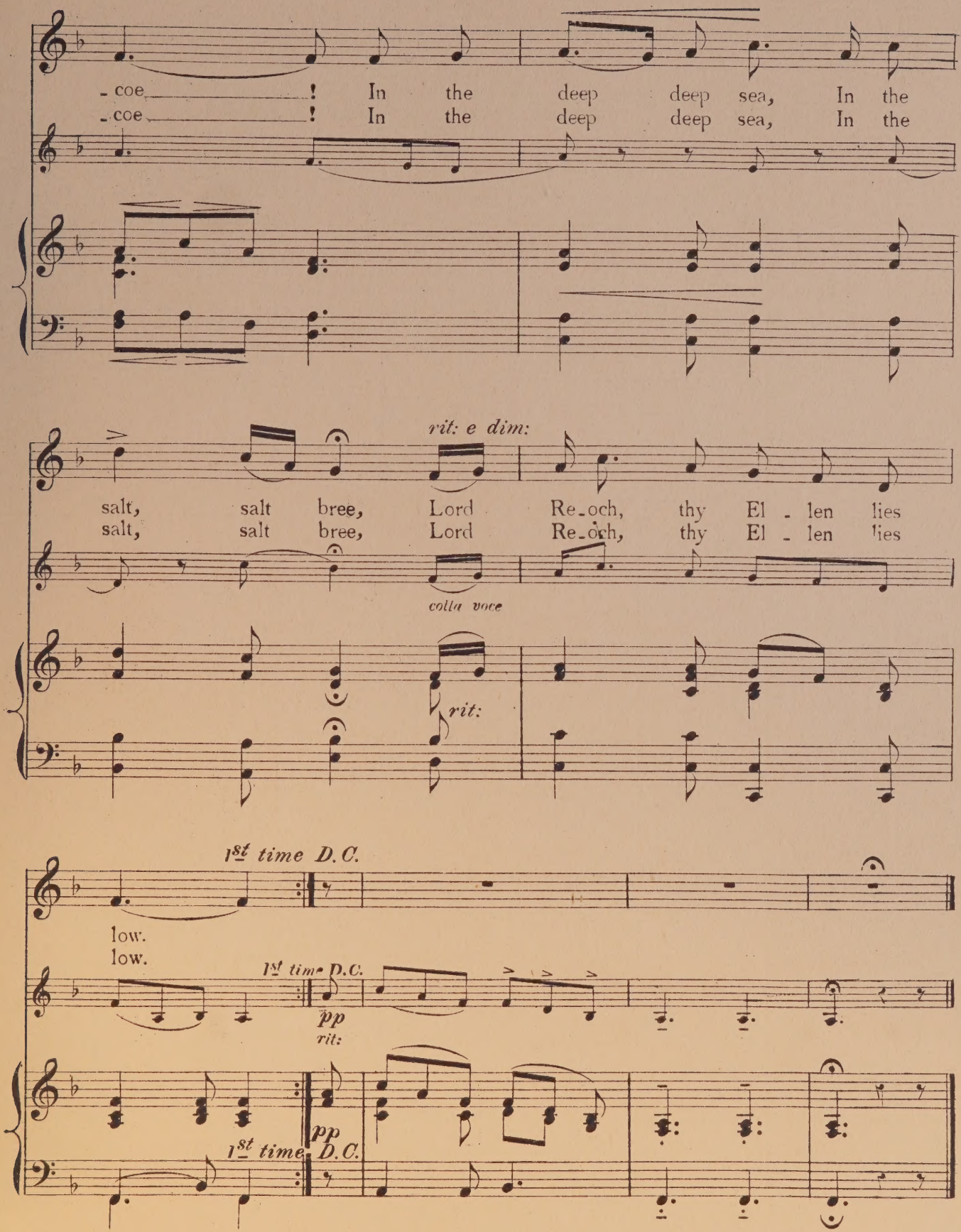

weel my mer - ry men a', For there's dool and there's wae in Glen -
weel my mer - ry men a', For there's dool and there's wae in Glen -
cres:
pp
rit:
-fio - - rich's bowers, And there's grief in my fa - - ther's
-fio - - rich's bowers, And there's grief in Lord Re - - och's
p
pp
mf a little animated
ha'. And the skiff it danc'd light on the mer-ry wee waves, And it
ha'. And each sum-mer night when the wind it blows light, And the
mf
più animato
dim:
mf più animato


2nd Verse rit:
flew o'er the wa - ter so blue; And the wind it blew light, and the
moon sparkles o - ver the main, There's a fa - ther that mourns for fair
2nd Verse rit:
rit:
Slower and sad
moon it shone bright, But the boatie ne'er reach'd Al - lan - dhu! O - -
El - len that fled, And a lo-ver that waits her in vain. O - -
colla voce.
dim:
rit:
p Slower
- hon for fair El - len, o - hon! O - - hon for, the pride of Strath -
- hon for fair El - len, o - hon! O - - hon for the pride of Strath -
ten:


- coe ! In the deep deep sea, In the
- coe ! In the deep deep sea, In the
rit: e dim:
salt, salt bree, Lord Re-och, thy El - len lies
salt, salt bree, Lord Re-och, thy El - len lies
colla voce
rit:
1st time D.C.
low.
low.
1st time D.C.
pp
rit:
pp
1st time D.C.

LORD REOCH'S DAUGHTER.

ROW weel, my boatie, row weel,
Row weel, my merry men a',
For there's dool and there's wae in Glenfiorich's bowers,
And there's grief in my father's ha'
And the skiff it danced light on the merry wee waves,
And it flew o'er the water so blue;
And the wind it blew light, and the moon it shone bright,
But the boatie ne'er reached Allandhu!
Ohon for fair Ellen, ohon!
Ohon for the pride of Strathcoe!
In the deep, deep sea, in the salt, salt bree,
Lord Reoch, thy Ellen lies low.

Row weel, my boatie, row weel,
Row weel, my merry men a',
For there's dool and there's wae in Glenfiorich's bowers,
And there grief in Lord Reoch's ha'.
And each summer night when the wind it blows light,
And the moon sparkles over the main,
There's a father that mourns for fair Ellen that fled,
And a lover that waits her in vain.
Ohon for fair Ellen, ohon!
Ohon for the pride of Strathcoe!
In the deep, deep sea, in the salt, salt bree,
Lord Reoch, thy Ellen lies low.

WALTER WEIR (1818).
(With additional lines.)

The auld hoodie Craw.

XXXVI.

THE AULD HOODIE CRAW.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Music by
HAROLD BOULTON.

In a gruesome fashion.

PIANO.

P solemn and sonorous. *cres:* *dim:*

ten: *ten:* *ten:*

mf *p*

An auld hood-ie craw he sat on a wa', *Och-one, och-*
The auld hood-ie craw he heard the wind blaw, *Och-one, och-*

mf the chords well sustained. *P*

cres:

-one for the Hielands! And there sat the craw for an hour or twa, *Och-one, och-*
-one for the Hielands! "'Tis time," said the craw, "that I was a-wa," *Och-one, och-*

rit: *in time* *cres: molto*

f *rit: e dim:*

-one, och-one, och-one, och-one, och-one, och-one for the Hielands!
-one, och-one, och-one, och-one, och-one, och-one for the Hielands!

f *rit: e dim:*

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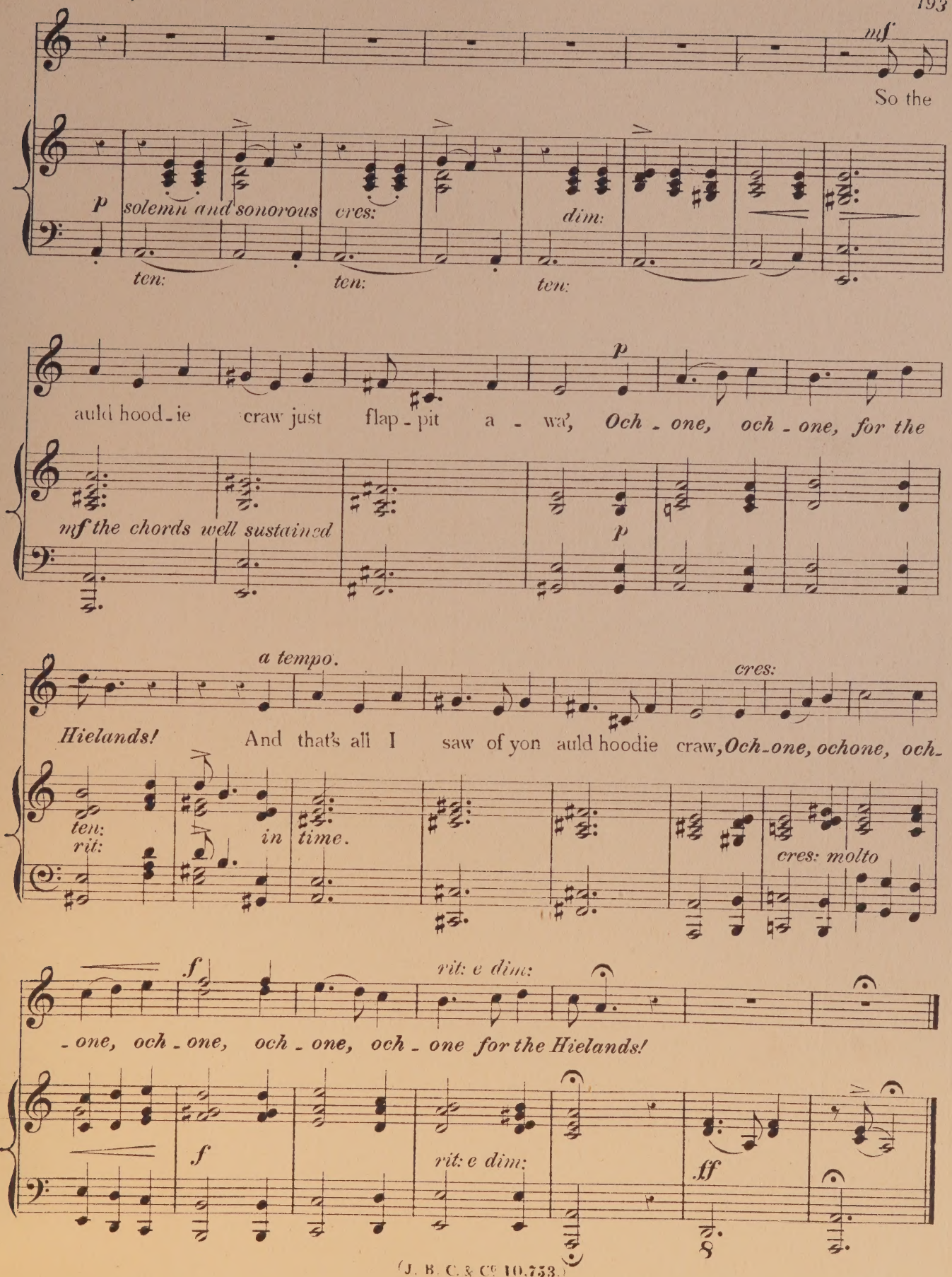

mf
So the
p
solemn and sonorous
cres:
dim:
ten:
ten:
ten:
auld hood-ie craw just flap-pit a-wa', Och-one, och-one, for the
mf the chords well sustained
p
a tempo.
cres:
Hielands! And that's all I saw of yon auld hoodie craw, Och-one, ochone, och-
ten:
rit:
in time.
cres: molto
f
rit: e dim:
-one, och-one, och-one, och-one for the Hielands!
f
rit: e dim:
ff

THE AULD HOODIE CRAW.

AN auld hoodie craw he sat on a wa';
Ochone, ochone, for the Hielands!
And there sat the craw for an hour or twa,
Ochone, ochone, for the Hielands!

The auld hoodie craw he heard the wind blaw,
Ochone, ochone for the Hielands!
'Tis time, said the craw, that I was awa',
Ochone, ochone for the Hielands!

So the auld hoodie craw just flappit awa',
Ochone, ochone for the Hielands!
And that's all that I saw of yon auld hoodie craw,
Ochone, ochone for the Hielands!

HAROLD BOULTON.

Herding Song.

XXXVII.

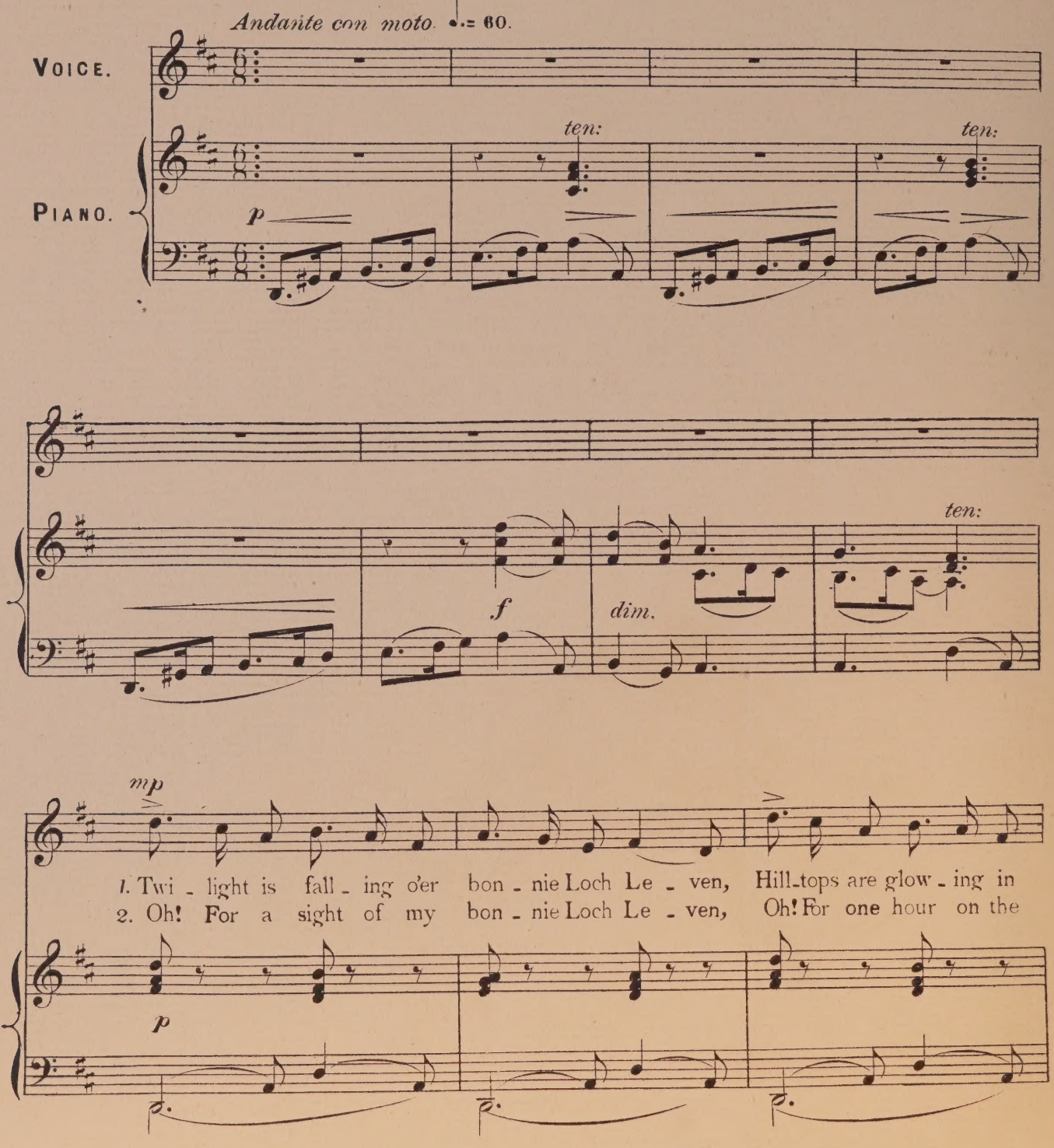
HERDING SONG.

Words by

Jan. L. Lawson.

Old Highland air arranged

by Malcolm Lawson.


Andante con moto. ♩.= 60.
Voice.
Piano.
ten:
ten:
p
ten:
f
dim.
mp
1. Twi - light is fall - ing o'er bon - nie Loch Le - ven, Hill-tops are glow - ing in
2. Oh! For a sight of my bon - nie Loch Le - ven, Oh! For one hour on the
p

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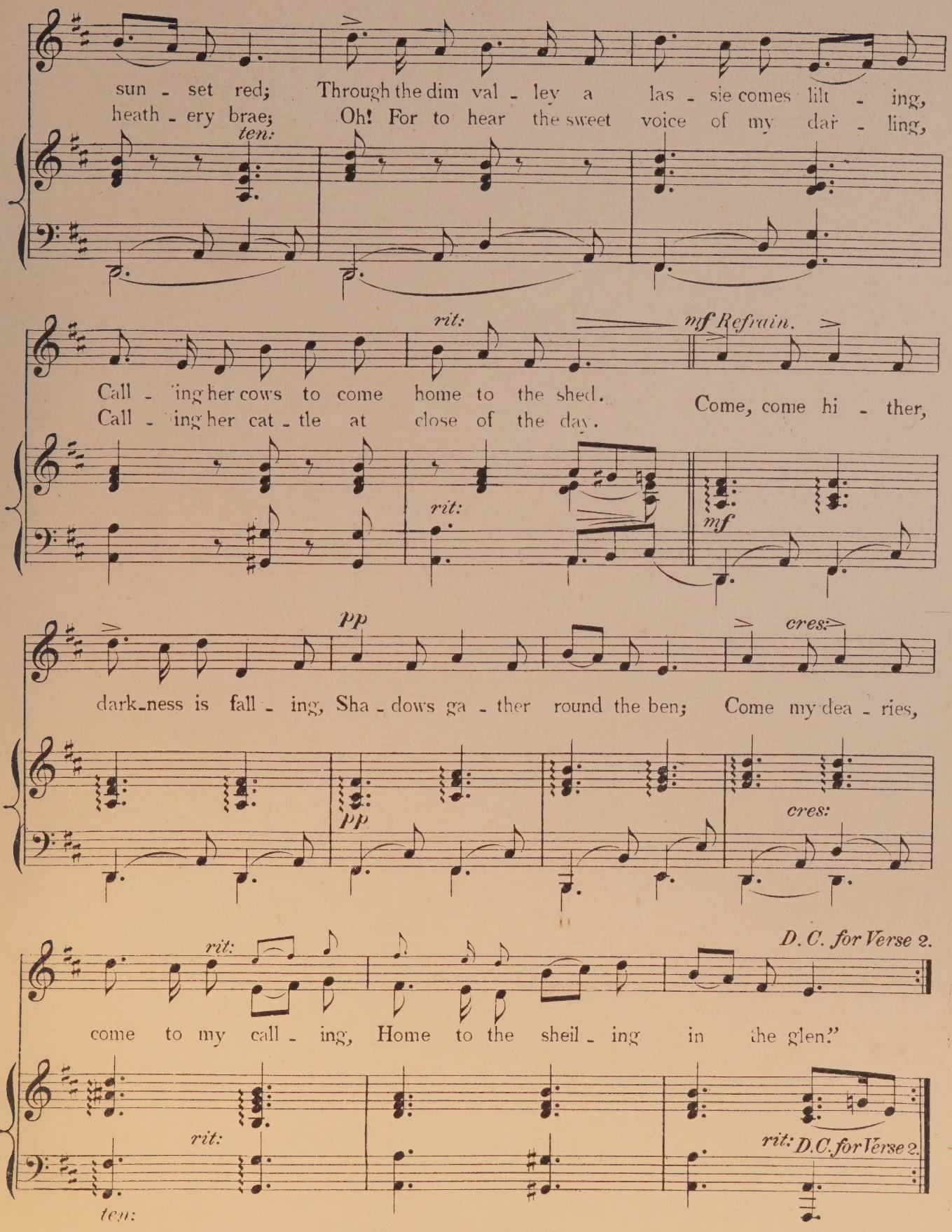
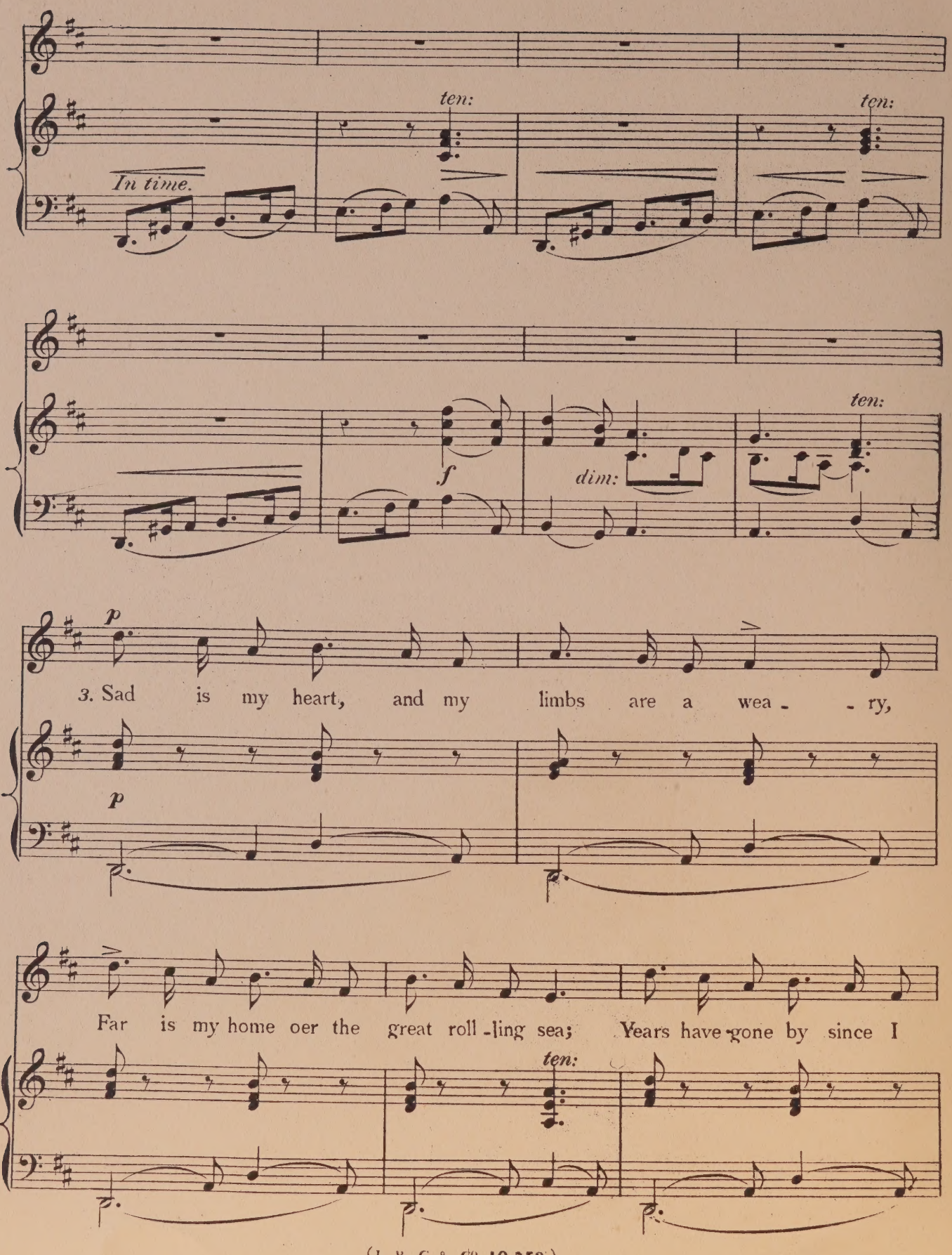
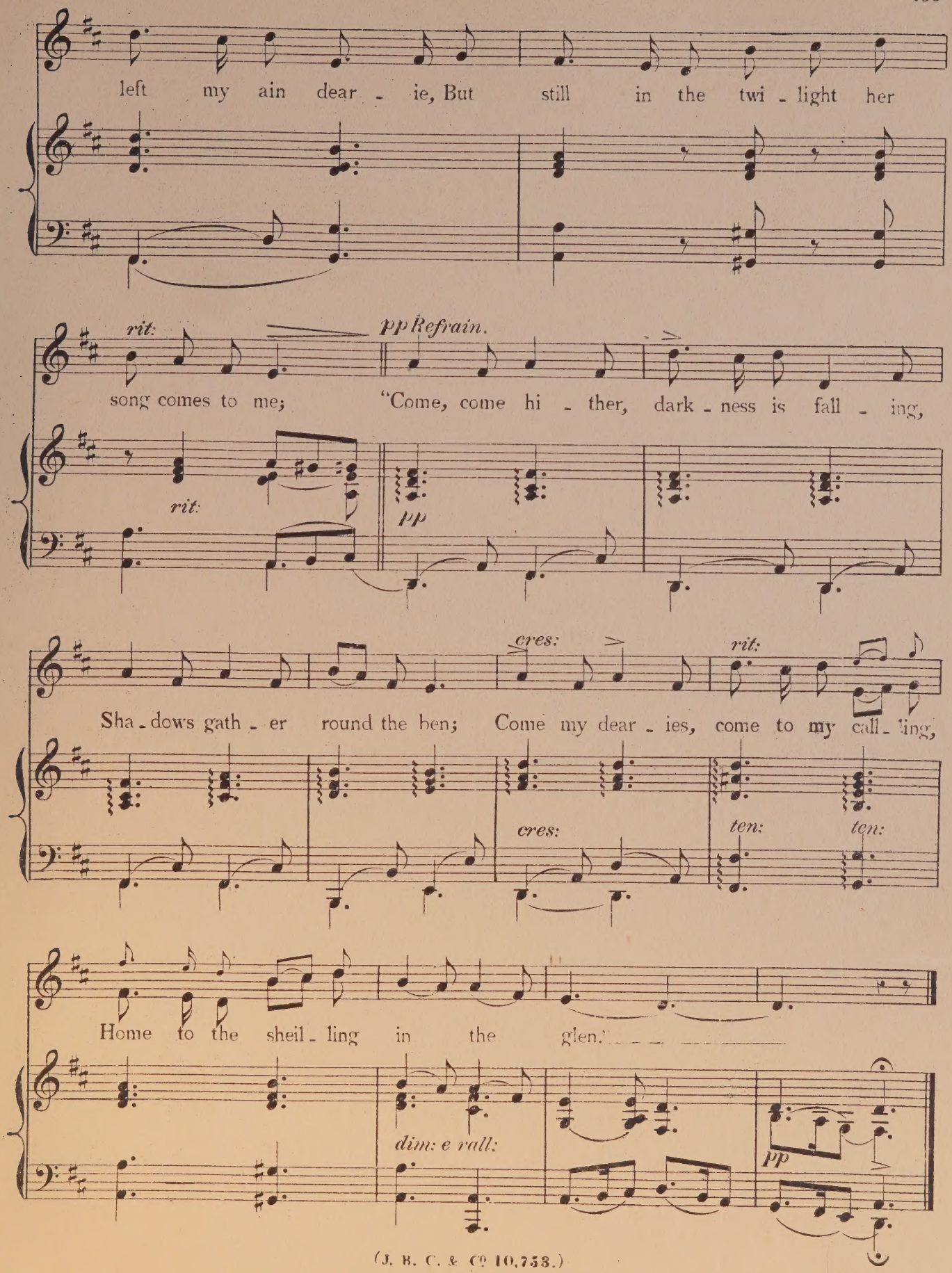

sun - set red; Through the dim val - ley a las - sie comes lilt - ing,
heath - ery brae; Oh! For to hear the sweet voice of my dar - ling,
ten:
rit:
mf Refrain.
Call - ing her cows to come home to the shed. Come, come hi - ther,
Call - ing her cat - tle at close of the day.
rit:
mf
pp
cres:
dark-ness is fall - ing, Sha - dows ga - ther round the ben; Come my dea - ries,
pp
cres:
D.C. for Verse 2.
rit:
come to my call - ing, Home to the sheil - ing in the glen."
rit:
rit: D.C. for Verse 2.
ten:


ten:
ten:
In time.
ten:
f
dim:
p
3. Sad is my heart, and my limbs are a wea - - ry,
p
Far is my home oer the great roll - ling sea; Years have gone by since I
ten:


left my ain dear - ie, But still in the twi - light her
rit:
pp Refrain.
song comes to me; "Come, come hi - ther, dark - ness is fall - ing,
rit:
pp
cres:
rit:
Sha - dows gath - er round the ben; Come my dear - ies, come to my call - ing,
cres:
ten:
ten:
Home to the sheil - ling in the glen.
dim: e rall:
pp

HERDING SONG.

TWILIGHT is falling on bonnie Loch Leven,
Hill-tops are glowing in sunset red;
Through the dim valley a lassie comes lilting,
Calling her cows to come home to the shed.
"Come, come hither, darkness is falling,"
"Shadows gather round the ben;"
"Come, my dearies, come to my calling,"
"Home to the sheiling in the glen."

Oh! For a sight of my bonnie Loch Leven,
Oh! For one hour on the heathery brae;
Oh! For to hear the sweet voice of my darling,
Calling her cattle at close of day!
"Come, come hither," &c.

Sad is my heart, and my limbs are aweary,
Far is my home o'er the great rolling sea;
Years have gone by since I left my ain dearie,
But still in the twilight her song comes to me.
"Come, come hither," &c.

JAN L. LAWSON

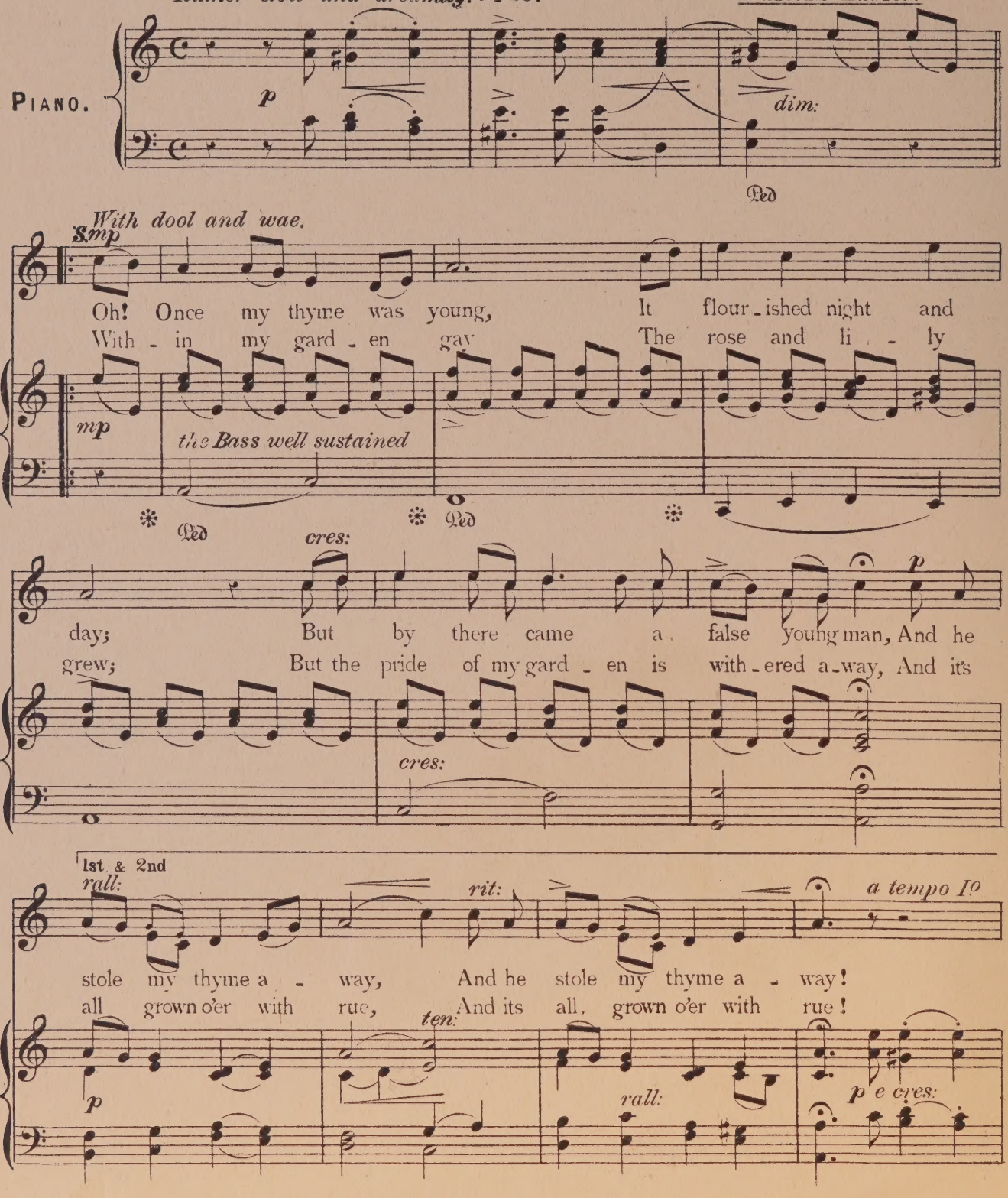
Thyme in my Garden.

XXXVIII.

THYME IN MY GARDEN.

Words traditional. *Old Northern Air arranged by*

Rather slow and dreamily. ♩ = 60. MALCOLM LAWSON.



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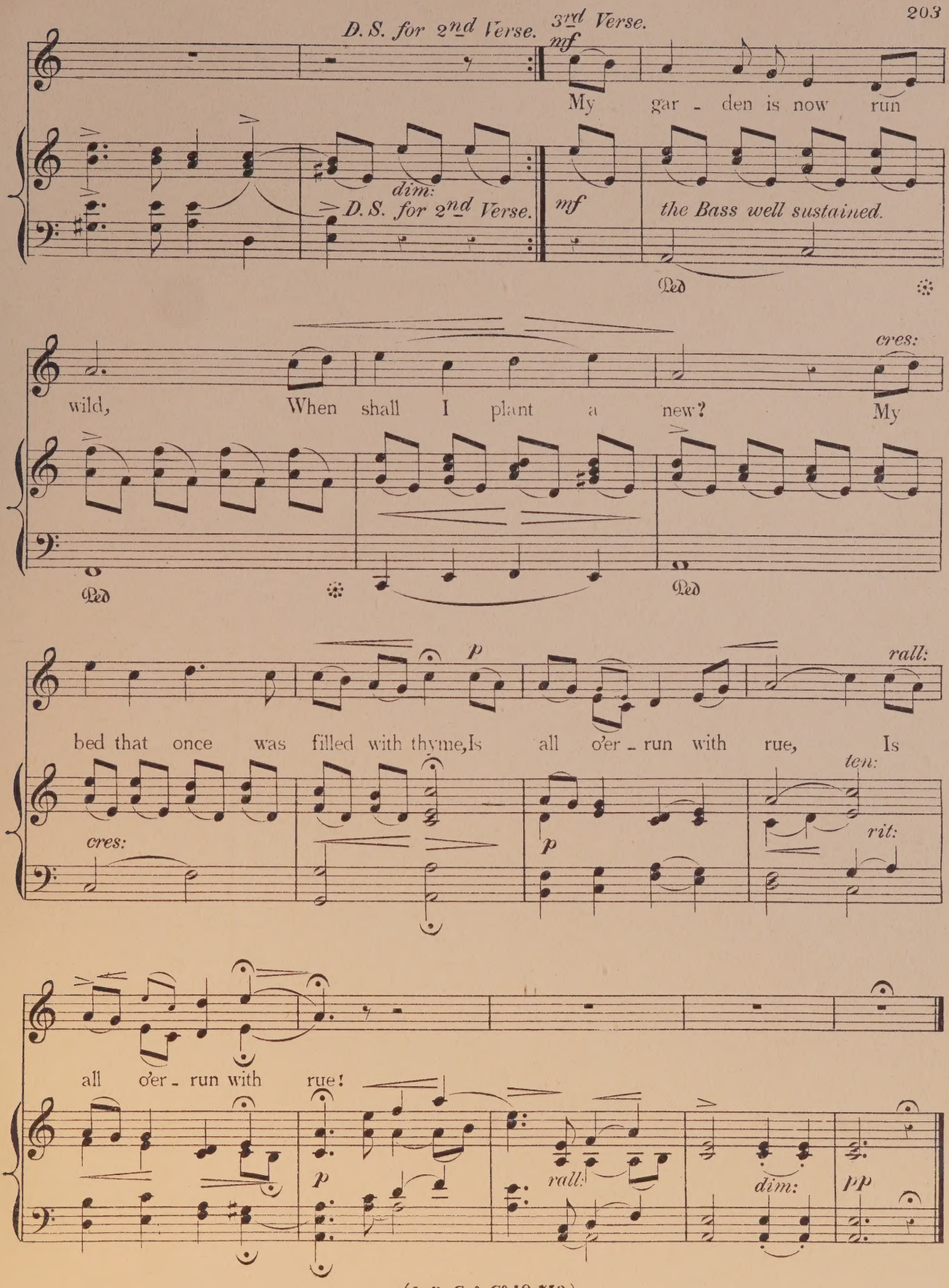
D. S. for 2nd Verse.
3rd Verse.
mf
My gar - den is now run
dim:
D. S. for 2nd Verse.
mf
the Bass well sustained.
Ped
cres:
wild, When shall I plant a new? My
Ped
Ped
p
rall:
bed that once was filled with thyme, Is all o'er - run with rue, Is
cres:
p
ten:
rit:
all o'er - run with rue!
p
rall:
dim:
pp

THYME IN MY GARDEN.

OH! Once my thyme was young,
It flourished night and day;
But by there came a false young man,
And he stole my thyme away.

My garden is now run wild,
When shall I plant anew?
My bed that once was filled with thyme,
Is all o'er-run with rue!

Traditional.

Bessie Bell and Mary Gray.

XXXIX.

BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

The Words by
ALLAN RAMSAY.

Old Scottish Tune
(called 7th of November)
Arranged by MALCOLM LAWSON.

With pathetic humour and in moderate time. ♩ = 72.

VOICE.

PIANO.

f

mf rit: *In time*

Oh! Bes - sie Bell and

rit:

mf In time

Ma - ry Gray, They were twa bon - nie las - - sies; They

ten: *ten:*

biggit
built a bower on yon burn - brae; And theeked it owre with

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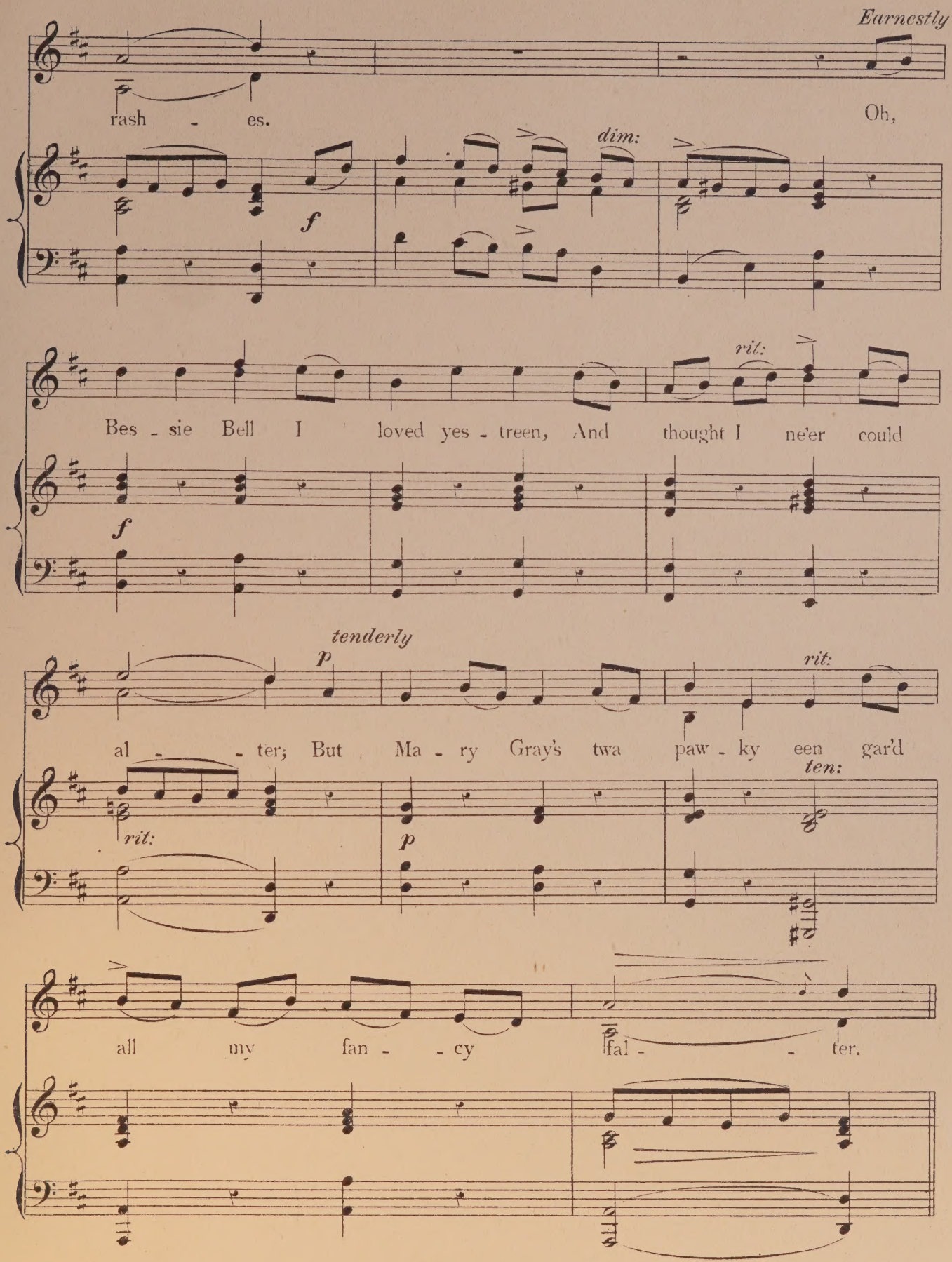
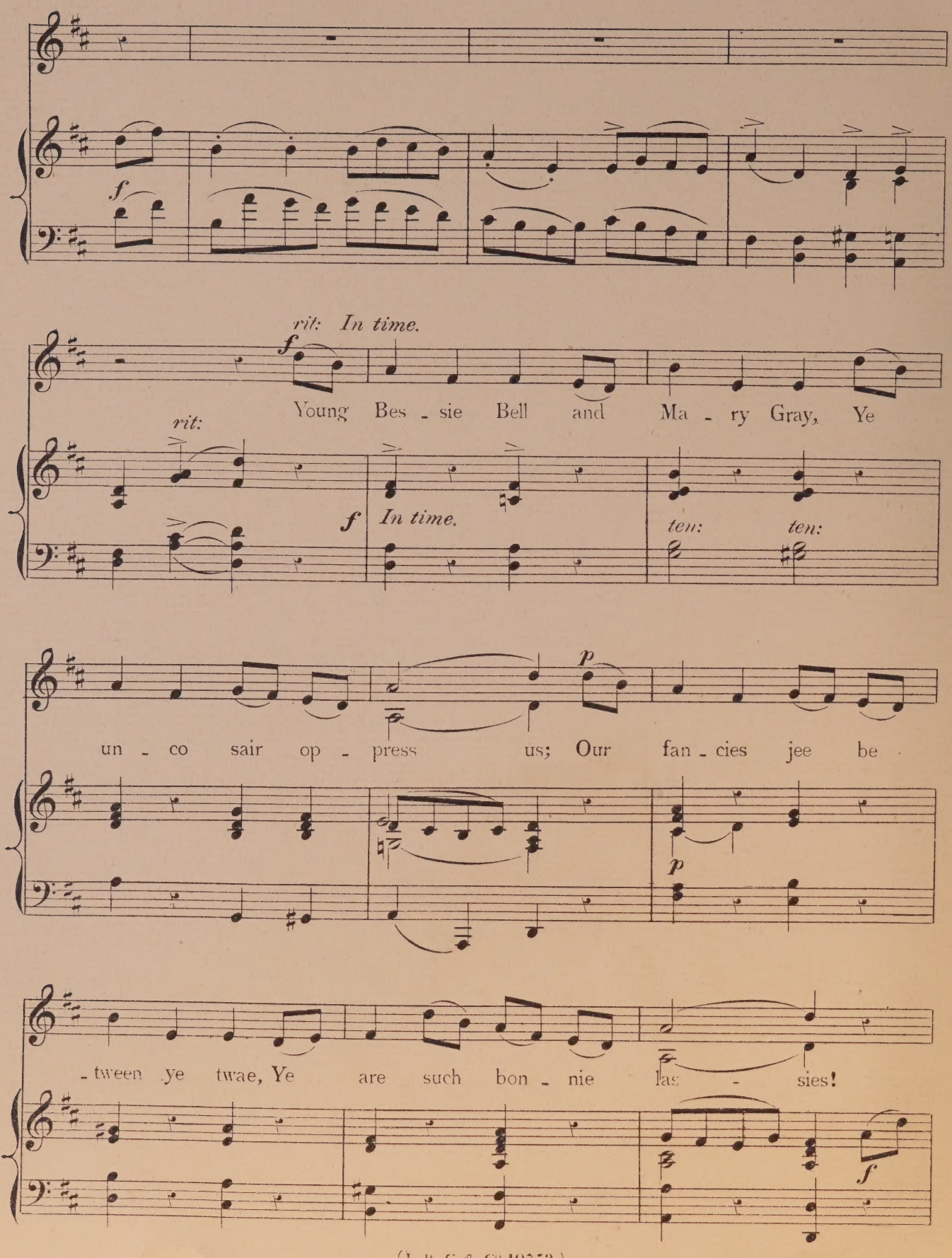
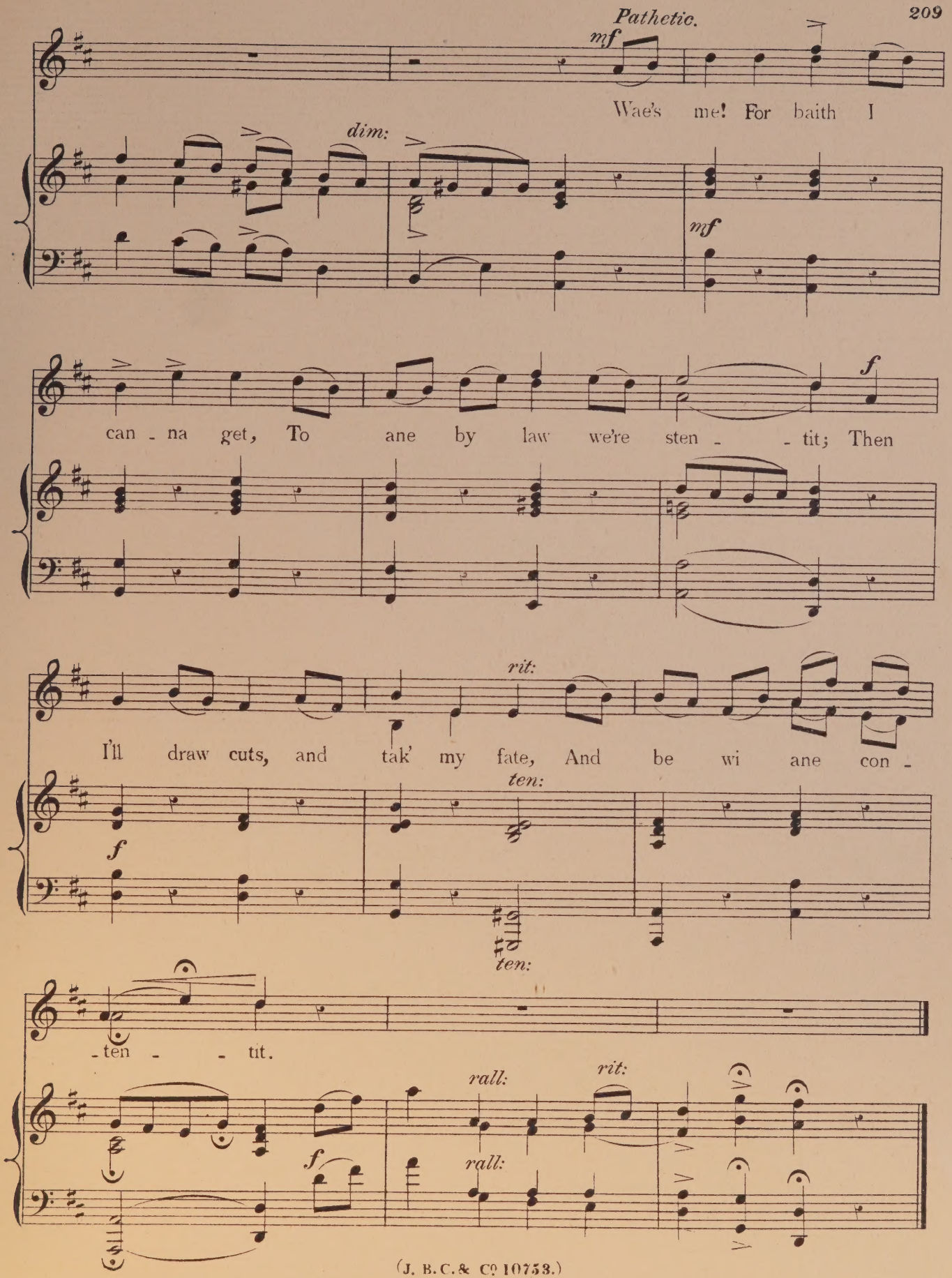

Earnestly
rash - es.
Oh,
dim:
f
rit:
Bes - sie Bell I loved yes - treen, And thought I ne'er could
f
tenderly
p
rit:
al - - ter; But Ma - ry Gray's twa paw - ky een gar'd
ten:
rit:
p
all my fan - - cy fal - - ter.


f
rit: In time.
f
Young Bes - sie Bell and Ma - ry Gray, Ye
rit:
f In time.
ten: ten:
p
un - co sair op - press us; Our fan - cies jee be
p
- tween ye twae, Ye are such bon - nie las - sies!
f


Pathetic.
mf
Wae's me! For baith I
dim:
mf
can - na get, To ane by law we're sten - - tit; Then
f
rit:
I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate, And be wi ane con -
ten:
f
ten:
- ten - - tit.
rall:
rit:
rall:
f

BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

OH! Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses;
They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theekit it owre wi' rashes.
Bessie Bell I lo'ed yestreen,
And thocht I ne'er could alter;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky e'en
Gar'd a' my fancy falter.

Bessie's hair's like a lint-tap,
She smiles like a May mornin',
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adornin';
White is her neck, soft is her hand,
Her waist and feet fu' genty,
With ilka grace she can command,
Her lips, O, wow! They're denty.

Mary's locks are like the craw,
Her e'en like diamond's glances;
She's aye sae clean, redd up and braw,
She kills whene'er she dances.
Blythe as a kid, wi' wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is,
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still;
O Jove, she's like thy Pallas!

Young Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco sair oppress us;
Our fancies jee between ye twae,
Ye are sic bonnie lasses.
Wae's me! For baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stentit;
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
And be wi' ane contentit.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

The Disdainful Poet.

(ROB DONN.)

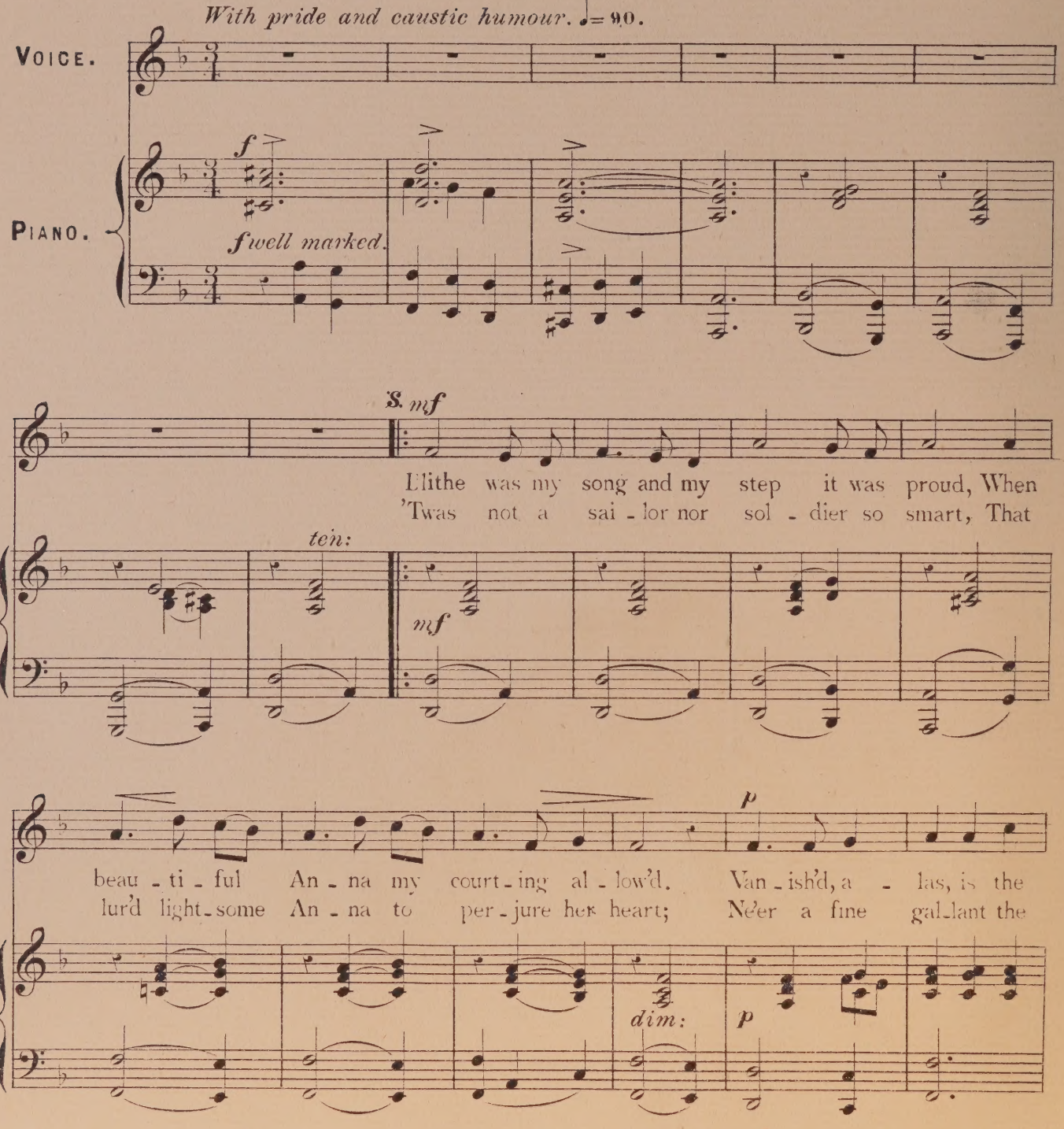
XL.

THE DISDAINFUL POET.

(Rob Donn.)

Words after a Gaelic story, by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Old Highland air
Adapted and arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.


With pride and caustic humour. ♩= 90.
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
swell marked.
S. mf
Blithe was my song and my step it was proud, When
'Twas not a sai - lor nor sol - dier so smart, That
ten:
mf
p
beau - ti - ful An - na my court - ing al - low'd. Van - ish'd, a - las, is the
lur'd light - some An - na to per - jure her heart; Ne'er a fine gal - lant the
dim:
p

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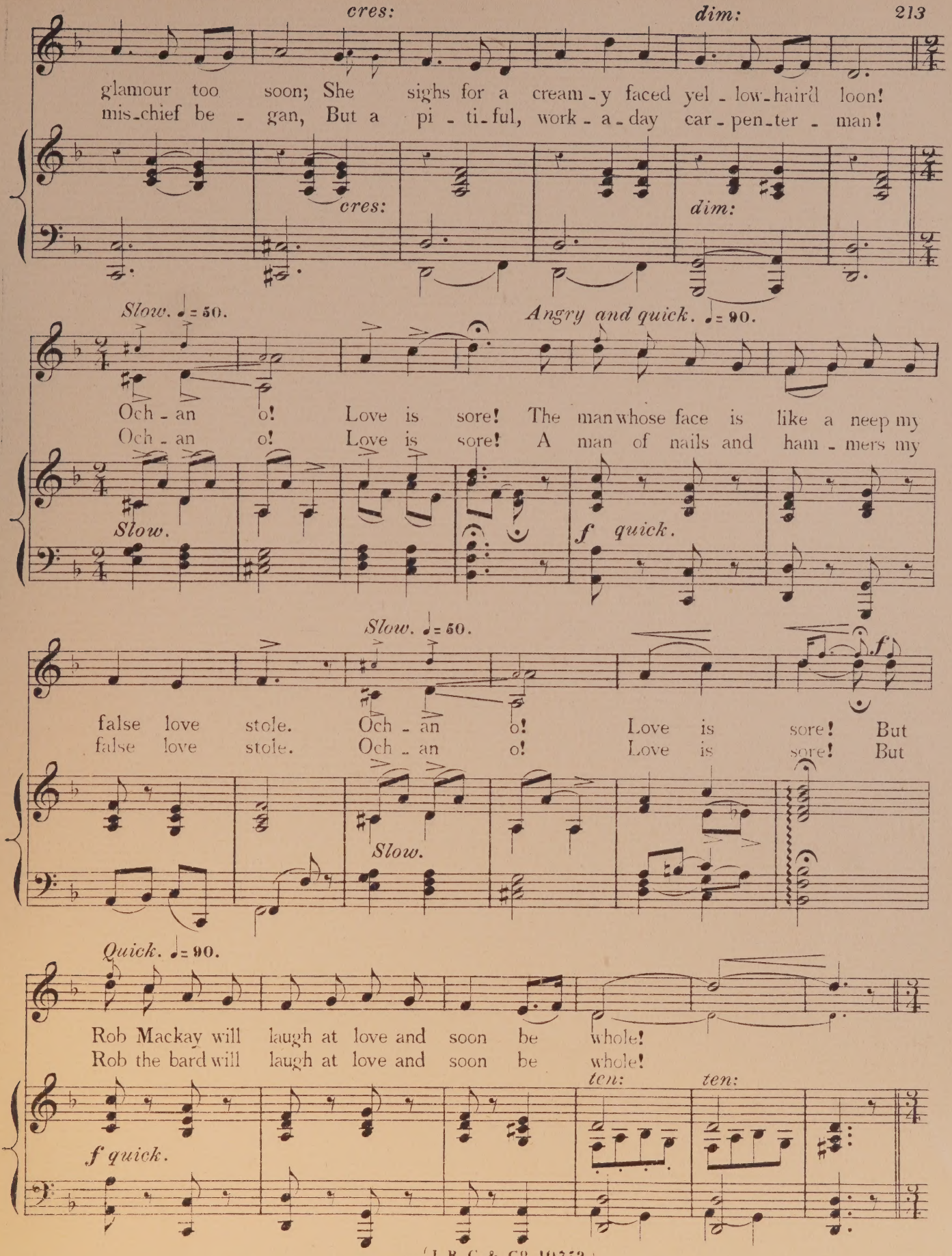
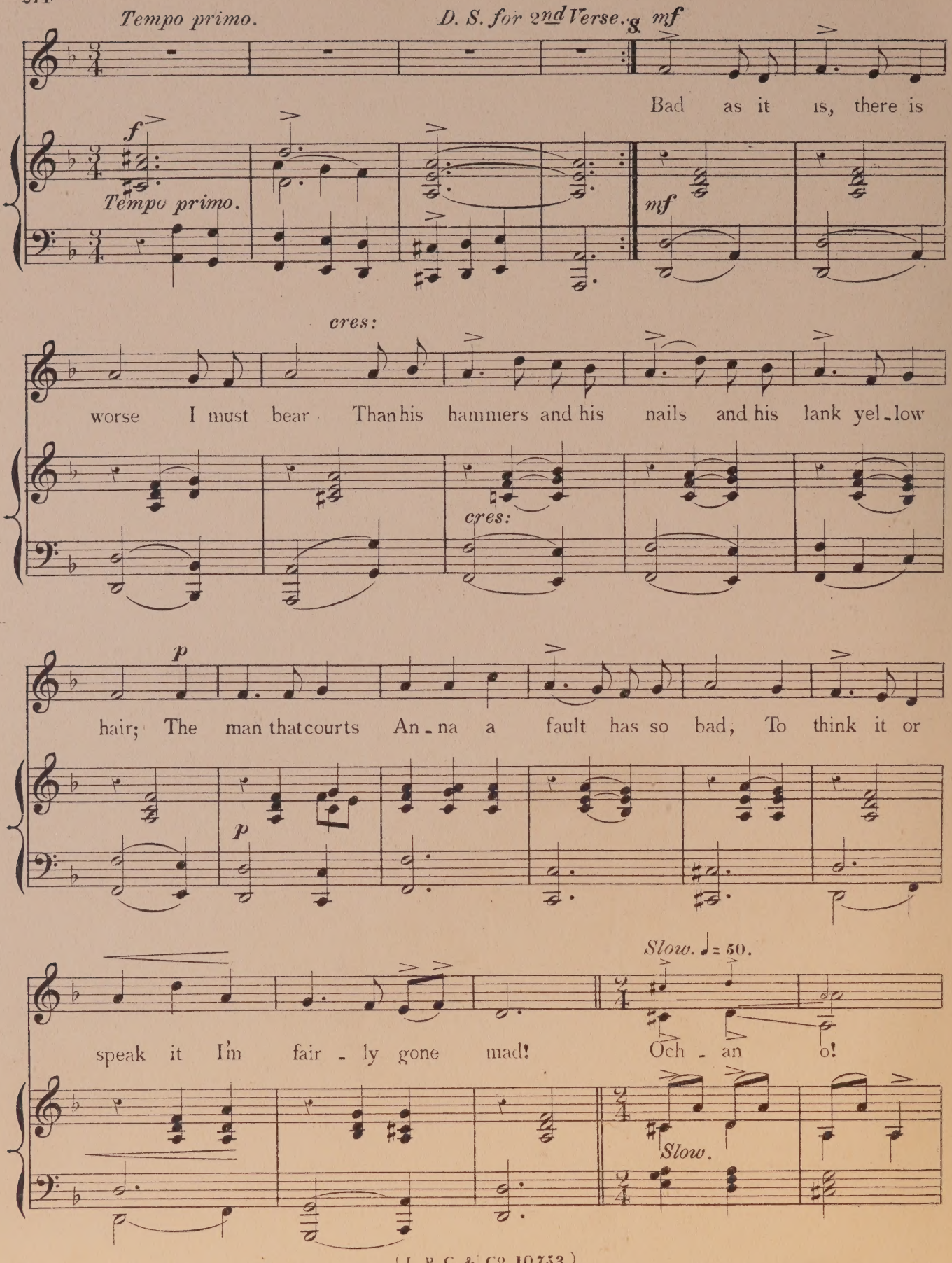
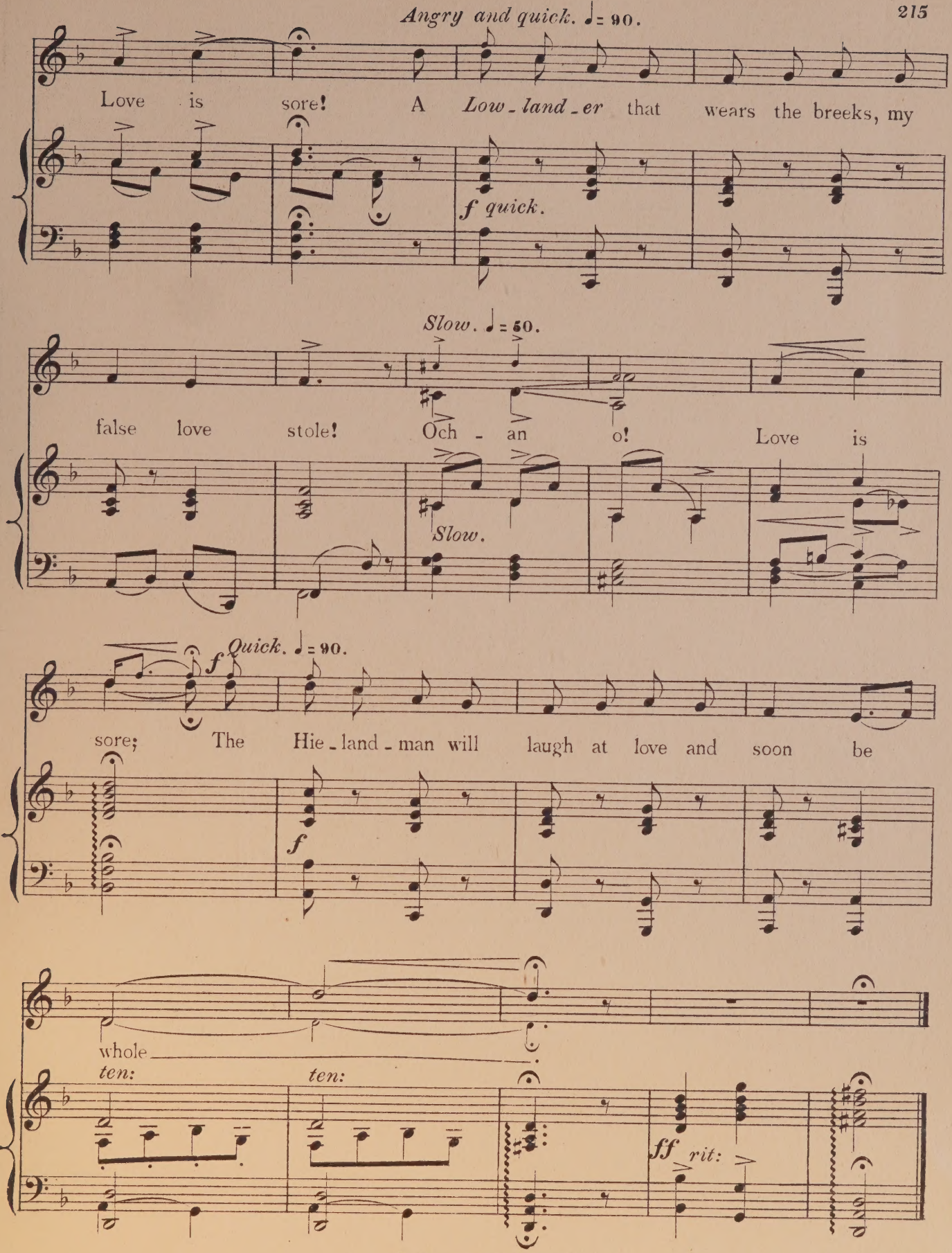

cres:
dim:
glamour too soon; She sighs for a cream-y faced yel-low-hair'd loon!
mis-chief be-gan, But a pi-ti-ful, work-a-day car-pen-ter-man!
cres:
dim:
Slow. ♩= 50.
Angry and quick. ♩= 90.
Och-an o! Love is sore! The man whose face is like a neep my
Och-an o! Love is sore! A man of nails and ham-mers my
Slow.
f quick.
Slow. ♩= 50.
f
false love stole. Och-an o! Love is sore! But
false love stole. Och-an o! Love is sore! But
Slow.
Quick. ♩= 90.
Rob Mackay will laugh at love and soon be whole!
Rob the bard will laugh at love and soon be whole!
ten:
ten:
f quick.


Tempo primo.
D. S. for 2nd Verse.
mf
Bad as it is, there is
f
Tempo primo.
mf
cres:
worse I must bear Than his hammers and his nails and his lank yel-low
cres:
p
hair; The man that courts An-na a fault has so bad, To think it or
p
Slow. ♩= 50.
speak it I'm fair-ly gone mad! Och-an-o!
Slow.


Angry and quick. ♩= 90.
Love is sore! A Low-land-er that wears the breeks, my
f quick.
Slow. ♩= 50.
false love stole! Och - an o! Love is
Slow.
Quick. ♩= 90.
f
sore; The Hie-land-man will laugh at love and soon be
f
whole
ten:
ten:
ff rit:

THE DISDAINFUL POET.

(ROB DONN.)

BLITHE was my singing, my step it was proud,
When beautiful Anna my courting allowed;
Vanished, alas, is the glamour too soon,
She sighs for a creamy-faced, yellow-haired loon!
Ochan O! Love it is sore!
The man whose face is like a neep my false love stole.
Ochan O! Love it is sore!
But Rob Mackay will laugh at love and soon be whole.

'Twas not a sailor, nor soldier so smart,
That lured lightsome Anna to perjure her heart;
Ne'er a fine gallant the mischief began,
But a pitiful, work-a-day carpenter man.
Ochan O! Love it is sore!
A man of nails and hammers my false love st le.
Ochan O! Love it is sore!
But Rob the bard will laugh at love and soon be whole.

Bad as it is, there is worse I must bear
Than his hammers, his nails, and his lank yellow hair;
The man that courts Anna a fault has so bad,
That to think it and speak it, I'm fairly gone mad!'
Ochan O! Love it is sore!
A *Lowlander*, that wears the breeks, my false love stole.
Ochan O! Love it is sore!
The Hielandman will laugh at love and soon be whole.

After a Gaelic story, by
HAROLD BOULTON.

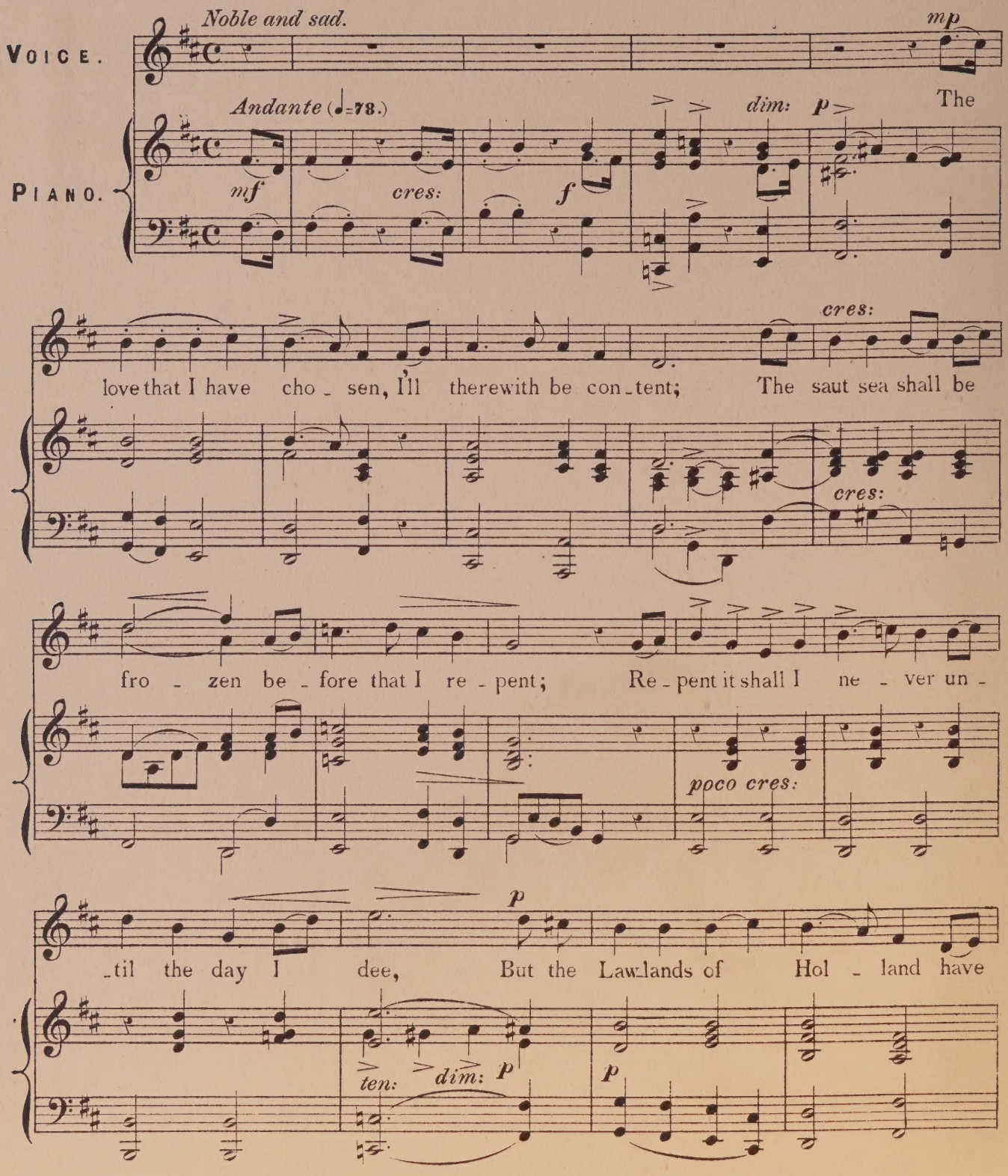
The Lawlands o' Holland.

XLI.

THE LAWLANDS O' HOLLAND.

Words traditional.

Music by
Malcolm Lawson.



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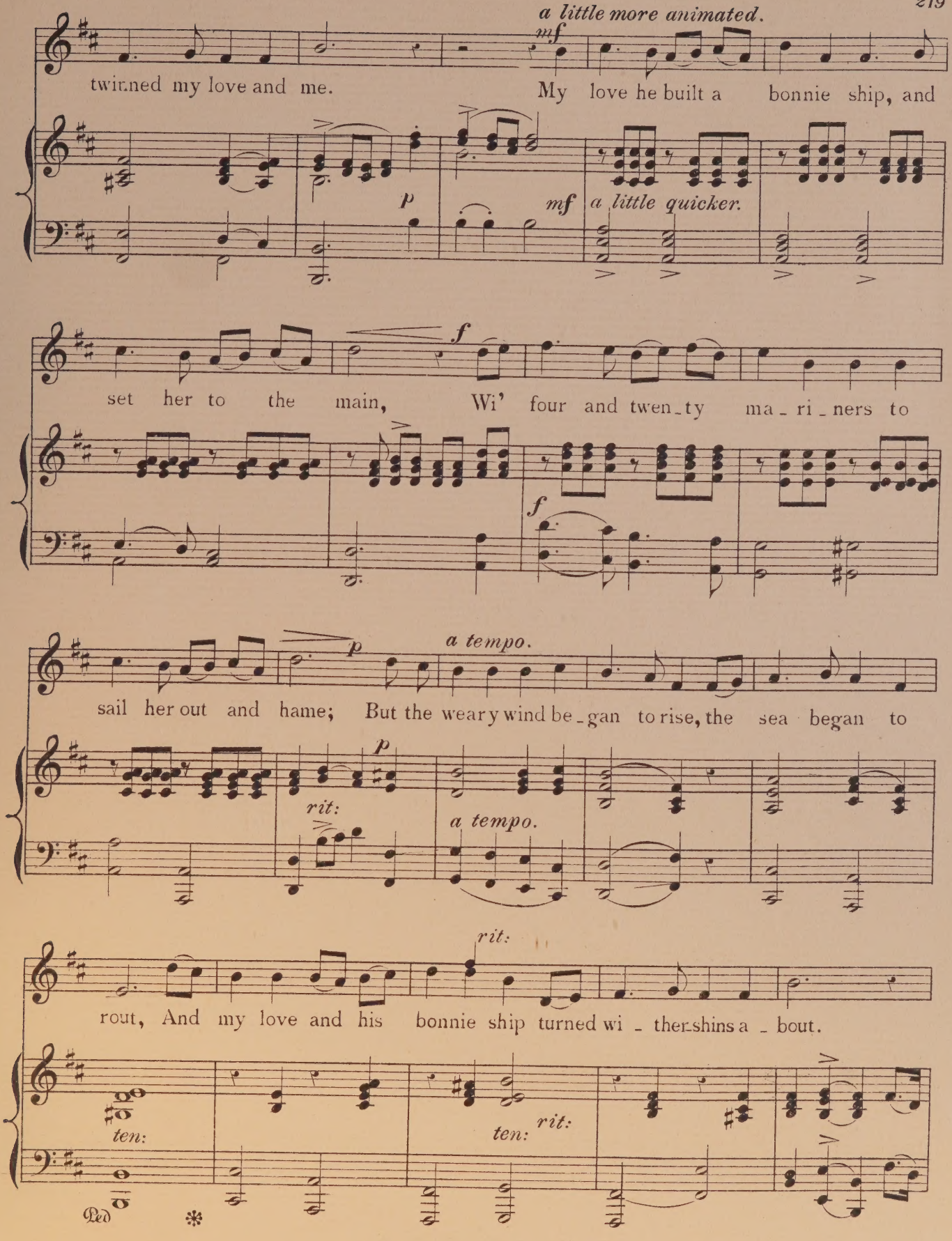
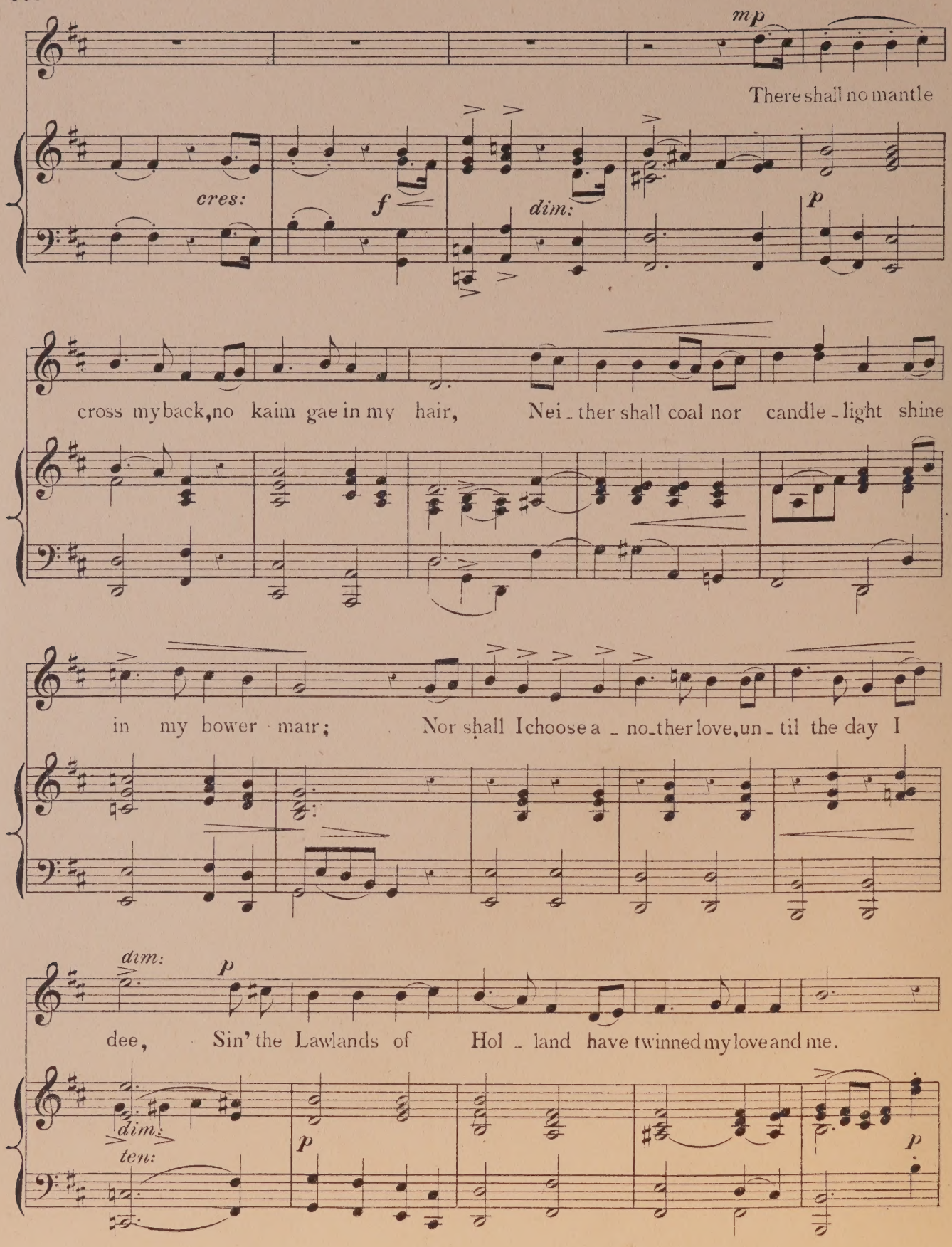
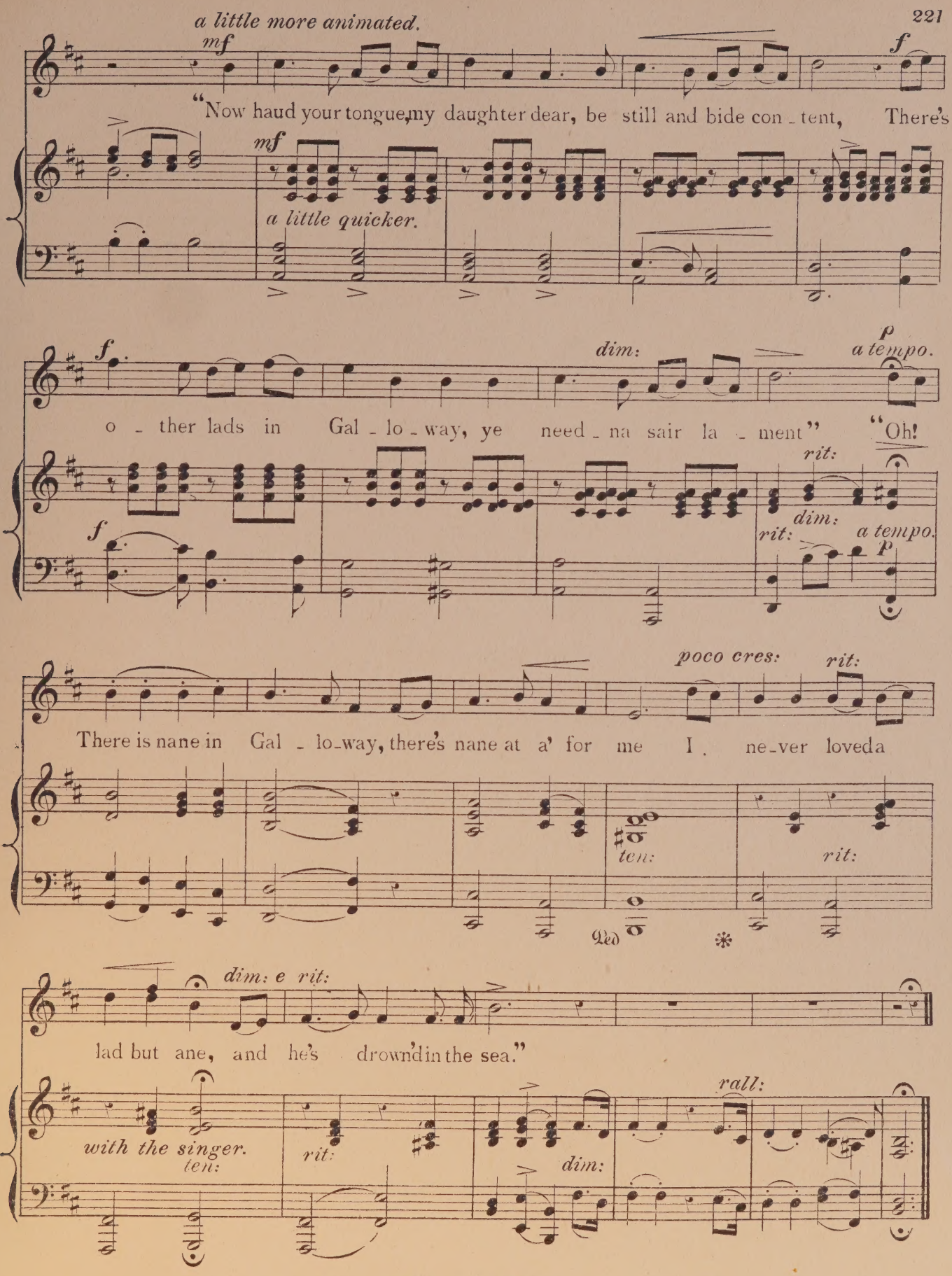

a little more animated.
mf
twinned my love and me.
My love he built a bonnie ship, and
p
mf
a little quicker.
f
set her to the main,
Wi' four and twen_ty ma_ri_ners to
f
p
a tempo.
sail her out and hame;
But the weary wind be_gan to rise, the sea began to
p
rit:
a tempo.
rit:
rout,
And my love and his bonnie ship turned wi_ther_shins a_bout.
ten:
ten:
rit:
Ped
*


mp
There shall no mantle
cres:
f
dim:
p
cross my back, no kaim gae in my hair, Nei - ther shall coal nor candle - light shine
in my bower mair; Nor shall I choose a - no - ther love, un - til the day I
dim:
p
dee, Sin' the Lawlands of Hol - land have twinned my love and me.
dim:
ten:
p
p


a little more animated.
mf
f
"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear, be still and bide con - tent, There's
mf
a little quicker.
f
dim:
p
a tempo.
o - ther lads in Gal - lo - way, ye need - na sair la - ment" "Oh!
rit:
f
dim:
rit:
a tempo.
p
poco cres:
rit:
There is nane in Gal - lo-way, there's nane at a' for me I ne-ver loveda
ten:
rit:
Ped
*
dim: e rit:
lad but ane, and he's drown'd in the sea."
rall:
with the singer.
ten:
rit:
dim:

THE LAWLANDS O' HOLLAND.

THE love that I have chosen, I'll therewith be content,
The saut sea shall be frozen before that I repent;
Repent it shall I never, until the day I dee,
But the Lawlands o' Holland have twinned my love and me.

My love he built a bonnie ship and set her to the main,
Wi' four and twenty mariners to sail her out and hame;
But the weary wind began to rise, the sea began to rout,
And my love and his bonnie ship turned withershins about.

There shall no mantle cross my back, no kame gae in my hair,
Neither shall coal nor candle light shine in my bower mair;
Nor shall I choose another love until the day I dee,
Sin' the Lawlands o' Holland have twinned my love and me.

"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear, be still and bide content,"
"There's other lads in Galloway, ye need na sair lament."
"Oh! There is none in Galloway, there's none at a' for me,"
"I never loved a lad but ane, and he's drowned in the sea."

Traditional.

Jennie's Bawbee.

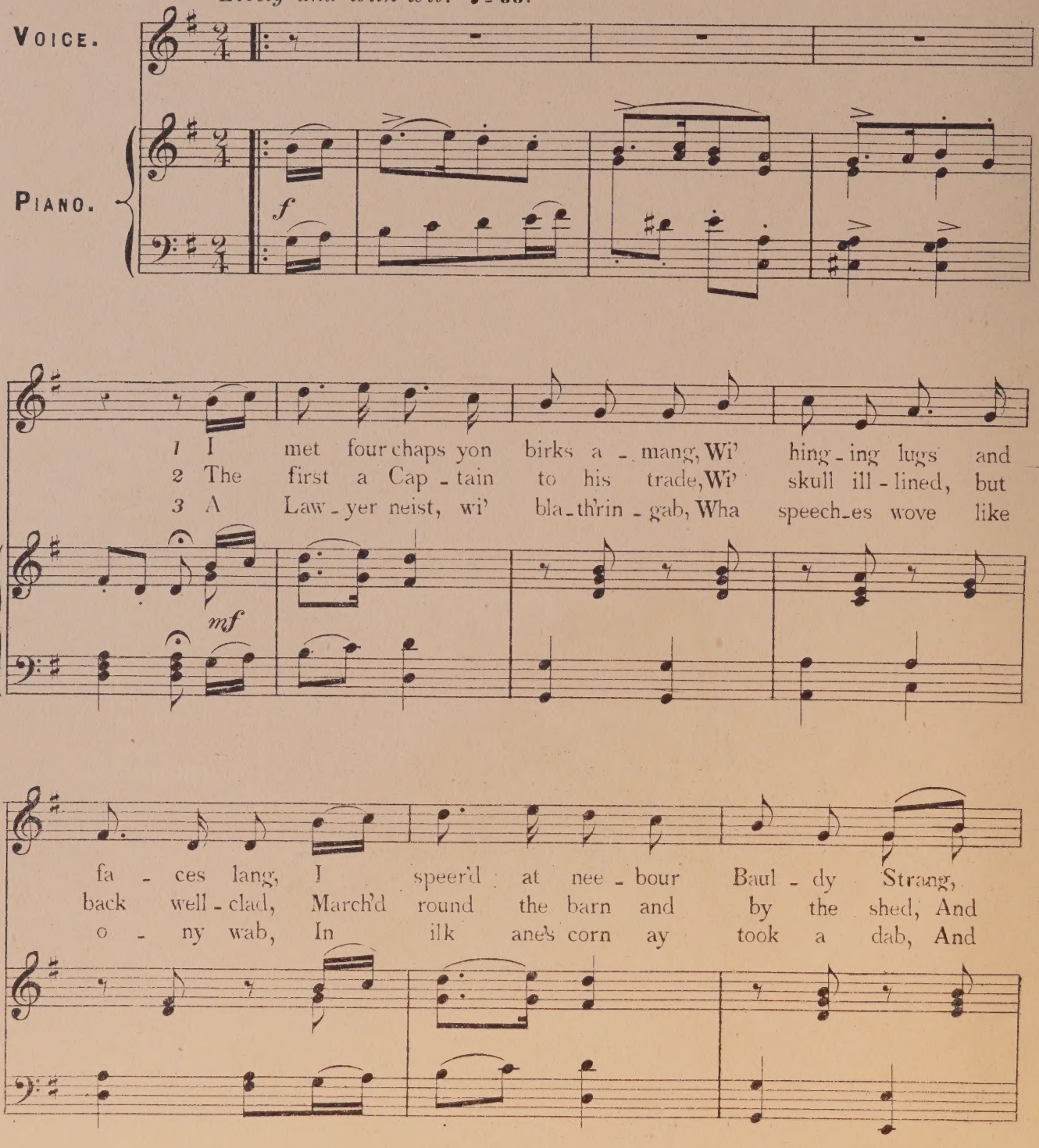
XLII.

JENNIE'S BAWBEE.

Words by
Sir Alexander Boswell.(1775–1822)

Old Scottish dancing air
Arranged by
Malcolm Lawson.

Lively and with wit. ♩= 88.


Voice.
Piano.
f
mf
1 I met four chaps yon birks a - mang, Wi' hing - ing lugs and
2 The first a Cap - tain to his trade, Wi' skull ill - lined, but
3 A Law - yer neist, wi' bla - th'rin - gab, Wha speech - es wove like
fa - ces lang, I speer'd at nee - bour Baul - dy Strang,
back well - clad, March'd round the barn and by the shed, And
o - ny wab, In ilk ane's corn ay took a dab, And

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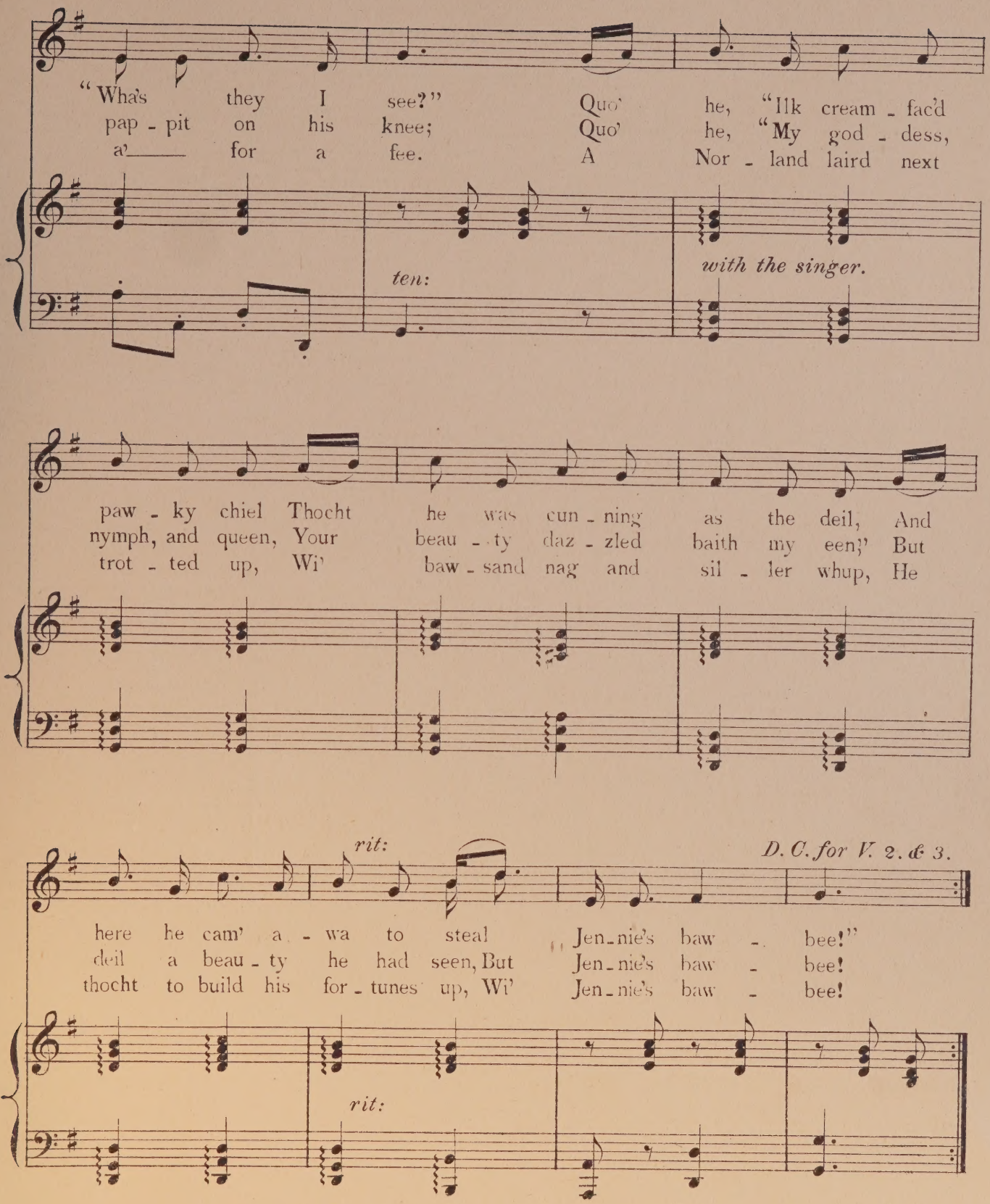
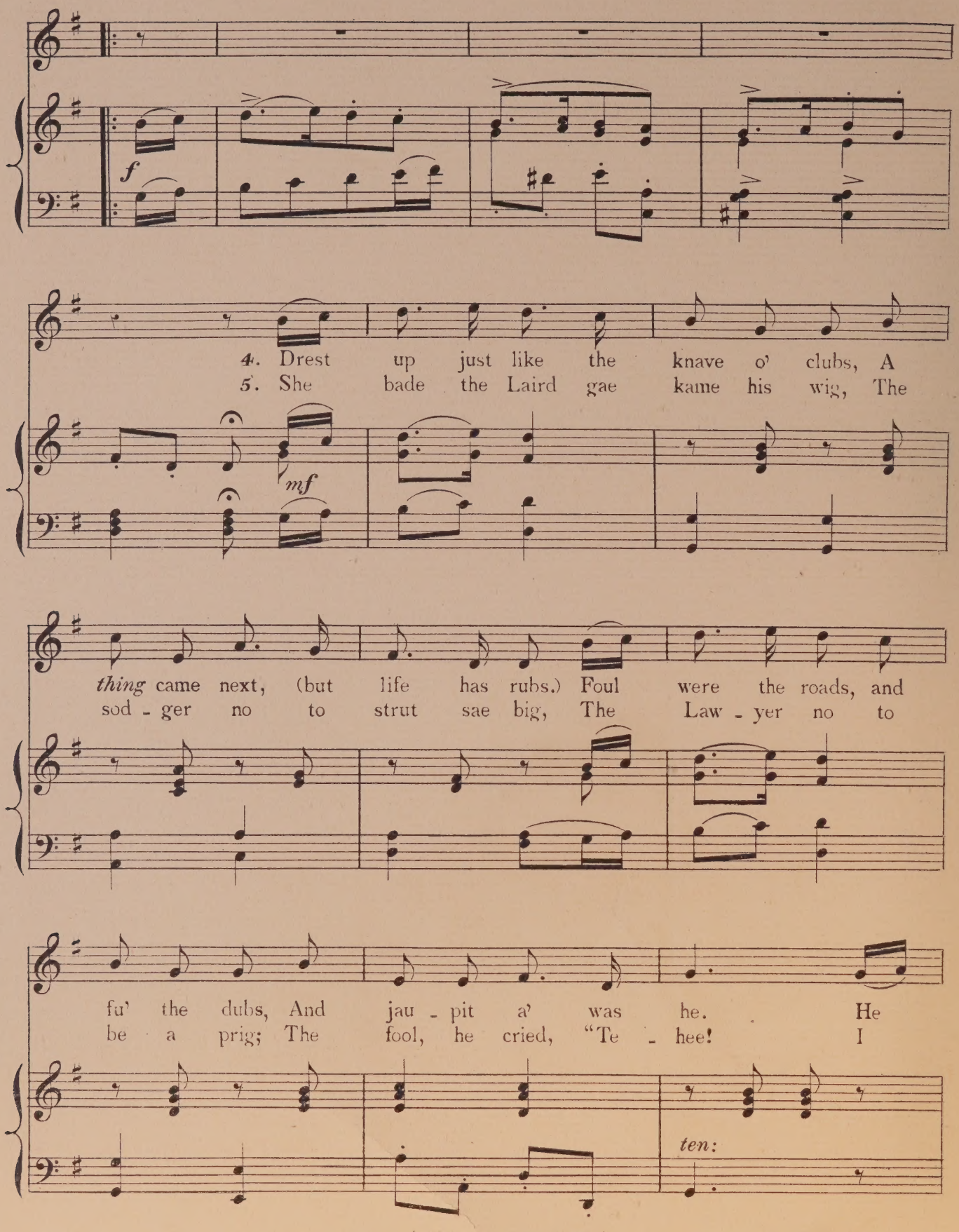
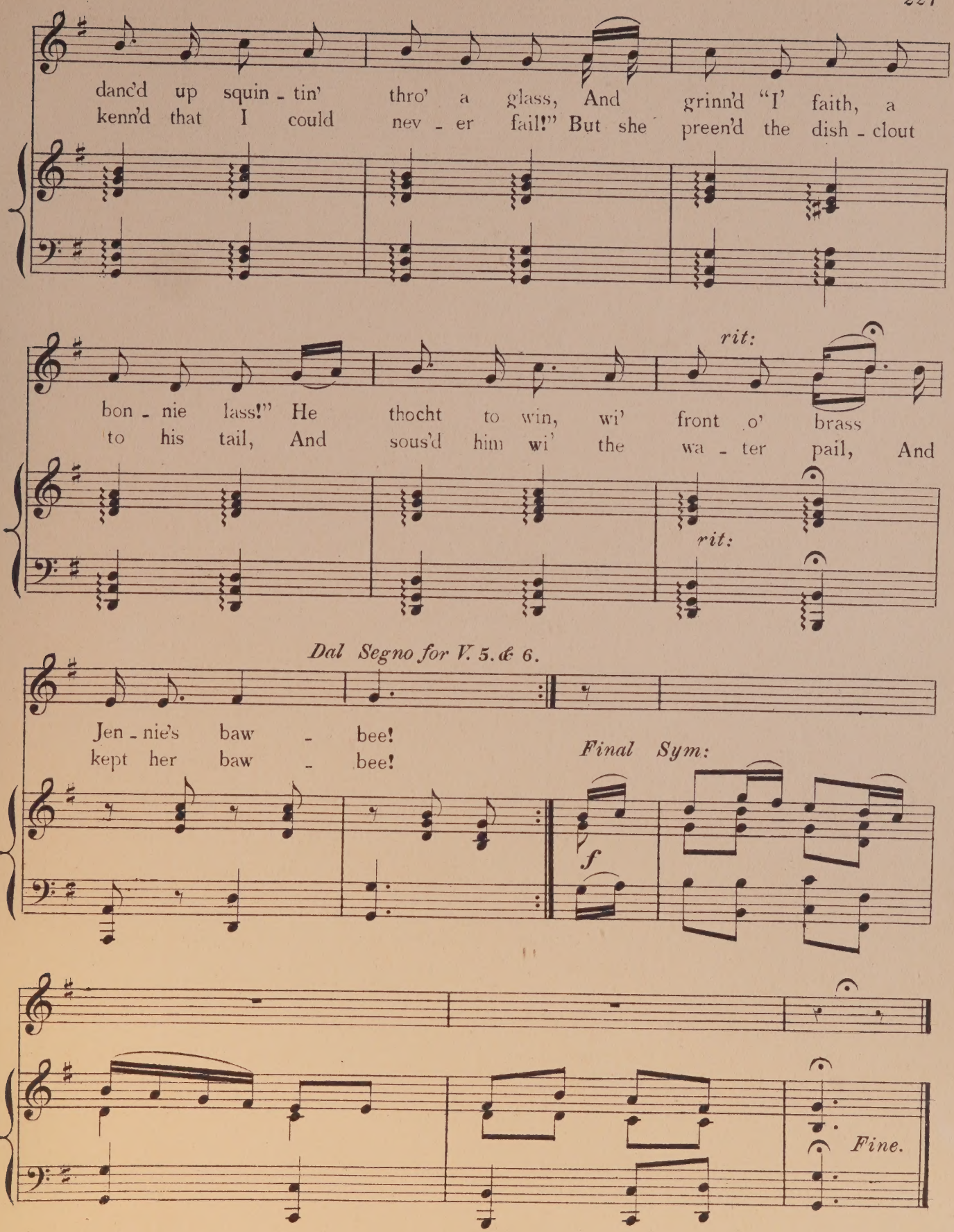

"Wha's they I see?" Quo' he, "Ilk cream - fac'd
pap - pit on his knee; Quo' he, "My god - dess,
a' for a fee. A Nor - land laird next
ten:
with the singer.
paw - ky chiel Thocht he was cun - ning as the deil, And
nymph, and queen, Your beau - ty daz - zled baith my een;' But
trot - ted up, Wi' baw - sand nag and sil - ler whup, He
rit:
D. C. for V. 2. & 3.
here he cam' a - wa to steal Jen - nie's baw - bee!"
deil a beau - ty he had seen, But Jen - nie's baw - bee!
thocht to build his for - tunes up, Wi' Jen - nie's baw - bee!
rit:


f
4. Drest up just like the knave o' clubs, A
5. She bade the Laird gae kame his wig, The
mf
thing came next, (but life has rubs.) Foul were the roads, and
sod - ger no to strut sae big, The Law - yer no to
fu' the dubs, And jau - pit a' was he. He
be a prig; The fool, he cried, "Te - hee! I
ten:


danc'd up squin - tin' thro' a glass, And grinn'd "I' faith, a
kenn'd that I could nev - er fail!" But she preen'd the dish - clout
rit:
bon - nie lass!" He thocht to win, wi' front o' brass
to his tail, And sous'd him wi' the wa - ter pail, And
rit:
Dal Segno for V. 5. & 6.
Jen - nie's baw - bee!
kept her baw - bee!
Final Sym:
f
Fine.

JENNIE'S BAWBEE.

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hinging lugs and faces lang;
I speered at neebour Bauldy Strang,
"Wha's they I see?"
Quo' he: "Ilk cream-faced pawky chiel,"
"Thocht he was cunning as the deil,"
"And here he cam' awa' to steal"
"Jennie's Bawbee!"

The first a captain to his trade,
Wi' skull ill-lined, but back weel clad,
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,
And pappit on his knee:
Quo' he: "My goddess, nymph and queen,"
"Your beauty's dazzled baith my een!"
But deil a beauty he had seen
But—Jennie's Bawbee.

A lawyer neist wi' blatherin' gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab;
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee.
A Norland laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsand naig and siller whup;
He thought to build his fortunes up
Wi'—Jennie's Bawbee.

Drest up just like a knave o' clubs
A *thing* cam' neist (but life has rubs),
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
And jaupit a' was he.
He danced up squintin' thro' a glass,
And grinned: "I' faith, a bonnie lass!"
He thought to win wi' front o' brass,
Jennie's Bawbee.

She bade the Laird gae kame his wig,
The Sodger no to strut sae big,
The Lawyer no to be a prig,
The fool, he cried: "Te-hee!"
"I kenn'd that I could never fail!"
But she preen'd the dish-clout to his tail,
And soused him wi' the water pail,
And *kept* her bawbee.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL (1775-1822).

Coronach.

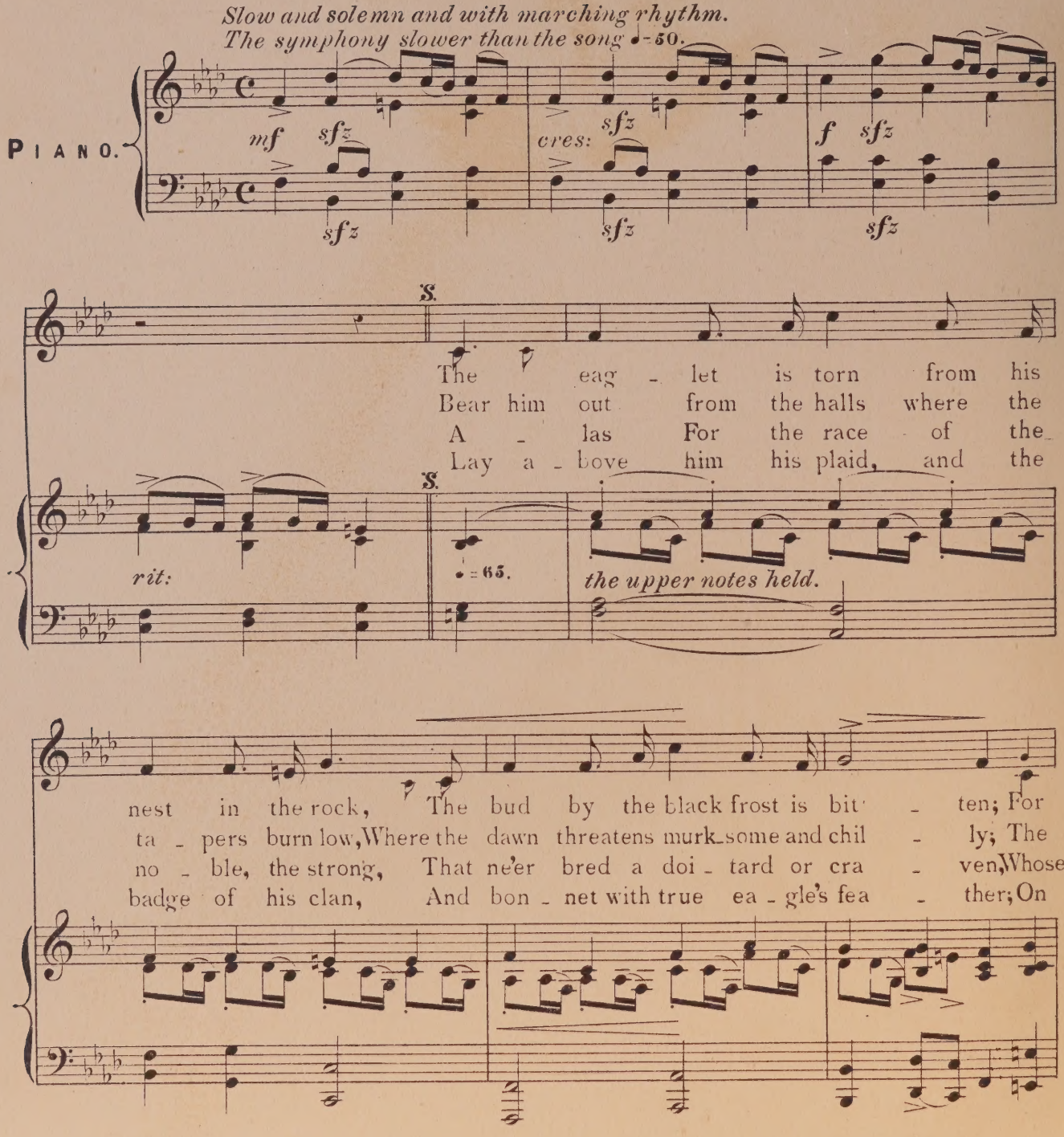
XLIII.

CORONACH.

On the death of a child chieftain the last of his race.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Adapted and arranged from old Highland air by MALCOLM LAWSON.


Slow and solemn and with marching rhythm.
The symphony slower than the song ♩=50.
PIANO.
mf sfz
sfz
cres:
sfz
sfz
f sfz
sfz
S.
The eag - let is torn from his
Bear him out from the halls where the
A - las For the race of the
Lay a - bove him his plaid, and the
S.
rit:
♩=65.
the upper notes held.
nest in the rock, The bud by the black frost is bit - ten; For
ta - pers burn low, Where the dawn threatens murk-some and chil - ly; The
no - ble, the strong, That ne'er bred a doi - tard or cra - ven, Whose
badge of his clan, And bon - net with true ea - gle's fea - ther; On

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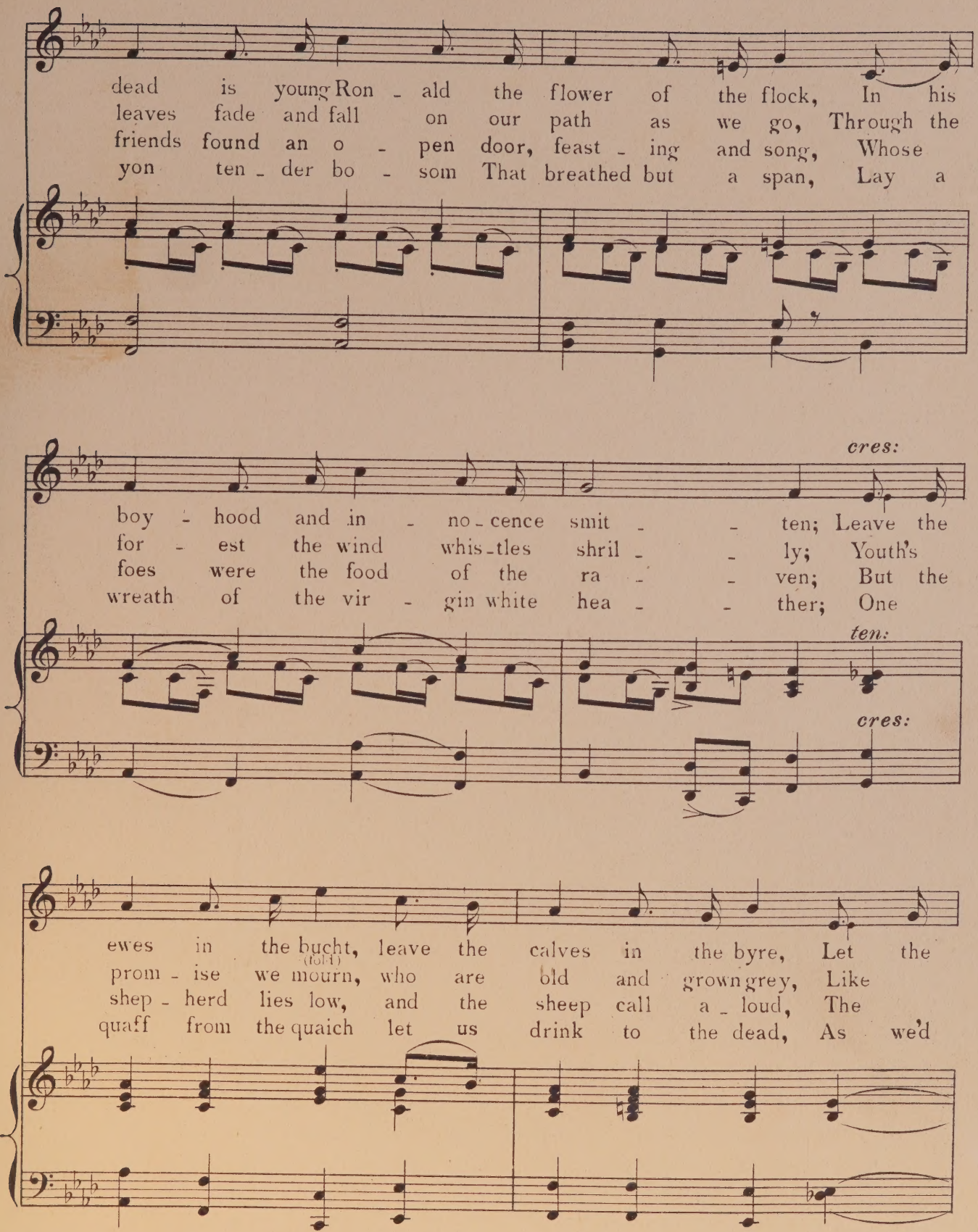
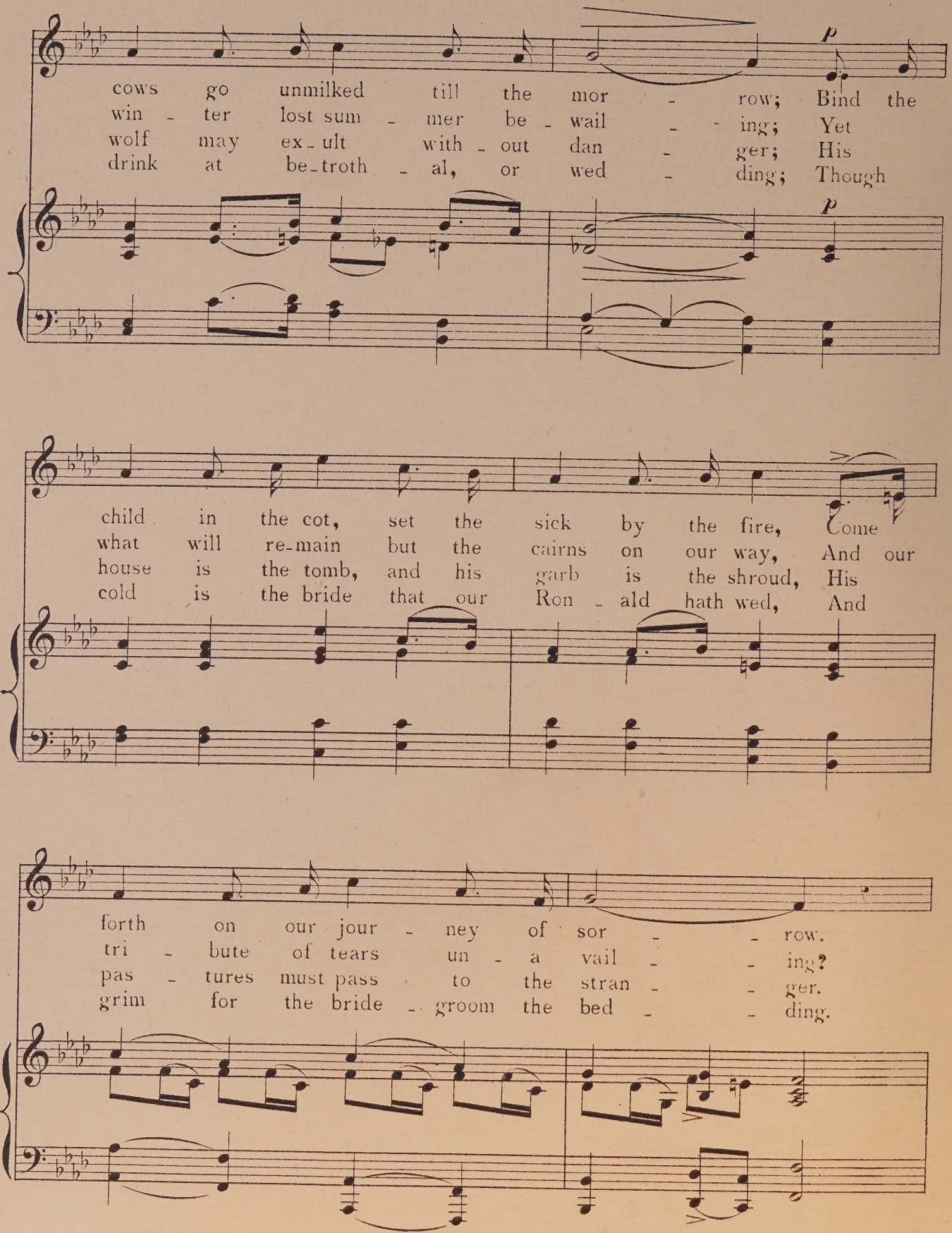
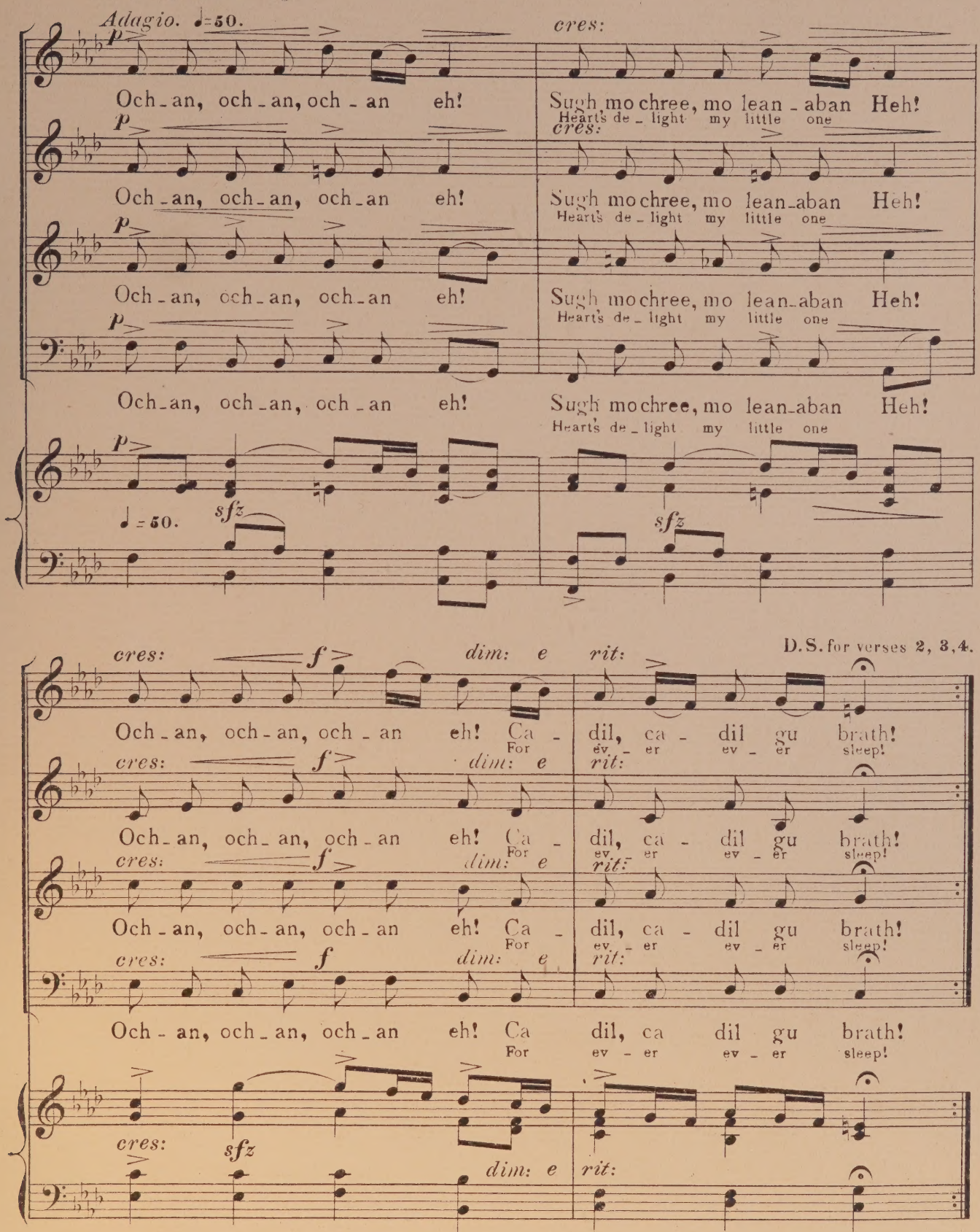
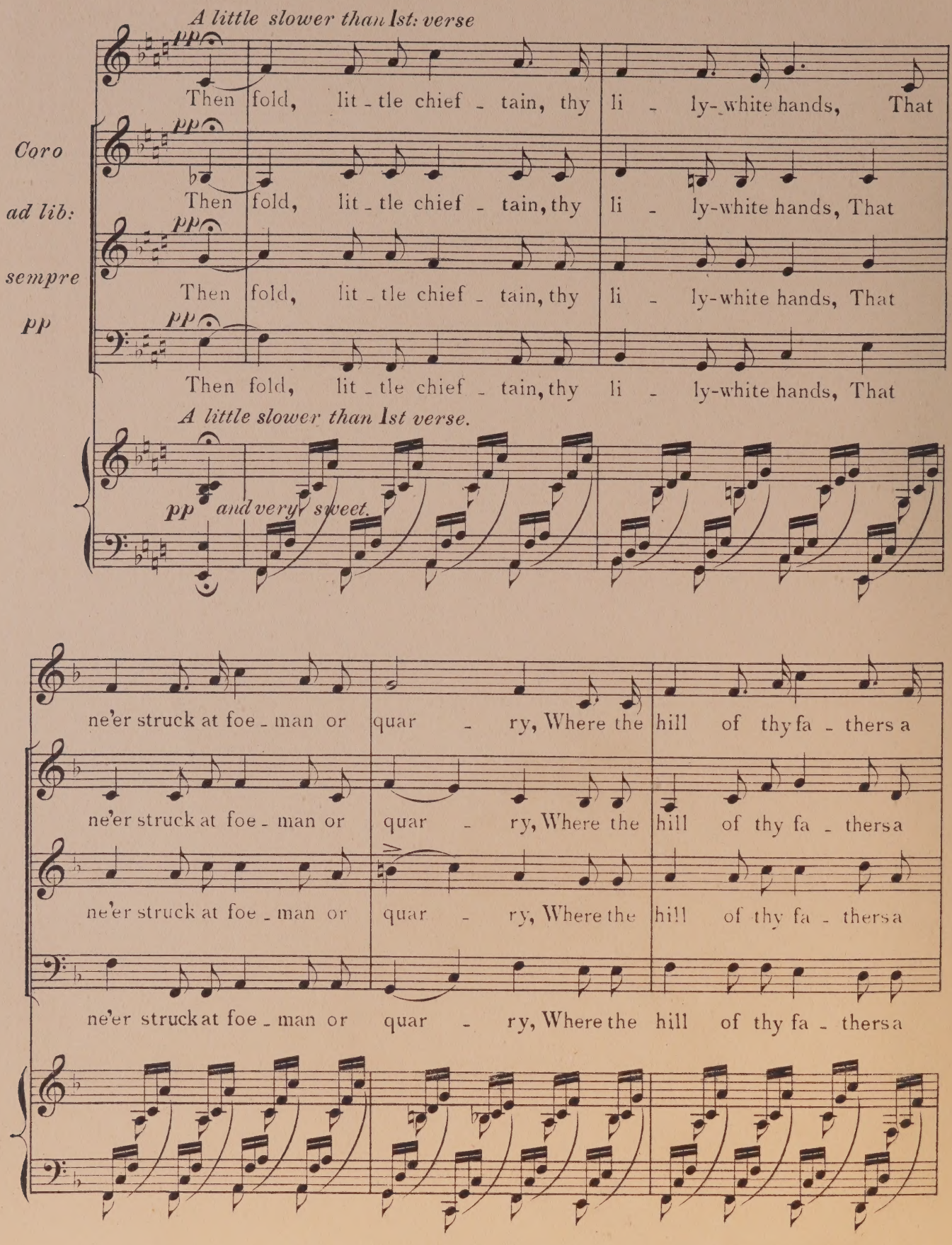

dead is young Ron - ald the flower of the flock, In his
leaves fade and fall on our path as we go, Through the
friends found an o - pen door, feast - ing and song, Whose
yon ten - der bo - som That breathed but a span, Lay a
cres:
boy - hood and in - no - cence smit - - ten; Leave the
for - est the wind whis - tles shril - - ly; Youth's
foes were the food of the ra - - ven; But the
wreath of the vir - gin white hea - - ther; One
ten:
cres:
ewes in the bucht, leave the calves in the byre, Let the
(fold)
prom - ise we mourn, who are old and grown grey, Like
shep - herd lies low, and the sheep call a - loud, The
quaff from the quaich let us drink to the dead, As we'd


cows go unmilked till the mor - row; Bind the
win - ter lost sum - mer be - wail - ing; Yet
wolf may ex - ult with - out dan - ger; His
drink at be - troth - al, or wed - ding; Though
p
p
child in the cot, set the sick by the fire, Come
what will re-main but the cairns on our way, And our
house is the tomb, and his garb is the shroud, His
cold is the bride that our Ron - ald hath wed, And
forth on our jour - ney of sor - row.
tri - bute of tears un - a vail - ing?
pas - tures must pass to the stran - ger.
grim for the bride - groom the bed - ding.

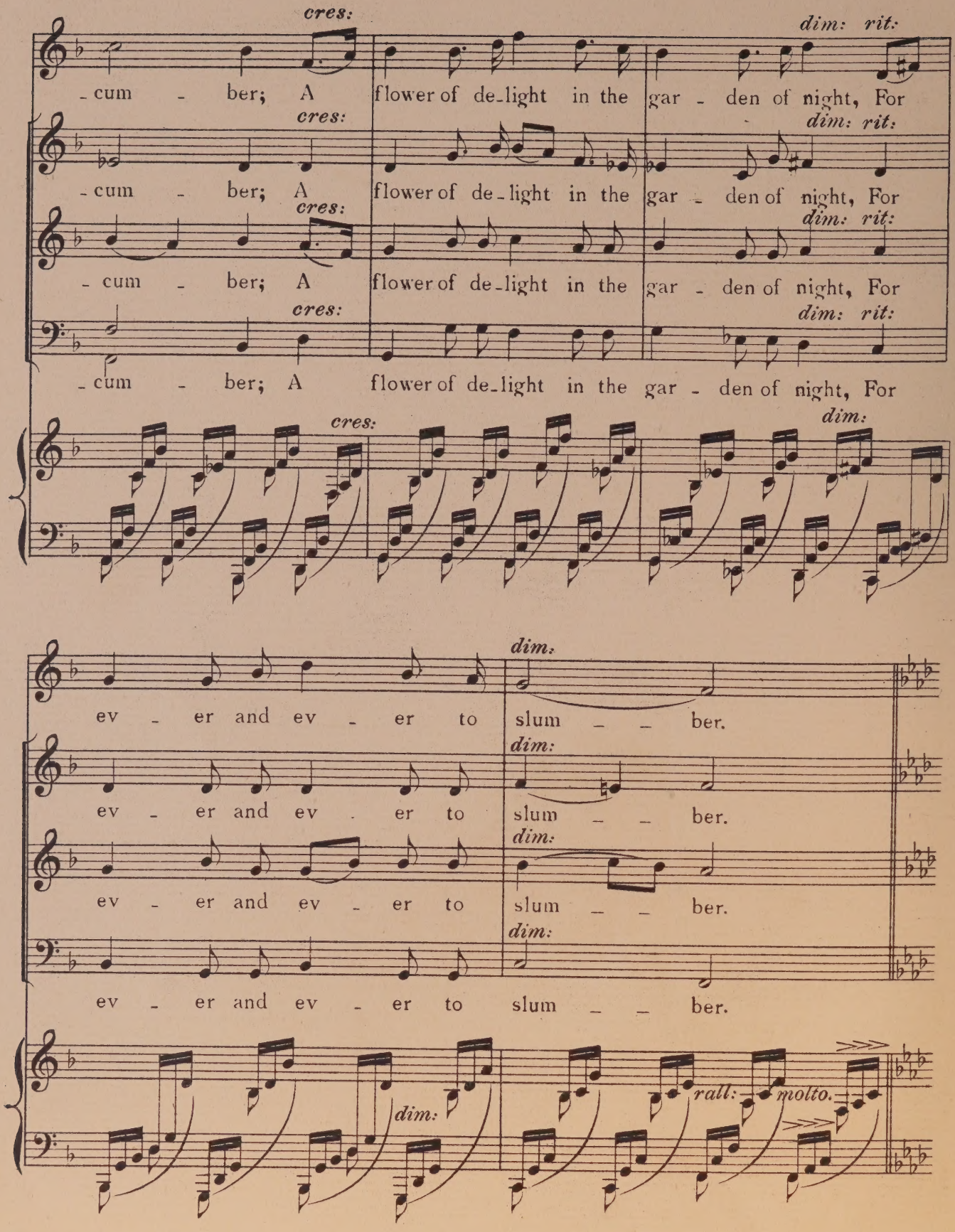
This Wail Chorus may be sung in unison or in harmony after each verse; In the absence of a chorus the Pianoforte alone takes the place of the dirge.

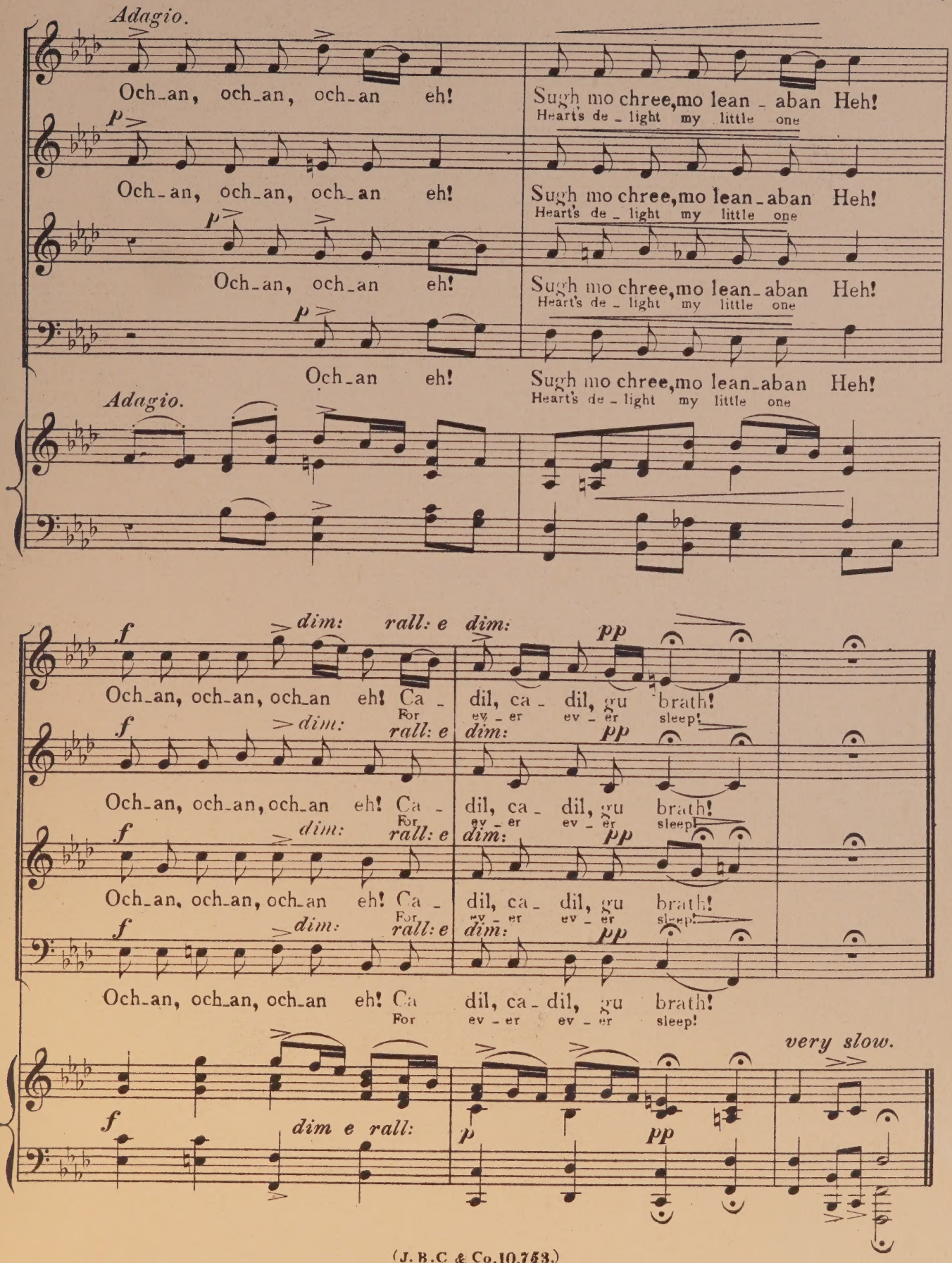


This verse can be sung as a Solo with or without Chorus of 3 parts or as a full Chorus.


A little slower than 1st: verse
pp
Then fold, lit - tle chief - tain, thy li - ly-white hands, That
Coro ad lib: sempre pp
Then fold, lit - tle chief - tain, thy li - ly-white hands, That
Then fold, lit - tle chief - tain, thy li - ly-white hands, That
Then fold, lit - tle chief - tain, thy li - ly-white hands, That
A little slower than 1st verse.
pp and very sweet.
ne'er struck at foe - man or quar - ry, Where the hill of thy fa - thers a
ne'er struck at foe - man or quar - ry, Where the hill of thy fa - thersa
ne'er struck at foe - man or quar - ry, Where the hill of thy fa - thersa
ne'er struck at foe - man or quar - ry, Where the hill of thy fa - thersa

a little slower.
pp
sen - ti-nel stands O'er green strath, and clachan, and cor - rie; Lie
pp slower.
sen - ti-nel stands O'er green strath, and clachan, and cor - rie; Lie
pp slower.
sen - ti-nel stands O'er green strath, and clachan, and cor - rie; Lie
pp slower.
sen - ti-nel stands O'er green strath, and clachan, and cor - rie; Lie
rit:
Ped
*
si - lent, and dream by the clear-sing-ing stream, The dream that no care can en-
si - lent, and dream by the clear-singing stream, The dream that no care can en-
si - lent, and dream by the clear-singing stream, The dream that no care can en-
si - lent, and dream by the clear-singing stream, The dream that no care can en-


cres:
dim: rit:
- cum - ber; A flower of de-light in the gar - den of night, For
cres:
dim: rit:
- cum - ber; A flower of de-light in the gar - den of night, For
cres:
dim: rit:
- cum - ber; A flower of de-light in the gar - den of night, For
cres:
dim: rit:
- cum - ber; A flower of de-light in the gar - den of night, For
cres:
dim:
dim:
ev - er and ev - er to slum - - ber.
dim:
ev - er and ev - er to slum - - ber.
dim:
ev - er and ev - er to slum - - ber.
dim:
ev - er and ev - er to slum - - ber.
dim:
rall: molto.


Adagio.
Och-an, och-an, och-an eh!
Sugh mo chree, mo lean-aban Heh!
Heart's de-light my little one
Och-an, och-an, och-an eh!
Sugh mo chree, mo lean-aban Heh!
Heart's de-light my little one
Och-an, och-an eh!
Sugh mo chree, mo lean-aban Heh!
Heart's de-light my little one
Och-an eh!
Sugh mo chree, mo lean-aban Heh!
Heart's de-light my little one
Adagio.
dim: rall: e dim:
Och-an, och-an, och-an eh! Ca- For
dil, ca- dil, gu- ev-er ev-er brath! sleep!
Och-an, och-an, och-an eh! Ca- For
dil, ca- dil, gu- ev-er ev-er brath! sleep!
Och-an, och-an, och-an eh! Ca- For
dil, ca- dil, gu- ev-er ev-er brath! sleep!
Och-an, och-an, och-an eh! Ca For
dil, ca- dil, gu- ev-er ev-er brath! sleep!
very slow.
dim e rall:

CORONACH.

(Being the lament for the death of a child chieftain, the last of his race.)

THE eaglet is torn from his nest in the rock,
The bud by the black frost is bitten;
For dead is young Ronald, the flower of the flock,
In his boyhood and innocence smitten.
Leave the ewes in the bucht, leave the calves in the byre,
Let the cows go unmilked till the morrow,
Bind the child in the cot, set the sick by the fire;
Come forth on our journey of sorrow.

Bear him out from the halls where the tapers burn low,
Where the dawn threatens murksome and chilly;
The leaves fade and fall on our path as we go,
Through the forest the wind whistles shrilly.
Youth's promise we mourn who are old and grown grey,
Like winter lost summer bewailing;
Yet what will remain but the cairns on our way,
And our tribute of tears unavailing?

Alas! For the race of the noble, the strong,
That ne'er bred a doitard or craven,
Whose friends found an open door, feasting, and song,
Whose foes were the food of the raven!
But the shepherd lies low, and the sheep cry aloud,
The wolf may exult without danger;
His home is the tomb and his garb is the shroud,
His pastures must pass to the stranger.

Lay above him his plaid and the badge of his clan,
And bonnet with true eagle's feather,
On yon tender bosom, that breathed but a span,
Lay a wreath of the virgin white heather.
One quaff from the quaich let us drink to the dead,
As we'd drink at betrothal, or wedding;
Though cold is the bride that our Ronald hath wed,
And grim for the bridegroom the bedding.

Then fold, little chieftain, those lily-white hands
That ne'er struck at foeman nor quarry,
Where the hill of thy fathers a sentinel stands
Over green strath and clachan and corrie.
Lie silent, and dream by the clear-singing stream
The dream that no care can encumber,
A flower of delight in the garden of night,
For ever and ever to slumber.

Ochan, ochan, ochan eh!
Sugh mo chree, mo leanaban Heh!
Ochan, ochan, ochan eh!
Cadil, cadil gu brath.

HAROLD BOULTON.

Gie my gown room.

(I'LL GAR OUR GUDEMAN TREW.)

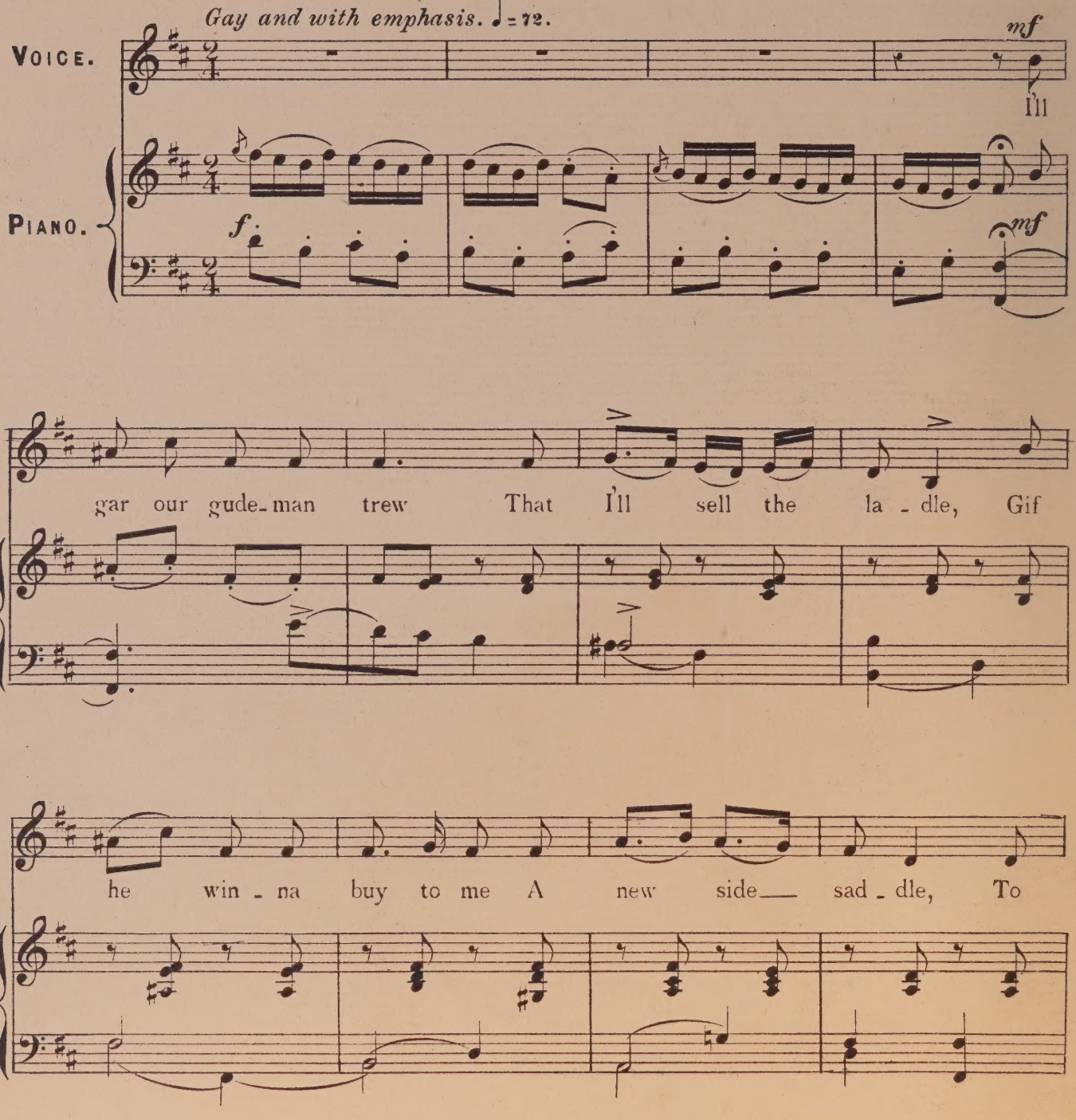
XLIV.

GIE MY GOWN ROOM.

(I'll gar our Gudeman trew.)

Words Anon.

Music by
Malcolm Lawson.


Gay and with emphasis. ♩= 72.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
I'll
f
mf
gar our gude-man trew That I'll sell the la - dle, Gif
he win - na buy to me A new side sad - dle, To

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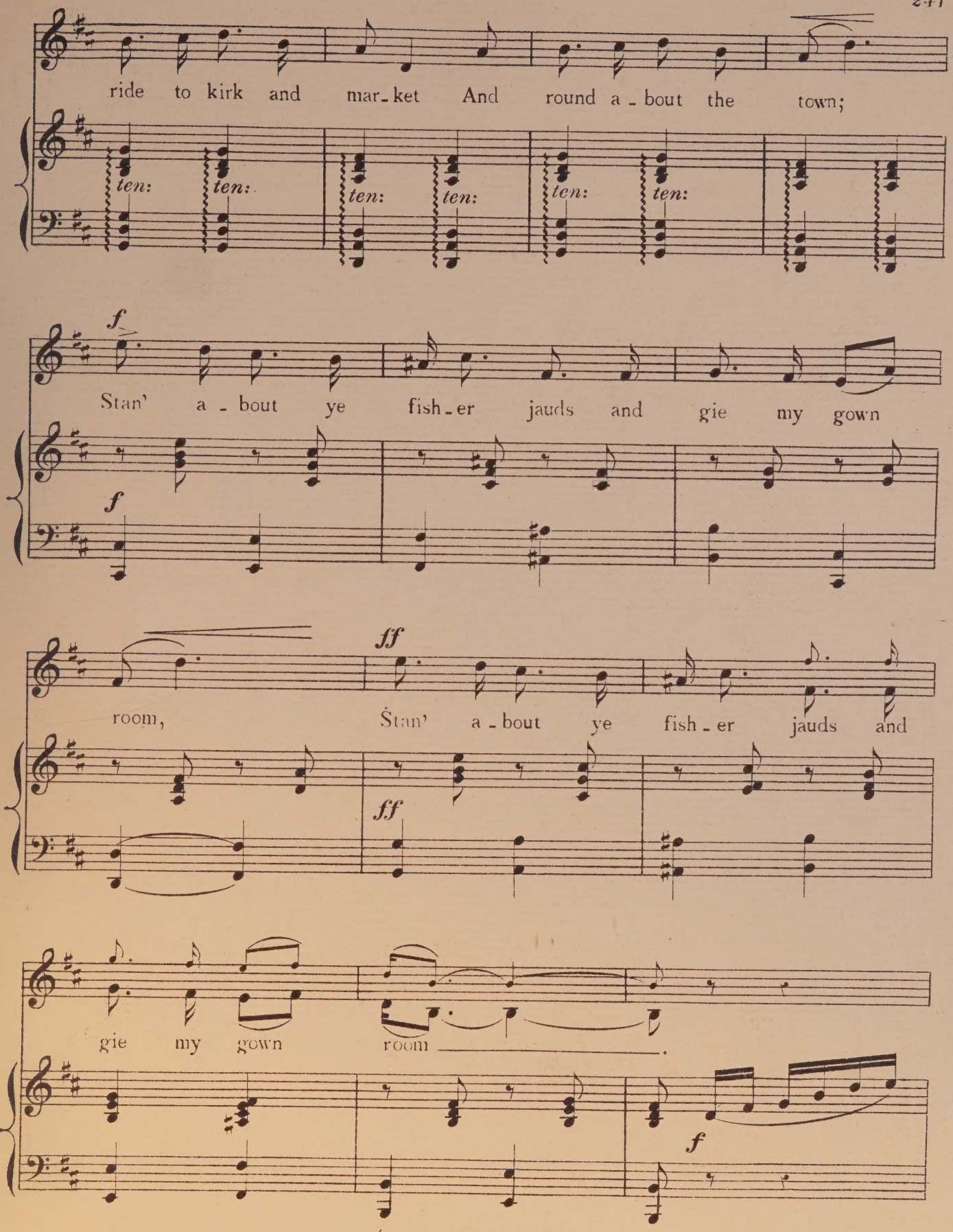
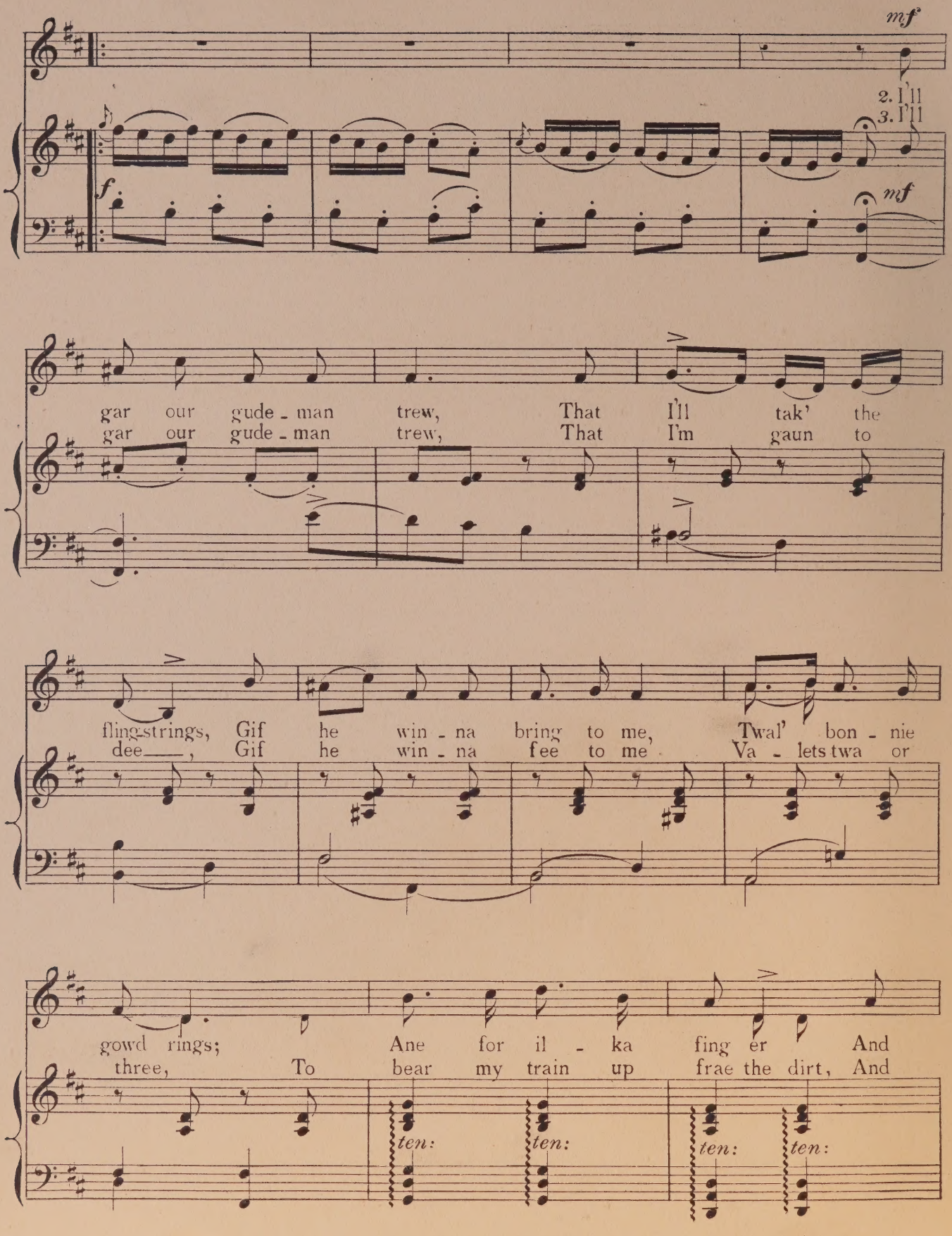
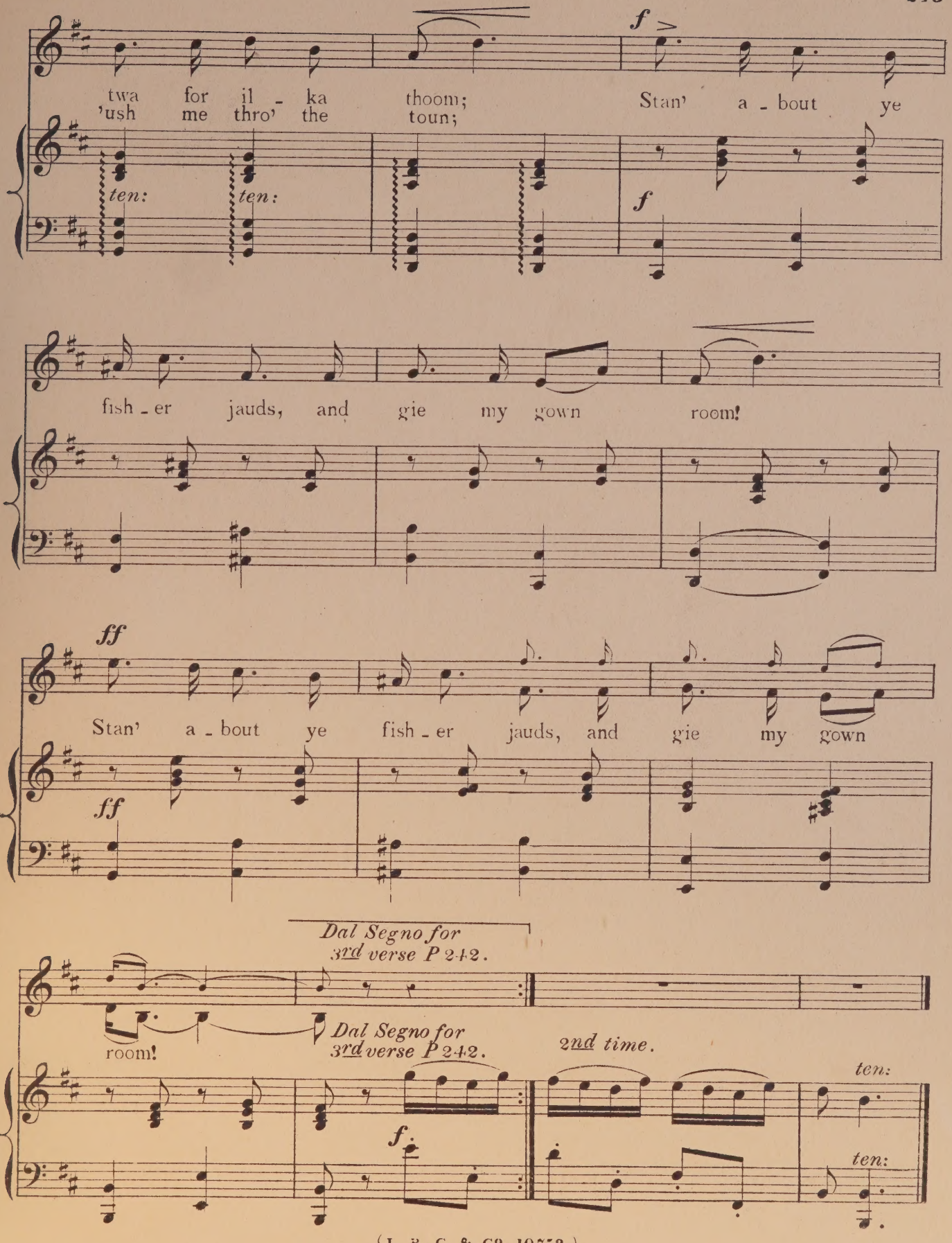

ride to kirk and mar-ket And round a-bout the town;
ten: ten: ten: ten: ten: ten:
f
Stan' a-bout ye fish-er jauds and gie my gown
f
ff
room, Stan' a-bout ye fish-er jauds and
ff
gie my gown room
f


mf
2. I'll
3. I'll
f
mf
gar our gude - man trew, That I'll tak' the
gar our gude - man trew, That I'm gaun to
fling strings, Gif he win - na bring to me, Twal' bon - nie
dee——, Gif he win - na fee to me Va - lets twa or
gowd rings; Ane for il - ka fing er And
three, To bear my train up frae the dirt, And
ten:
ten:
ten:
ten:


twa for il - ka thoom; Stan' a - bout ye
'ush me thro' the toun;
ten: ten:
f
fish - er jauds, and gie my gown room!
ff
Stan' a - bout ye fish - er jauds, and gie my gown
ff
Dal Segno for 3rd verse P 242.
room!
Dal Segno for 3rd verse P 242.
2nd time.
f
ten:
ten:

GIE MY GOWN ROOM!

(I'LL GAR OUR GUDEMAN TREW.)

I'LL gar our gudeman trew,
That I'll sell the ladle
Gif he winna buy to me
A new side-saddle;
To ride to kirk and market,
And round about the toun;
Stan' about ye fisher jauds
And gie my gown room!

I'll gar our gudeman trew,
That I'll tak' the fling-strings,
Gif he winna bring to me
Twal bonnie gowd rings,
Ane for ilka finger
And twa for ilka thoom;
Stan' about ye fisher jauds
And gie my gown room!

I'll gar our gudeman trew,
I'm gaun to dee,
Gif he winna fee to me
Valets twa or three,
To bear my train up frae the dirt
And 'ush me through the toun;
Stan' about ye fisher jauds
And gie my gown room!

Anonymous.

The Wren.

XLV.

THE WREN.

(A Child's Song.)

Old Scottish Air
Arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Old Song (altered and adapted)

♪ = 86.
Rather
VOICE.
1. The
2. "Now
PIANO.
p and with express:
rall:
pathetic.
wren she lies in care's bed, In care's bed, in
mai - den will ye taste o' this, Taste o' this,
P
care's bed; The wren she lies in care's bed, Wi'
taste o' this, Now mai - den will ye taste o' this, It's

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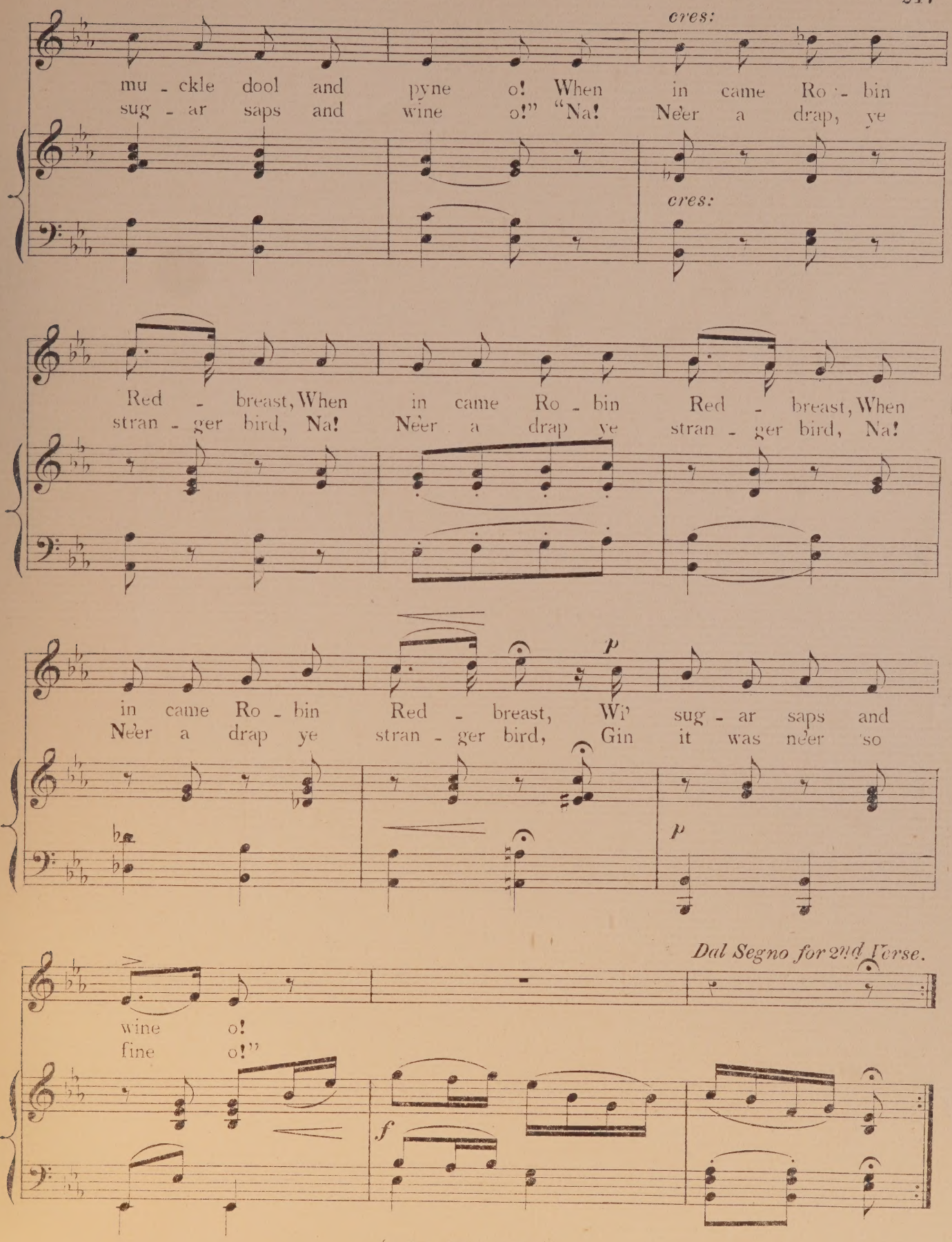
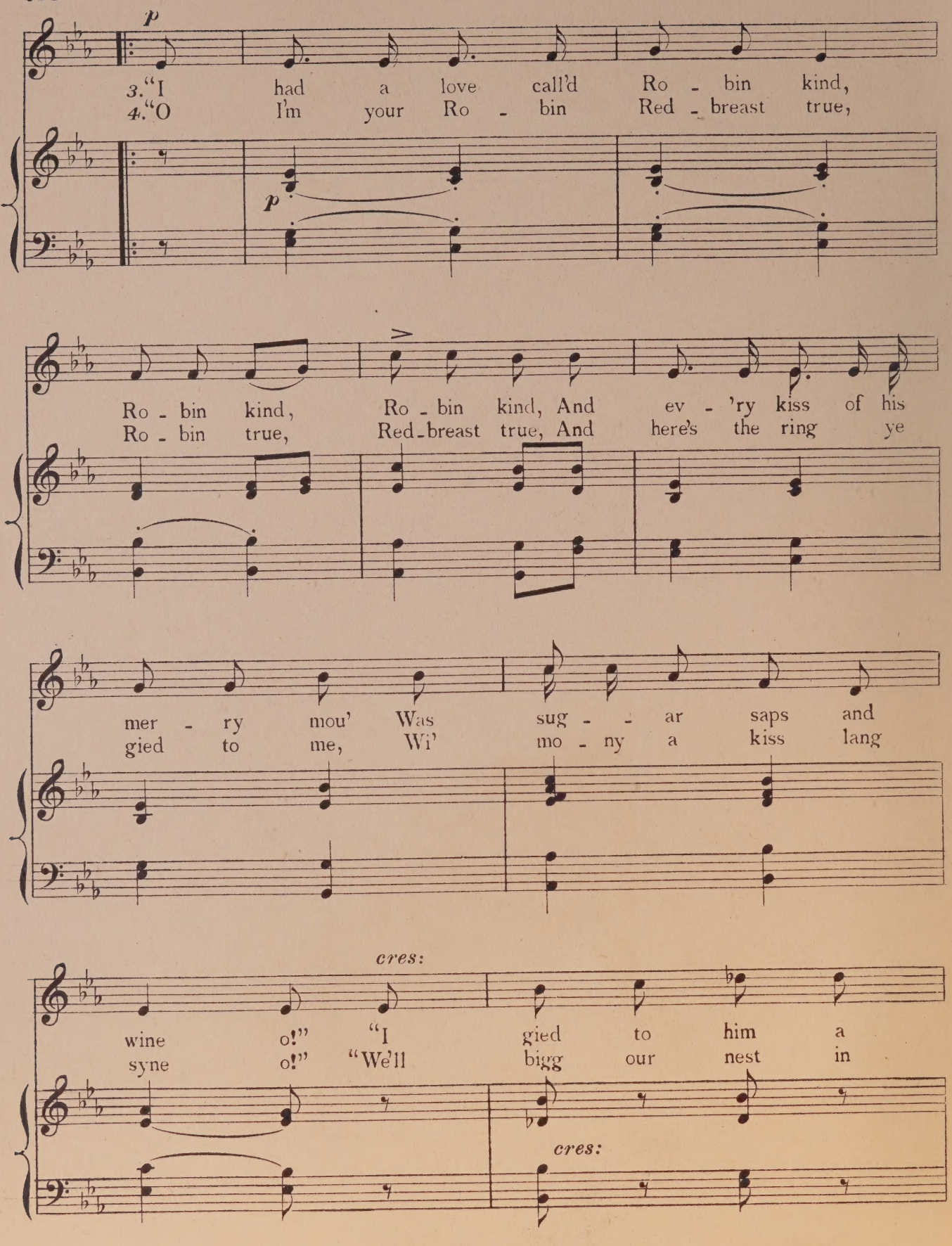
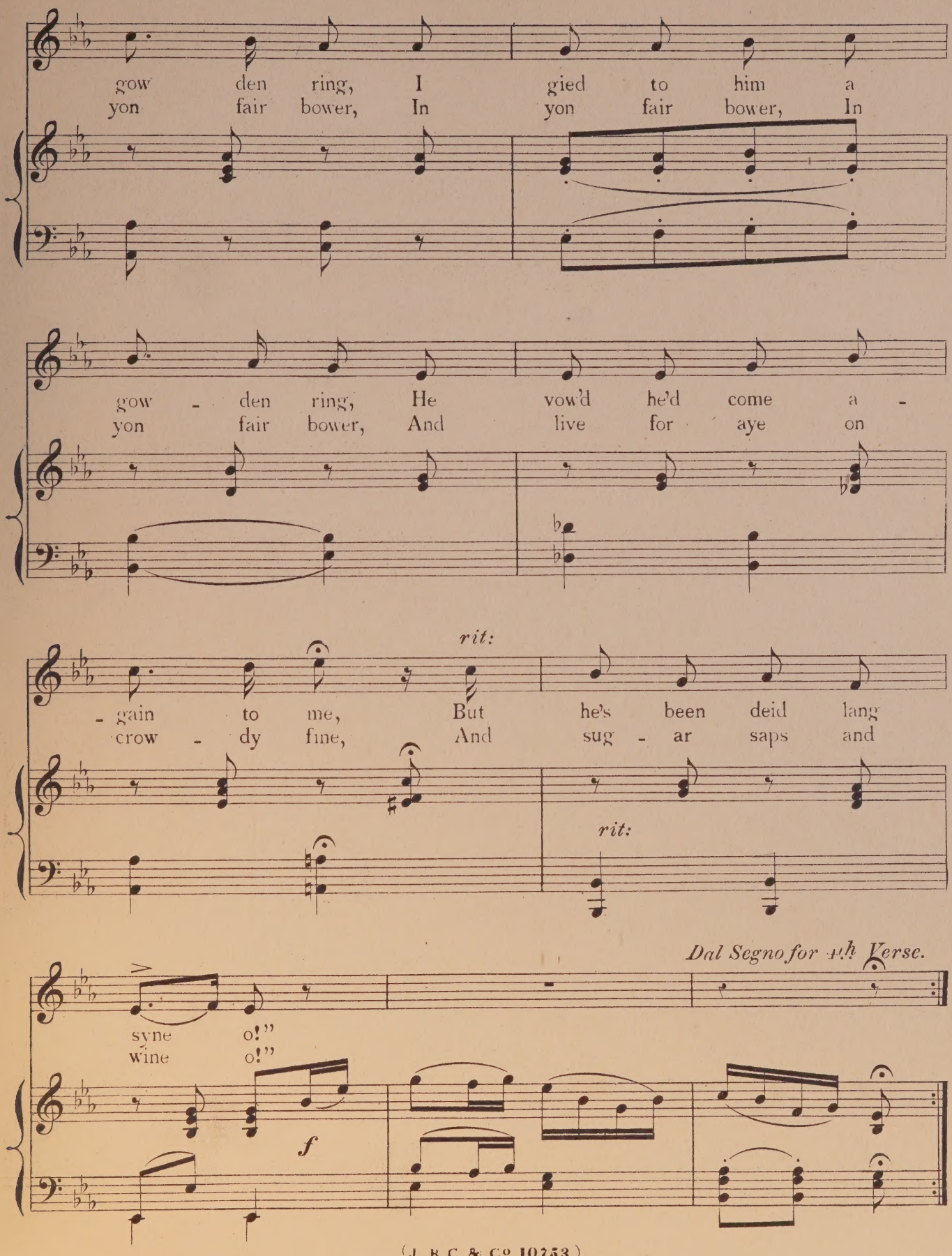

cres:
mu - ckle dool and pyne o! When in came Ro - bin
sug - ar saps and wine o!" "Na! Ne'er a drap, ye
cres:
Red - breast, When in came Ro - bin Red - breast, When
stran - ger bird, Na! Ne'er a drap ye stran - ger bird, Na!
p
in came Ro - bin Red - breast, Wi' sug - ar saps and
Ne'er a drap ye stran - ger bird, Gin it was ne'er so
p
Dal Segno for 2nd Verse.
wine o!
fine o!"
f


p
3. "I had a love call'd Ro - bin kind,
4. "O I'm your Ro - bin Red - breast true,
p
Ro - bin kind, Ro - bin kind, And ev - 'ry kiss of his
Ro - bin true, Red-breast true, And here's the ring ye
mer - ry mou' Was sug - - ar saps and
gied to me, Wi' mo - ny a kiss lang
cres:
wine o!" "I gied to him a
syne o!" "We'll bigg our nest in
cres:


gow den ring, I gied to him a
yon fair bower, In yon fair bower, In
gow - den ring, He vow'd he'd come a -
yon fair bower, And live for aye on
rit:
- gain to me, But he's been deid lang
crow - dy fine, And sug - ar saps and
rit:
Dal Segno for 4th Verse.
syne o!"
wine o!"
f

THE WREN.

(A CHILD'S SONG.)

THE wren she lies in care's bed, in cares bed, in care's bed,
The wren she lies in care's bed, in muckle dool and pyne O!
When in came Robin redbreast, when in came Robin redbreast,
When in came Robin redbreast, wi' sugar saps and wine O!

"Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this? taste o' this, taste o' this?"
"Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this? it's sugar saps and wine O!"
"Na', ne'er a drop, ye stranger bird! na', ne'er a drop, ye stranger bird!"
"Na', ne'er a drop, ye stranger bird, gin it was ne'er so fine O!"

"I had a love called Robin kind, Robin kind, Robin kind,"
"And every kiss o' his merry mou' was sugar saps and wine O!"
"I gied to him a gouden ring, I gied to him a gouden ring,"
"He vowed he'd come again to me, but he's been dead lang syne O!"

"Oh! I'm your Robin redbreast true, robin true, redbreast true,"
"And here's the ring ye gied to me, wi' mony a kiss lang syne O!"
"We'll bigg our nest in yon fair bower, in yon fair bower, in yon fair bower,"
"And live for aye on crowdy fine and sugar saps and wine O!"

Old song altered and adapted..

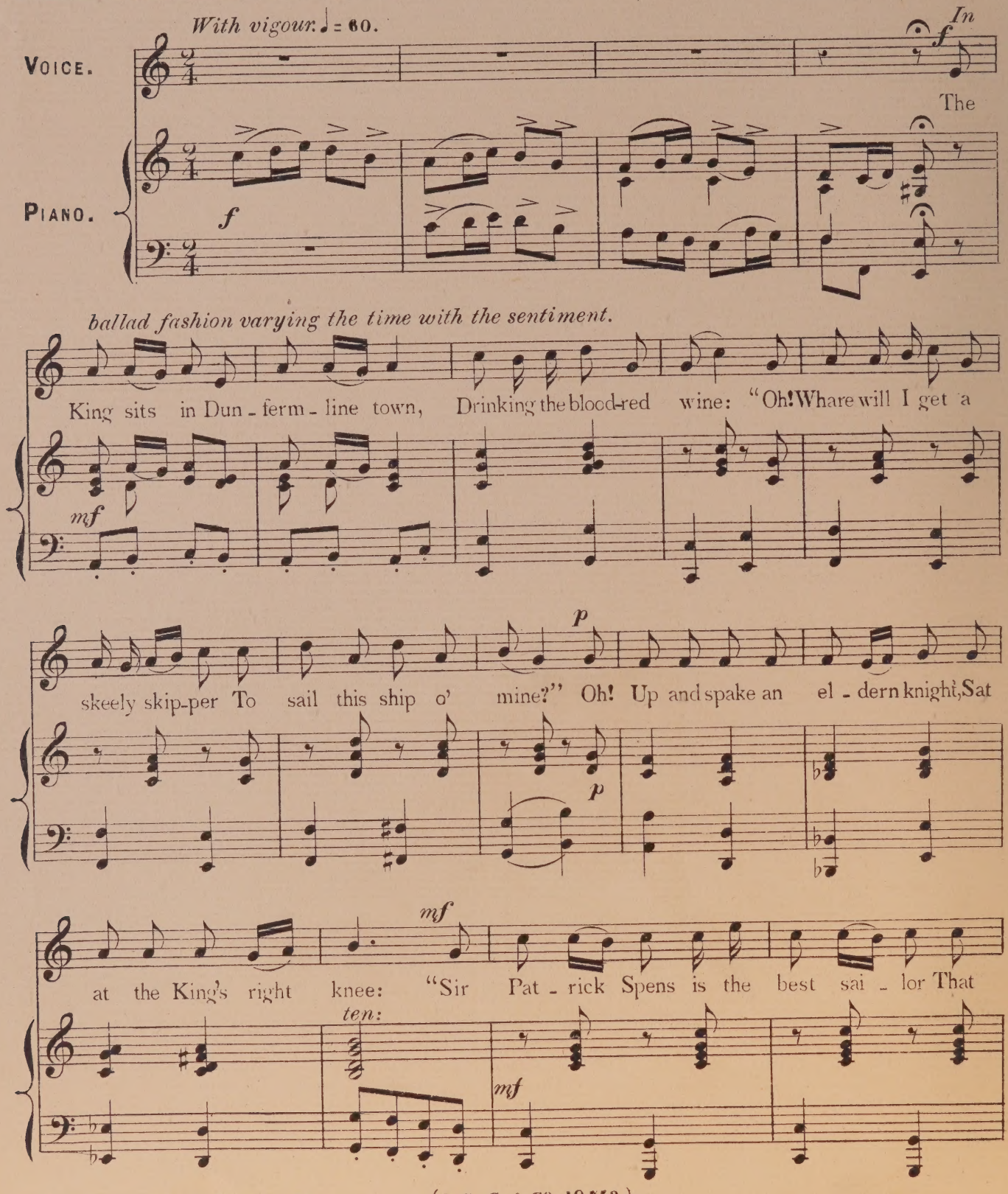
Sir Patrick Spens.

XLVI.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

Music founded on an Old Northern Air by MALCOLM LAWSON.

Old Scots Ballad. (adapted for singing)


With vigour. ♩ = 60.
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
In
f
The
ballad fashion varying the time with the sentiment.
King sits in Dun - ferm - line town, Drinking the blood-red wine: "Oh! Whare will I get a
mf
p
skeely skip-per To sail this ship o' mine?" Oh! Up and spake an el - dern knight, Sat
p
mf
at the King's right knee: "Sir Pat - rick Spens is the best sai - lor That
ten:
mf

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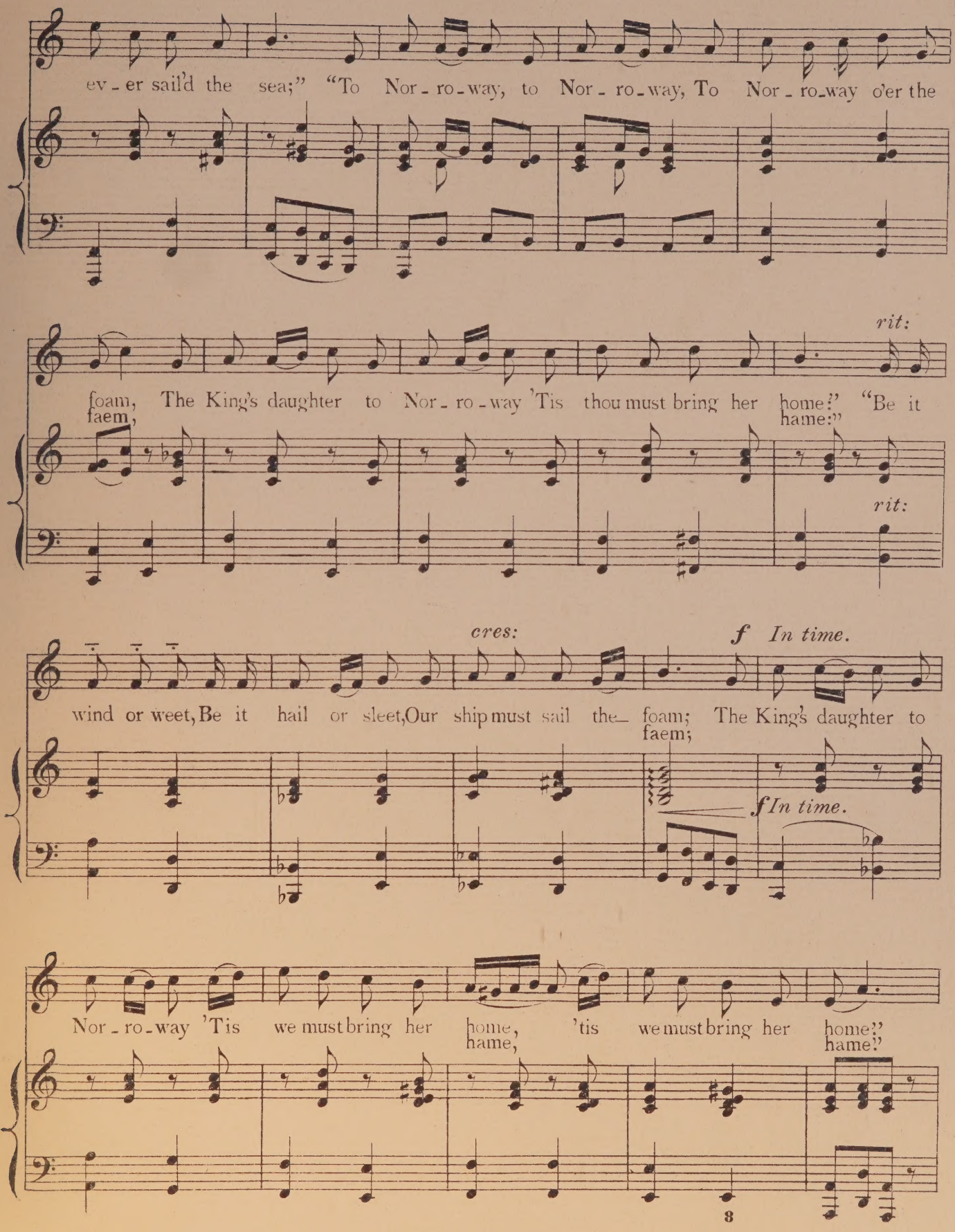
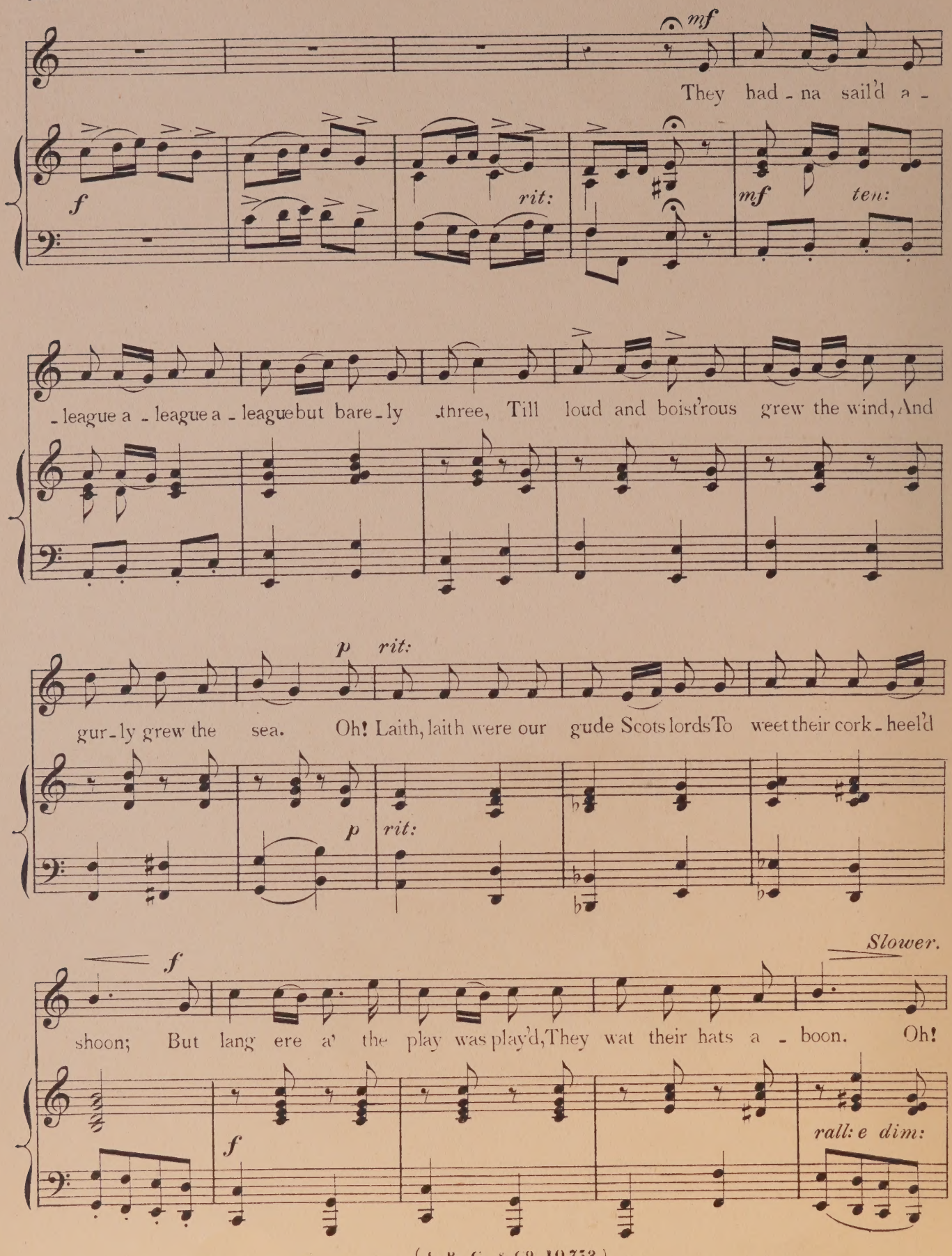
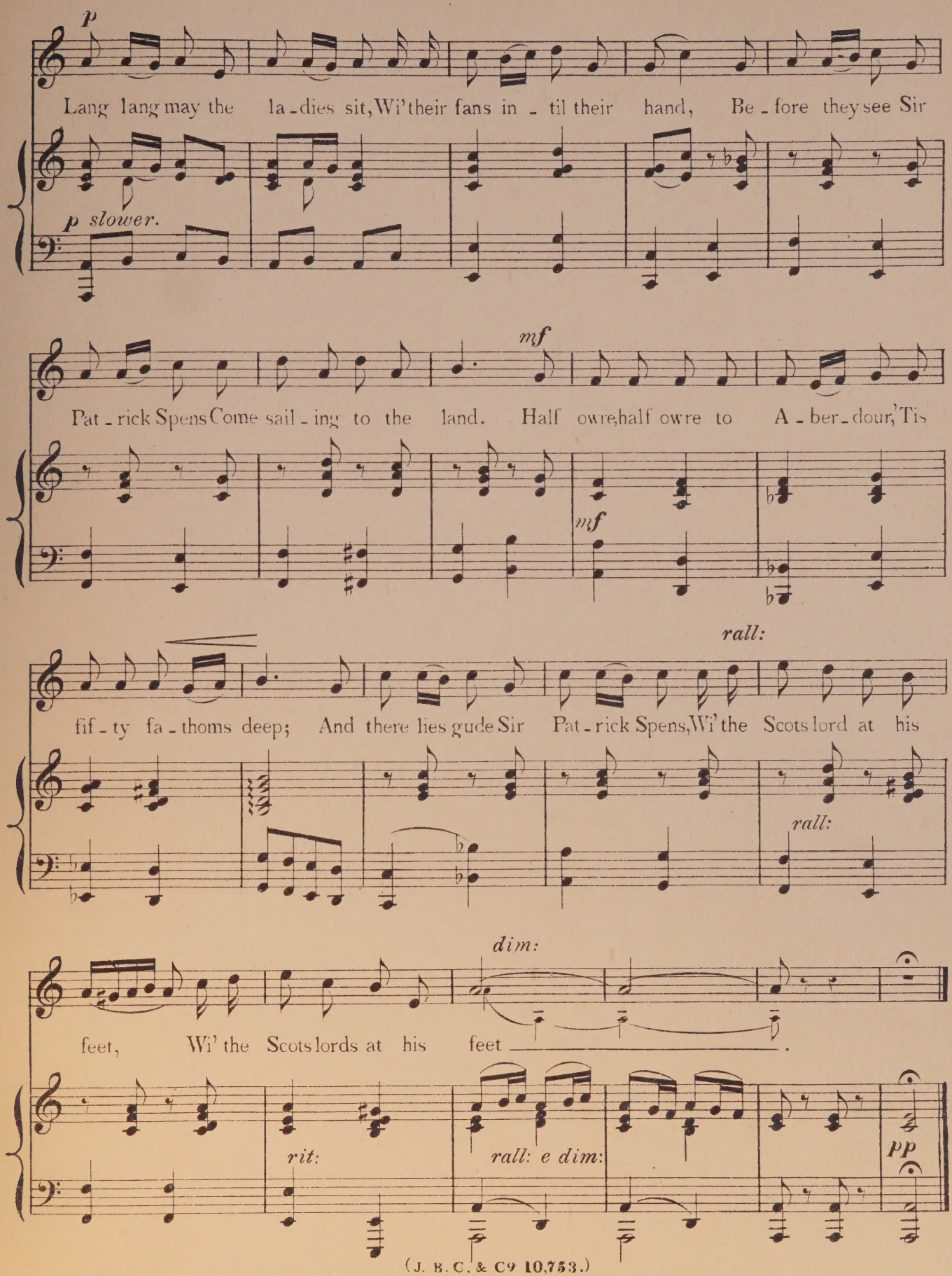

ev - er sail'd the sea;" "To Nor - ro - way, to Nor - ro - way, To Nor - ro - way o'er the
rit:
foam, The King's daughter to Nor - ro - way 'Tis thou must bring her home?" "Be it
faem,
hame:"
rit:
cres:
f In time.
wind or weet, Be it hail or sleet, Our ship must sail the foam; The King's daughter to
faem;
f In time.
Nor - ro - way 'Tis we must bring her home, 'tis we must bring her home?"
hame,
hame:"

(J. B. C. & Cº 10,753.)


mf
They had - na sail'd a -
f
rit:
mf
ten:
- league a - league a - league but bare - ly three, Till loud and boist'rous grew the wind, And
p
rit:
gur - ly grew the sea. Oh! Laith, laith were our gude Scots lords To weet their cork - heel'd
p
rit:
Slower.
f
shoon; But lang ere a' the play was play'd, They wat their hats a - boon. Oh!
f
rall: e dim:


p
Lang lang may the la-dies sit, Wi' their fans in-til their hand, Be-fore they see Sir
p slower.
mf
Pat-rick Spens Come sail-ing to the land. Half owre, half owre to A-ber-dour, 'Tis
mf
rall:
fif-ty fa-thoms deep; And there lies gude Sir Pat-rick Spens, Wi' the Scots lord at his
rall:
dim:
feet, Wi' the Scots lords at his feet
rit:
rall: e dim:
pp

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THE King sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
"Oh! Whare will I get a skeely skipper
"To sail this ship o' mine?"

Oh! Up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the King's right knee,
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor"
"That ever sailed the sea."

"To Noroway, to Noroway,"
"To Noroway o'er the faem;"
"The King's daughter to Noroway,"
"'Tis thou must bring her hame."

"Be it wind or weet, be it hail or sleet,"
"Our ship must sail the faem;"
"The King's daughter to Noroway,"
"'Tis we must bring her hame."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Till loud and boisterous grew the wind,
And gurly grew the sea.

Oh! Laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon,
But lang ere a' the play was play'd,
They wat their heads aboon.

Oh! Lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans intil their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the land.

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
Awaiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour
'Tis fifty fathoms deep.
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

Old Ballad arranged for Singing.

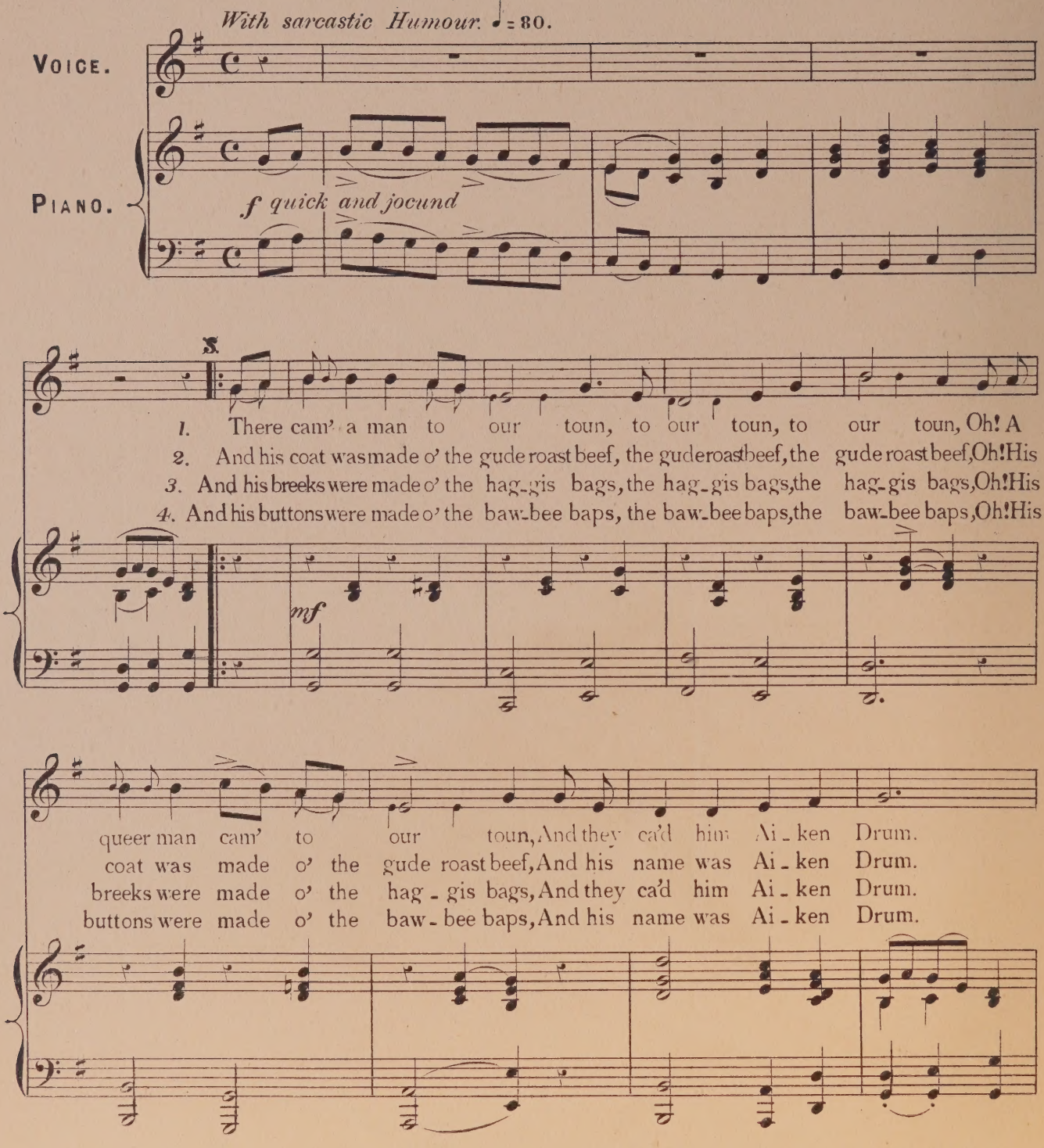
Aiken Drum.

XLVII.

AIKEN DRUM.

Old political squib.
(Traditional.)

Ancient Lanarkshire Air arranged by
Malcolm Lawson.


With sarcastic Humour. ♩= 80.
Voice.
Piano.
f quick and jocund
1. There cam' a man to our toun, to our toun, to our toun, Oh! A
2. And his coat was made o' the gude roast beef, the gude roast beef, the gude roast beef, Oh! His
3. And his breeks were made o' the hag-gis bags, the hag-gis bags, the hag-gis bags, Oh! His
4. And his buttons were made o' the baw-bee baps, the baw-bee baps, the baw-bee baps, Oh! His
mf
queer man cam' to our toun, And they ca'd him Ai-ken Drum.
coat was made o' the gude roast beef, And his name was Ai-ken Drum.
breeks were made o' the hag-gis bags, And they ca'd him Ai-ken Drum.
buttons were made o' the baw-bee baps, And his name was Ai-ken Drum.

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CORO. after V. 1. 2. 3. 4.

SOPRANO. *f*

And he played up-on a la - dle, a lang, lang la - dle, And he played up-on a *cres:*

ALTO. *f*

And he played up-on a la - dle, a lang, lang la - dle, And he played up-on a *cres:*

TENOR. *f*

And he played up-on a la - dle, a lang, lang la - dle, And he played up-on a *cres:*

BASS. *f*

And he played up-on a la - dle, a lang, lang la - dle, And he played up-on a *cres:*

f *cres:*

8va ad lib:

D. S. for V. 2. 3. 4.

S.

la - dle, And his name was Ai-ken Drum.

la - dle, And his name was Ai-ken Drum.

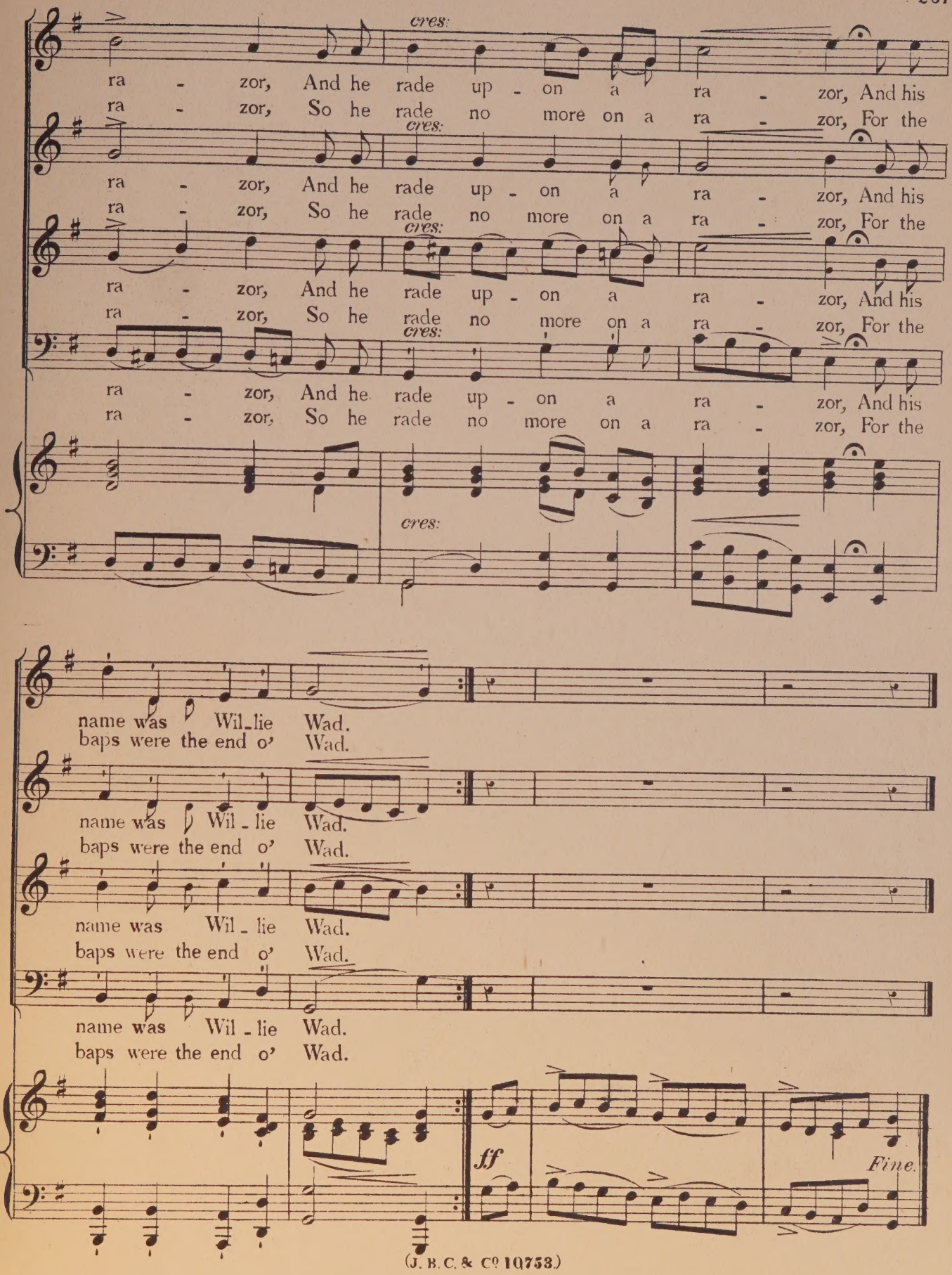
la - dle, And his name was Ai-ken Drum.

la - dle, And his name was Ai-ken Drum.

Sym: after each verse if necessary.

ff

5. But an - i - ther man cam' to our toun, to our toun, to our toun, Oh! An-
6. And he's ea-ten up a' the gude roastbeef, the gude roastbeef, and the hag-gis bags, And he's
- i - ther man cam' to our toun, And his name was Wil - lie Wad.
eaten up a' the hag - gis bags, But he choked up - on the baps!
CORO.
f SOFRANO.
And he rade up - on a ra - zor, a ra - zor, a
So he rade no more on a ra - zor, a ra - zor, a
f ALTO.
And he rade up - on a ra - zor, a ra - zor, a
So he rade no more on a ra - zor, a ra - zor, a
f TENOR.
And he rade up - on a ra - zor, a ra - zor, a
So he rade no more on a ra - zor, a ra - zor, a
f BASS.
And he rade up - on a ra - zor, a ra - zor, a
So he rade no more on a ra - zor, a ra - zor, a
f
8va ad lib:


cres:
ra - zor, And he rade up - on a ra - zor, And his
ra - zor, So he rade no more on a ra - zor, For the
name was Wil-lie Wad.
baps were the end o' Wad.
ff
Fine.

AIKEN DRUM.

THERE cam' a man to our toun,
To our toun, to our toun,
Oh! A queer man cam' to our toun,
An' they ca'd him Aiken Drum.
And he played upon a ladle,
A lang, lang ladle,
He played upon a ladle,
And his name was Aiken Drum.
And his coat was made o' the gude roast beef,
O' the gude roast beef, o' the gude roast beef,
His coat it was made o' the gude roast beef,
And his name was Aiken Drum.
And he played upon a ladle, &c.

And his breeks were made o' the haggis bags,
O' the haggis bags, o' the gude haggis bags,
His breeks they were made o' the gude haggis bags,
And they ca'd him Aiken Drum.
And he played upon a ladle, &c.

And his buttons were made o' the bawbee baps,
O' the bawbee baps, o' the bawbee baps,
Oh! His buttons were made o' the bawbee baps,
And his name was Aiken Drum.
And he played upon a ladle, &c.

But anither man cam' to our toun,
To our toun, to our toun,
O anither man cam' to our toun,
And his name was Willie Wad.
And he rade upon a razor,
A razor, a razor,
He rade upon a razor,
And they ca'd him Willie Wad!

And he's eaten up a' the gude roast beef,
The gude roast beef and the ha gis bags;
He's eaten up a' the gude haggis bags,
But he choked upon the baps!
So he rade nae mair on a razor,
A razor, a razor,
He rade nae mair on a razor,
For the baps were the end o' Wad!

Old Political Squib (Traditional).

Oh! lay thy Loof in mine Lass.

XLVIII.

OH! LAY THY LOOF IN MINE LASS.

Words by
ROBERT BURNS.

Old Highland air arranged
by MALCOLM LAWSON.

♩.= 60.
VOICE.
Andante and with expression.
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz
rit:
PIANO.
mf
mf With fervour.
Oh! Lay thy loof in mine lass, In mine lass, in
There's many a lass has broke my rest, That for a blink I
In time
mf well held.
mine lass, And swear on thy white hand lass, That
hae loe'd best, But thou art queen with - in my breast, For

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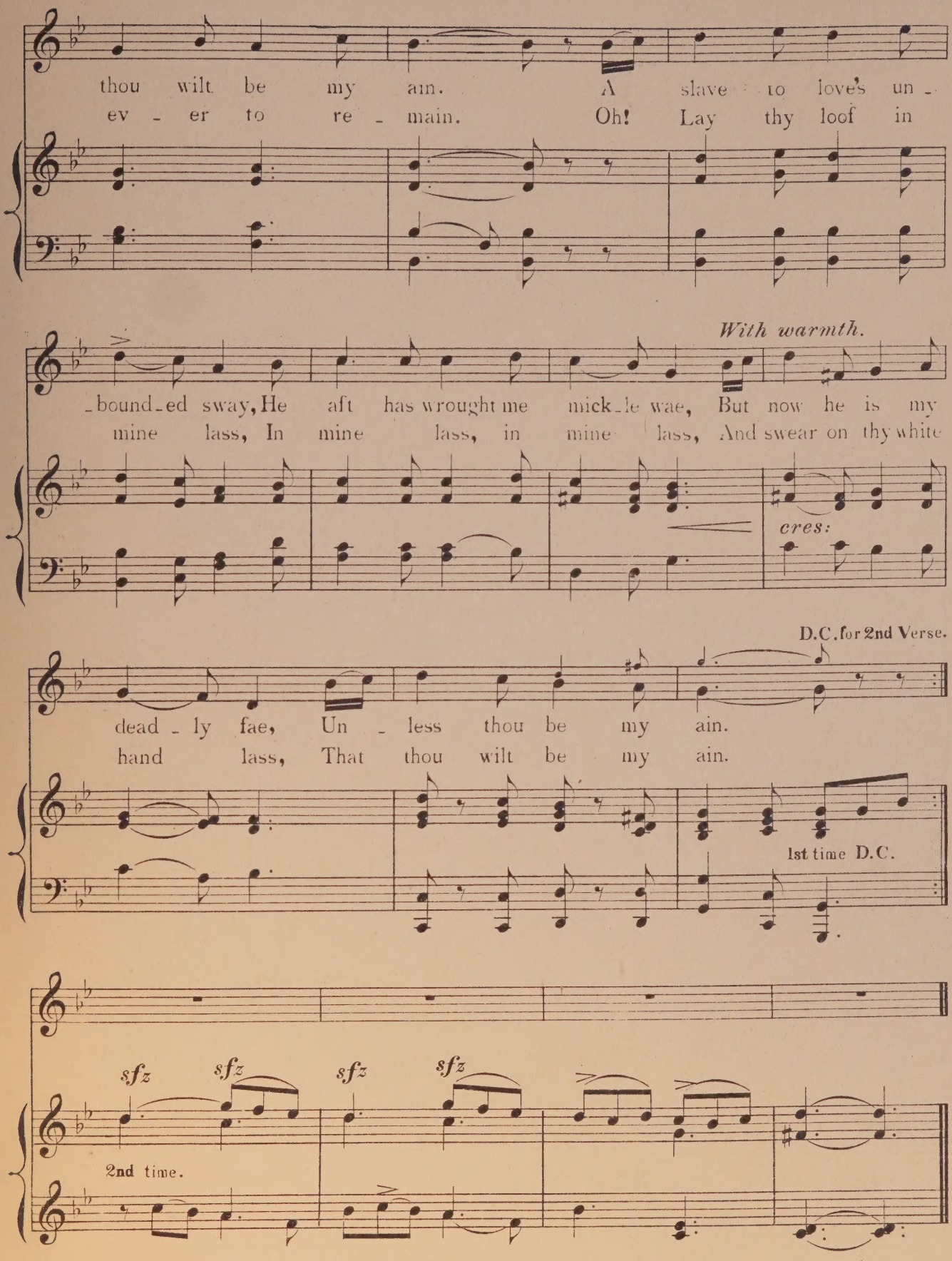

thou wilt be my ain. A slave to love's un -
ev - er to re - main. Oh! Lay thy loof in
With warmth.
-bound-ed sway, He aft has wrought me mick-le wae, But now he is my
mine lass, In mine lass, in mine lass, And swear on thy white
cres:
D.C. for 2nd Verse.
dead - ly fae, Un - less thou be my ain.
hand lass, That thou wilt be my ain.
1st time D.C.
sfz sfz sfz sfz
2nd time.

OH! LAY THY LOOF IN MINE.

OH! Lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

A slave to love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me mickle wae;
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best;
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.

Oh! Lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

ROBERT BURNS.

O Bothwell Bank.

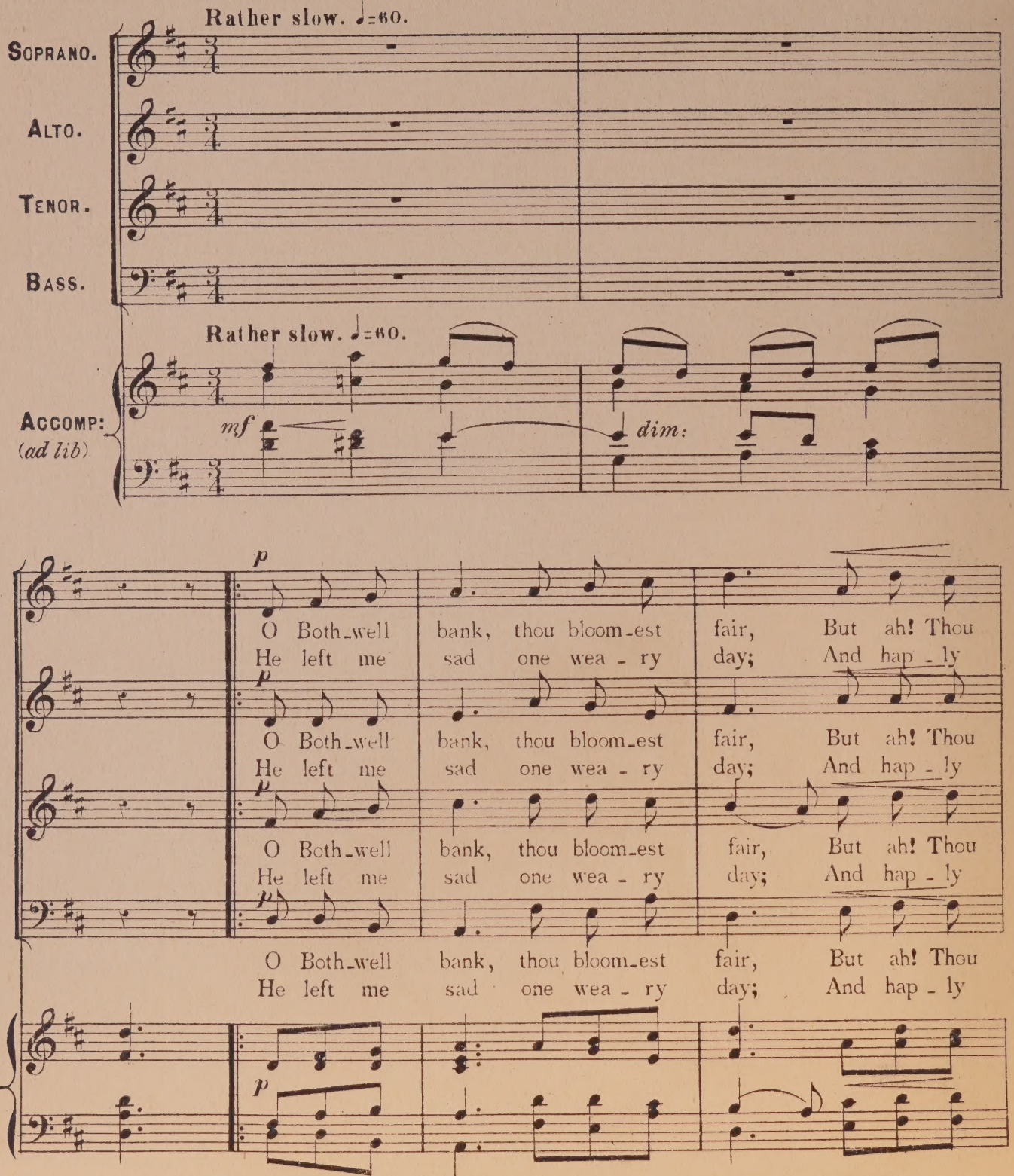
XLIX.

O BOTHWELL BANK.

(QUARTETT.)

Words by
JOHN PINKERTON. (1758–1825)

Air by JOHN FERGUS.
Arranged as a Quartett by
MALCOLM LAWSON.



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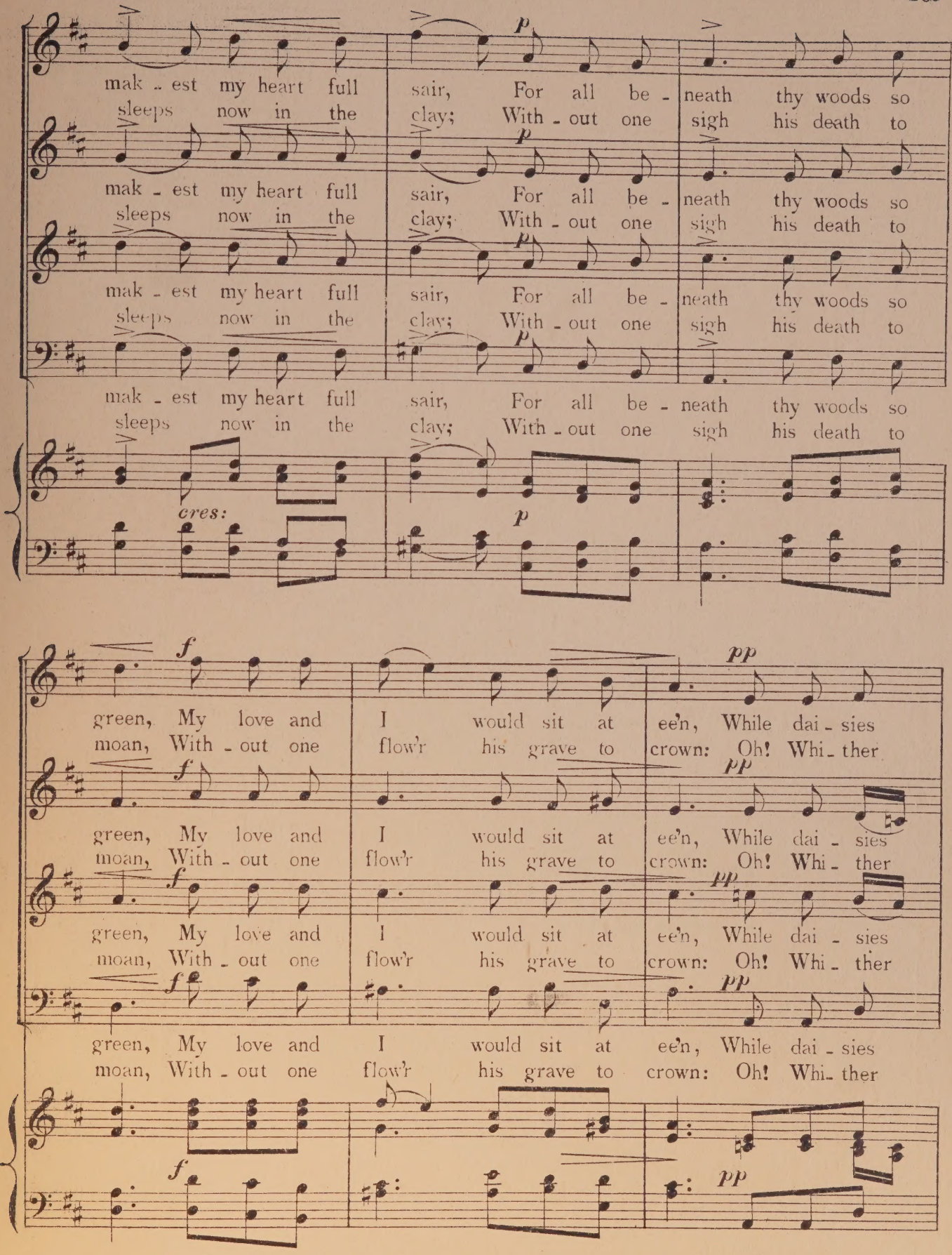
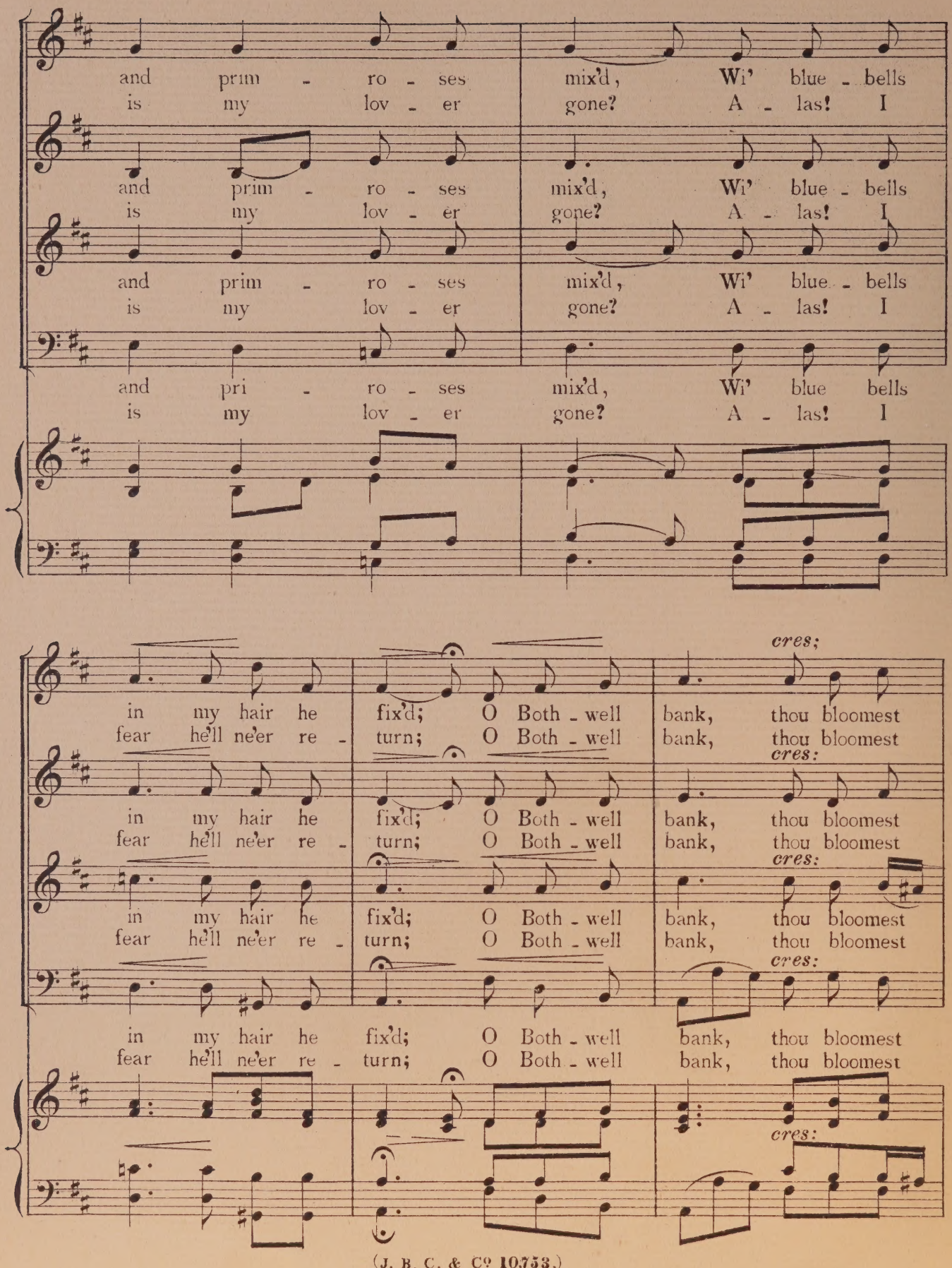
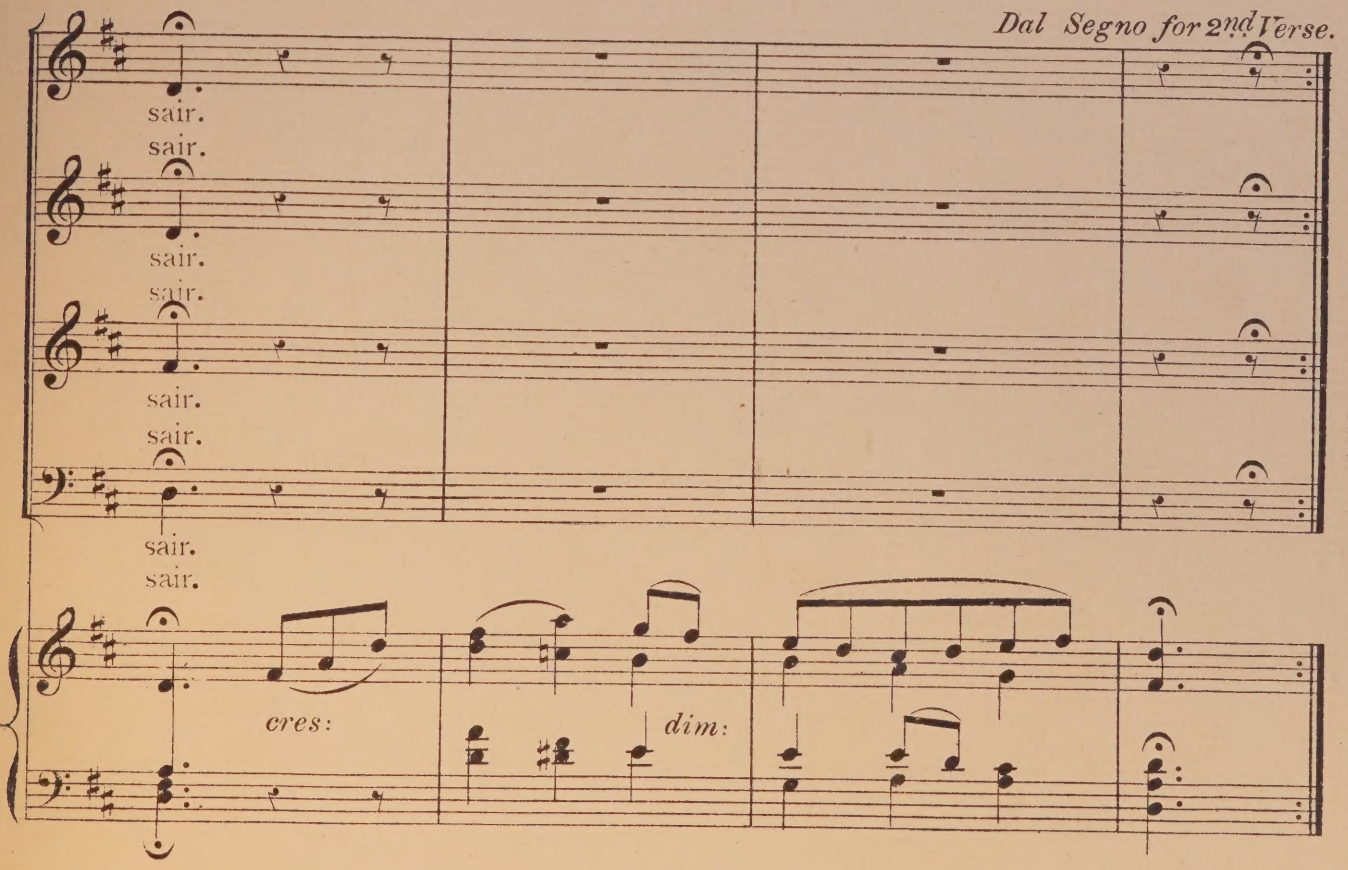

mak - est my heart full sair, For all be - neath thy woods so
sleeps now in the clay; With - out one sigh his death to
cres:
green, My love and I would sit at ee'n, While dai - sies
moan, With - out one flow'r his grave to crown: Oh! Whi - ther


and prim - ro - ses mix'd, Wi' blue - bells
is my lov - er gone? A - las! I
and prim - ro - ses mix'd, Wi' blue - bells
is my lov - er gone? A - las! I
and prim - ro - ses mix'd, Wi' blue - bells
is my lov - er gone? A - las! I
and pri - ro - ses mix'd, Wi' blue bells
is my lov - er gone? A - las! I
in my hair he fix'd; O Both - well bank, thou bloomest
fear he'll ne'er re - turn; O Both - well bank, thou bloomest
cres;
cres:
cres:
cres:
cres:

dim:
rit: e dim:
fair, But Ah! Thou mak - est my heart full
fair, But Ah! Thou mak - est my heart full


Dal Segno for 2nd Verse.
sair.
cres:
dim:

O BOTHWELL BANK.

O BOTHWELL bank, thou bloomest fair,
But ah! Thou makest my heart full sair!
For all beneath thy woods so green
My love and I would sit at e'en,
While daisies and primroses mixed
Wi' blue-bells in my hair he fixed;
O Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair,
But ah! Thou makest my heart full sair!

He left me sad one weary day;
And haply sleeps now in the clay;
Without one sigh his death to moan,
Without one flow'r his grave to crown.
Oh! Whither is my lover gone?
Alas, I fear he'll ne'er return!
O Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair,
But ah! Thou makest my heart full sair!

JOHN PINKERTON (1758—1825).

Oscar.

(DEATH SONG.)

L.

*OSCAR.

(DEATH SONG.)

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Adapted and arranged from an ancient Fingalian Air by
MALCOLM LAWSON

Calm and fateful. ♩ = 60.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

On Crom - la's
Laugh while ye

Rather slow, and grandiose.

sfz *sfz* *mf*

hill dark broods the cloud; From Ol - la's harp the death - notes
may, a lit - tle while, Ye daughters of Mor - ven's wood - clad -

p

rise; A - bove my head there floats a shroud, My hounds make
realm, Blue - eyed Mal - vi - na, bright - ly smile, Ere tears thy

p

mf *slow and emphatic.*

moan in pi - teous wise; *Let Fate pre-vail.*
sun - ny thoughts o'er - whelm; *Let Fate pre-vail.*

Sym:

mf slow. *pp* (Let

* Oscar, son of Ossian, was according to Fingalian tradition, invited to a feast by Caribar, king of Erin, and thereat treacherously set upon and slain. He is described by Ossian as prescient of his coming doom when he approached the banqueting hall. It is only fair to say that Irish writers give a different version of his death.

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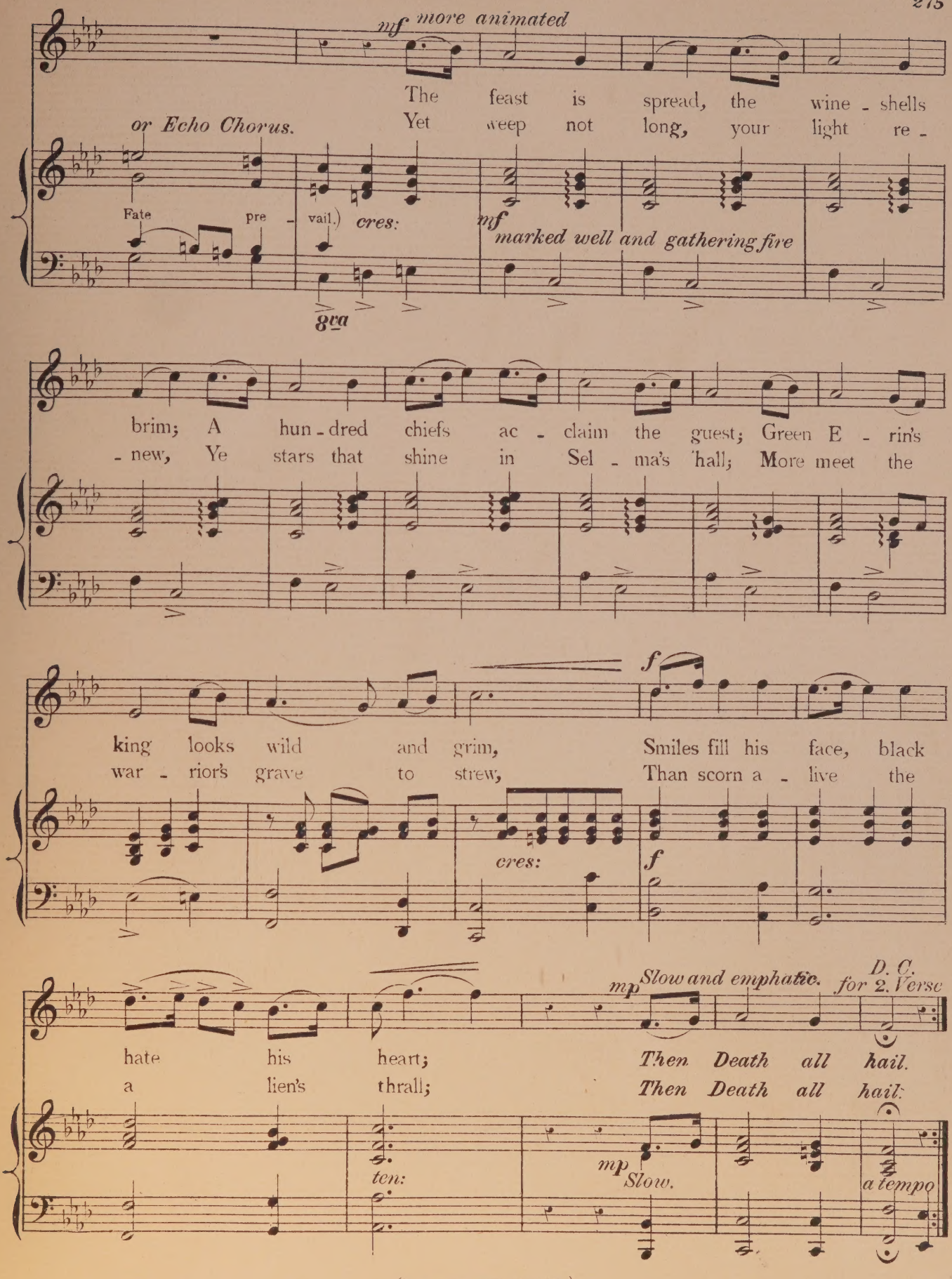
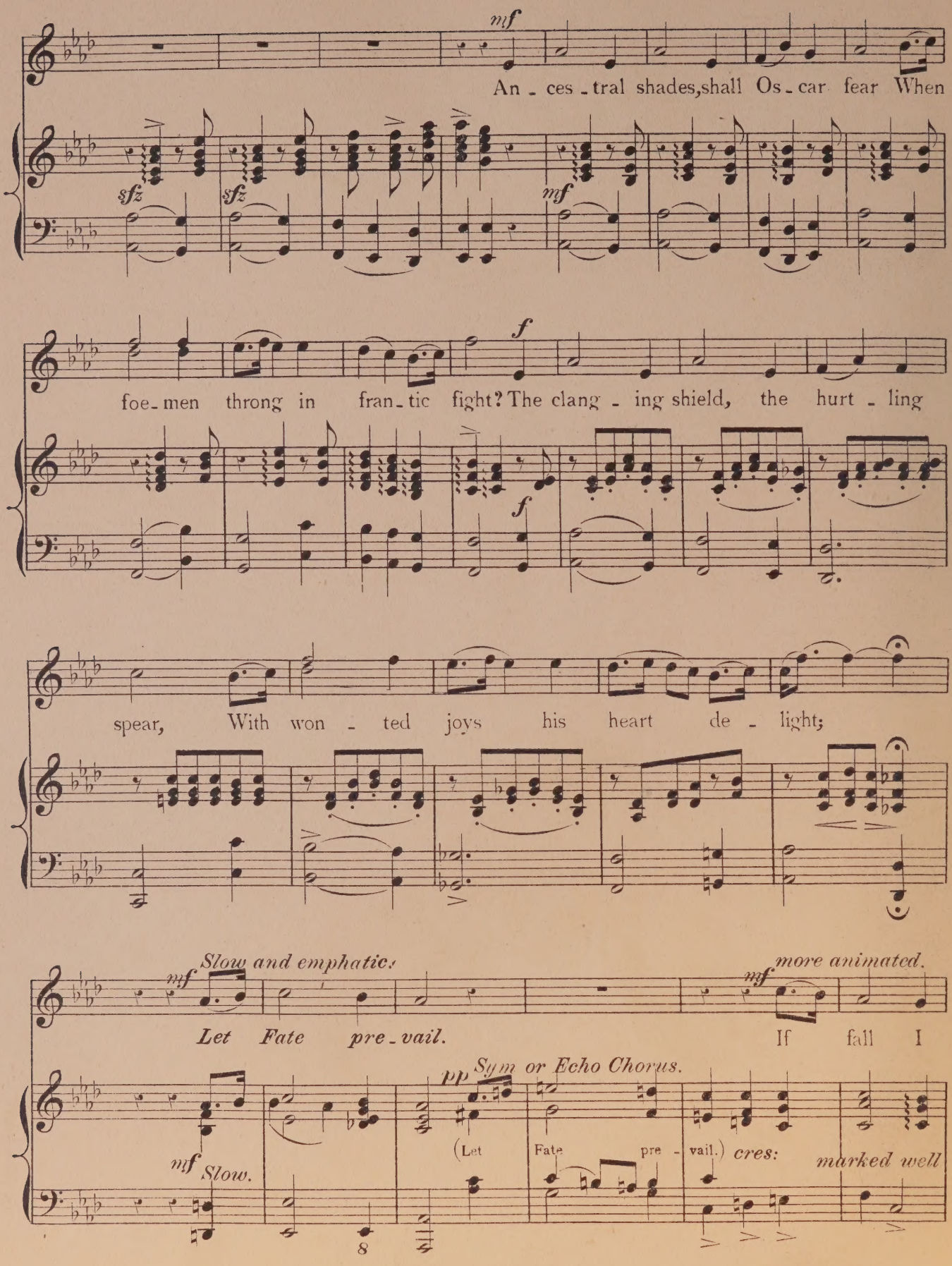
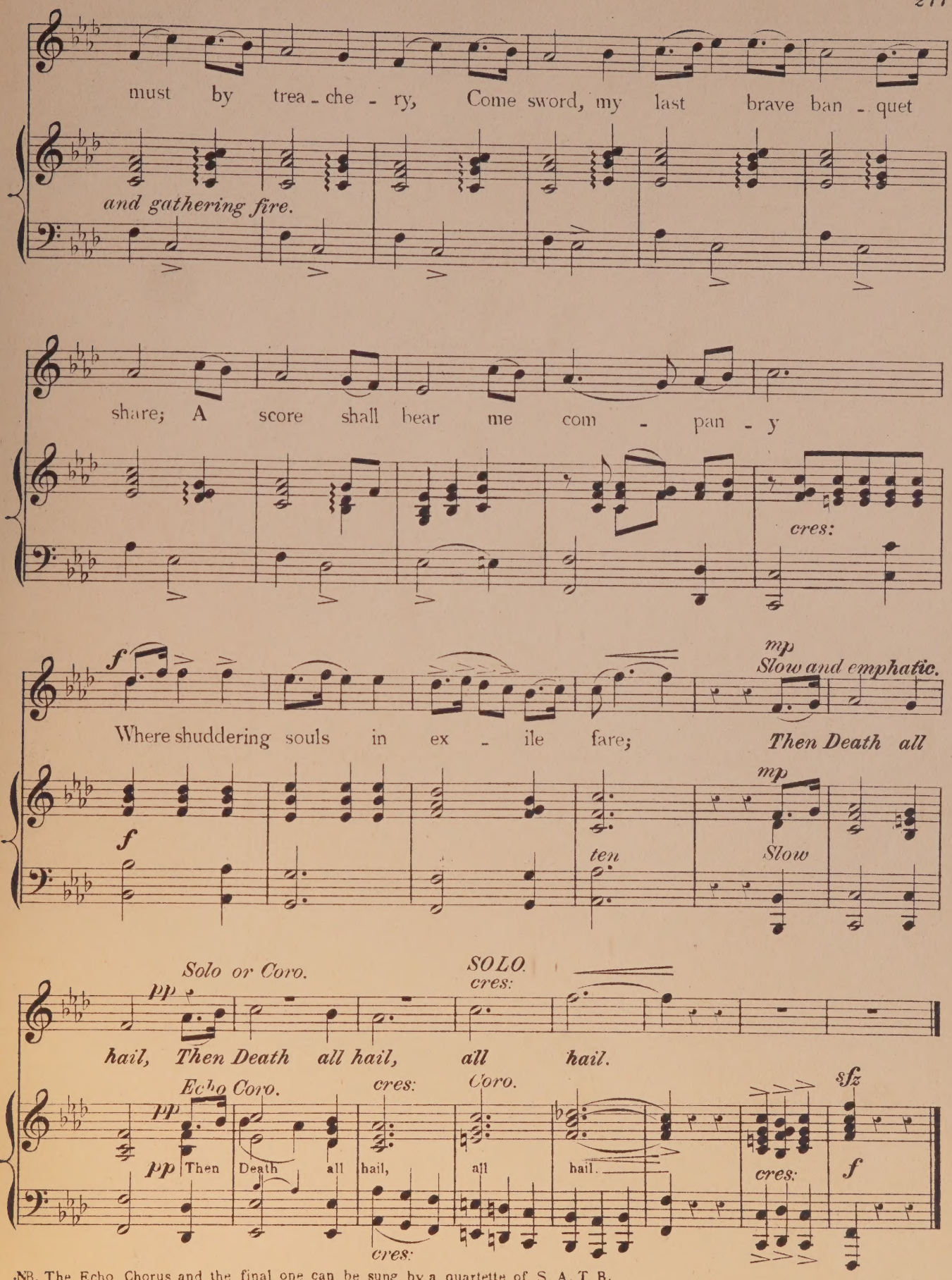
(J. B. C. & Co 10753.)


mf more animated
The feast is spread, the wine - shells
or Echo Chorus.
Yet weep not long, your light re -
Fate pre - vail.)
cres:
mf
marked well and gathering fire
8va
brim; A hun - dred chiefs ac - claim the guest; Green E - rin's
- new, Ye stars that shine in Sel - ma's hall; More meet the
f
king looks wild and grim, Smiles fill his face, black
war - rior's grave to strew, Than scorn a - live the
cres:
f
mp Slow and emphatic.
D. C. for 2. Verse
hate his heart; Then Death all hail.
a lien's thrall; Then Death all hail.
ten:
mp Slow.
a tempo


mf
An - ces - tral shades, shall Os - car fear When
sfz
sfz
mf
f
foe - men throng in fran - tic fight? The clang - ing shield, the hurt - ling
f
spear, With won - ted joys his heart de - light;
Slow and emphatic.
mf
more animated.
mf
Let Fate pre - vail.
If fall I
pp Sym or Echo Chorus.
mf Slow.
(Let Fate pre - vail.)
cres:
marked well
8



NB. The Echo Chorus and the final one can be sung by a quartette of S. A. T. B.

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F. H. CROME Ltd., Printers, London, N.W.1.

OSCAR.

(DEATH-SONG.)

ON Cromla's hill dark broods the cloud,
From Olla's harp the death-notes rise,
Above my head there floats a shroud,
My hounds make moan in piteous wise,
Let Fate prevail!
The feast is spread, the wine-shells brim,
A hundred chiefs acclaim the guest;
Green Erin's King looks wild and grim,
Smiles fill his face, black hate his breast.
Then Death all hail!

Laugh while ye may, a little while,
Daughters of Morven's wood-clad realm;
Blue-eyed Malvina, brightly smile,
Ere tears thy sunny thoughts o'erwhelm.
Let Fate prevail!
Yet weep not long; your light renew,
Ye stars that shine in Selma's hall;
More meet the warriors grave to strew
Than scorn alive the alien's thrall.
Then Death all hail!

Ancestral shades, shall Oscar fear,
When foeman throng in frantic fight?
The clanging shield, the hurtling spear,
With wonted joys his heart delight.
Let Fate prevail!
If fall I must by treachery,
Come, sword, my last brave banquet share;
A score shall bear me company
Where shuddering souls in exile fare
Then Death all hail!

HAROLD BOULTON.

M
1746
B78S6
v.2

Boulton, (Sir) Harold
Edwin, bart.,
Songs of the north

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